Collier's

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 1, 1945

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THAT POOR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

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Dec. 1, 1945

VACUUM PACKED
VACUUM
PACKED
Coffee
CONTENTS
1 LB.
Duraglas

Only with GLASS! RE-seal caps that protect your coffee even AFTER the jars are opened.

It keeps coffee safer from flavor-killing air—the Duraglas Jar!

When you buy your favorite brand of coffee in the Duraglas jar, your coffee—vacuum-packed—is roaster-fresh. And the cap on the Duraglas jar RE-seals air-tight after each use . . . to keep out air and moisture. The cost? It's no more than for any other vacuum container—in spite of this unique, protective RE-seal! Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides ideal, economical protection.

Duraglas TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. CONTAINERS THAT GIVE A LIFT TO LIVING

"Who'd a thought it? Our own Mother, too!"

JACK: Of all people. *Now* what shall we do?

JILL: Tell her, of course. She'd want to know.

MOTHER: See here, my little sleuths. You two just stood there and stared while I brushed my teeth with Ipana. So?

JACK: Well . . . but Moms—you brushed your teeth without massaging your gums!

MOTHER: Quite right, Sherlock. And why . . .?

JILL: Oh, M-o-t-h-e-r! You're supposed to exercise your gums—just like teacher says. To help keep them from getting flabby and tender.

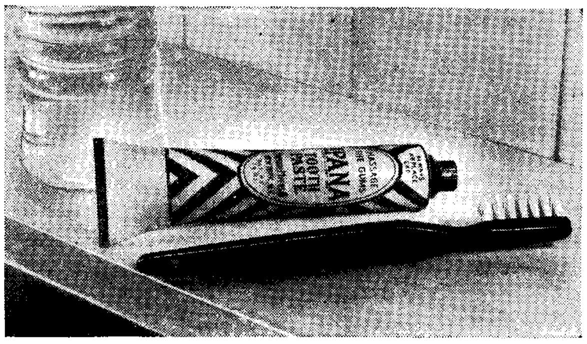
JACK: Sure. Gum massage is part of our homework. Because we eat so many soft foods that cheat on chewing. And gums need pepping up to help them—and your teeth—to stay healthy.

MOTHER: I'm beginning to see the light. That "pink" on my tooth brush, for instance—

JILL: And you know who to see about "pink tooth brush," don't you, Mother? Right—*your dentist!*

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush" with IPANA and MASSAGE!

Product of Bristol-Myers



MANY YOUNGSTERS today are one up on their parents about modern dental care. For in thousands of schools, they are taught the value of gum massage to firm gums and sparkling teeth.

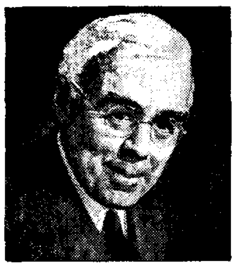
Another thing grown-ups should remember: a national survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend regular gum massage.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, heed this warning signal from lazy gums. *See your dentist.* Like many others, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with massage, to help safeguard the health of the gums. Small wonder why more than twice as many dentists use Ipana *for their own teeth* as any other dentifrice.

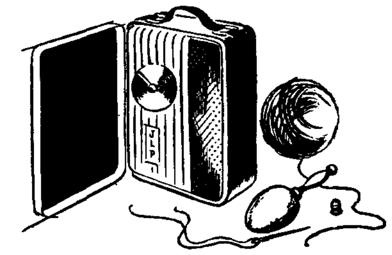
on the Receiving End

BY PAUL PEREGRINE



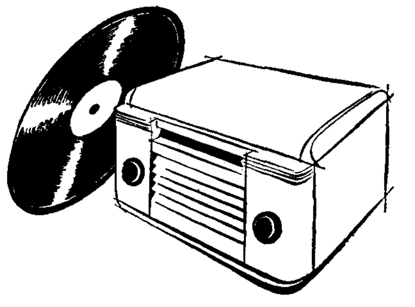
MR. PEREGRINE, whose column appears in this space from time to time, was for 20 years a radio dealer. He calls 'em as he sees 'em.

YOU KNOW the story about the old fire horse—how he'd run right out of the pasture and down to the station house when the fire whistle blew! Well, I know how he felt . . . The time has come. Some of the RCA Victor sets will soon be in dealers' hands!



AND OH MY! Oh my! What I wouldn't have given to have something like the new RCA Victor "Personal" to offer to *my* customers back when I was dealer. You know what I did the minute I saw one? I put in an order for one for Mrs. Peregrine. There's a little place right on the chromium front for a monogram. So the letters J L P will be all engraved there when she opens the little door.

HERE'S A SET one-third smaller than before the war—weighs only 3½ lbs. Next week's Collier's (December 8th) will carry an actual photograph of it. But you see it above the way I hope Mrs. P. will use it—to listen to while she's darning my winter socks! That thingamabob lying there in front is what women use to push inside the socks . . . Gives you an idea how *small* the set is . . . Yet it gives excellent, room-sized volume from 4 new RCA Victor miniature tubes. Cost? . . . Reasonable. Around $25.



ANOTHER BEAUTY in the new RCA Victor line, which is *also* a marvelous "buy" if I ever saw one, is the new *table-model* "Victrola"* (made exclusively by RCA Victor). It is a radio-phonograph with automatic record changer which plays up to 12 records and is the most compact record-changing "Victrola" ever made . . . Will also be shown in next week's Collier's (December 8th) . . . In the meantime—

Yours for Better Listenin'
Paul Peregrine

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Advertisement

Collier's
FOR DECEMBER 1, 1945

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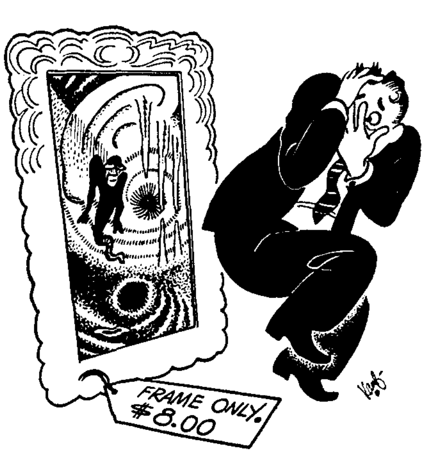
any week

ART, unemployment and marital disturbances come in for quite a going over in this week's mail. Nothing conventional either. The unemployment uprising seems to be tied in with militarism, particularly Mr. Truman's belief that it would be an excellent thing to teach our youth to bear arms just in case. In other words to teach the young how to shoot. Mrs. Humphrey Dimplowe of Syracuse, New York, writes us a letter which pretty much covers all that the others have to say. There is nothing so menacing to the world's peace she thinks as an unemployed soldier. An unemployed soldier, she goes on, is always thinking of war just as a briefless barrister or a patientless doctor yearns for a lawsuit or a pain in somebody else's belly. If you have a large number of soldiers and no war to send them to, says Mrs. Dimplowe, their generals will "go messing around in things that are none of their business until they finally dig up a nice little job for their men to do, and presently it will be a world-wide contract."



ART. We find that we're about to receive a nonobjective painting. We don't wish to seem ungracious or ungrateful. And yet the lady's description of what we are about to receive does not fill us with eager expectancy. "It is," says she, "a painting you will have great difficulty escaping from. Its message is undeniable. In it I see the relation of the subconscious to the outside world. The whirling coils of the ear, the widening iris rings, swept inward to a subterranean gulch magnificent with stalagmites, stalactites and rompings, awful with sensed but yet unrevealed fossils of personal deployment, back to the earth's conception and infinitely beyond. And at the center and thereout a strange, inscrutable, invisible figure neither human nor superhuman yet of each—the mysterious and intimately known, the eternal and parentheti[illegible]lly

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Value for Value Your Best Buy Is The New HOTPOINT Electric Refrigerator

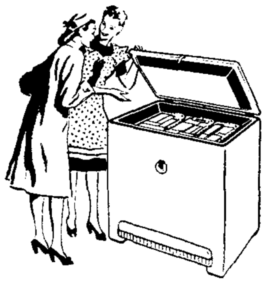
Look for these IMPORTANT CONVENIENCE FEATURES!

- *6 Food Storage Zones*
- *Special Hi-Humidity Compartment*
- *6-Way Cold Storage Compartment*
- *Stainless-Steel Speed Freezer*
- *Defrost Indicator*
- *Single Dial Control*
- *Easily Adjustable Shelves With Textolite Supports*
- *Interior Light*
- *Pop-Ice Trays*
- *Quiet, Dependable Vacuum-Sealed Thriftmaster Mechanism*
- *Forced Draft Cooling*

OVER 40 years of sound engineering skill and progressive research have gone into the new Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator! Compare it value for value, feature for feature, with other refrigerators and you'll be convinced that it is the *buy* of the year.

● ● Foods stay fresher longer in the *6-Way Cold Storage Compartment*—easily adjusted for every type of food. *Hi-Humidity Vegetable Compartment* has a glass top for better visibility. Easy-to-clean *Speed Freezer* affords generous capacity for frozen food storage. And *Pop-Ice Trays* make cube and tray removal quick and easy.

● ● Not only has Hotpoint built in a host of efficient, thrifty conveniences such as these, but every inch of this refrigerator—from the famous *Thriftmaster Mechanism* to the Calgloss enamel finish—reflects the top quality which has given Hotpoint a 40-year reputation for *dependability*.



HOTPOINT HOME FREEZER makes home preparation and storage of frozen fruits, vegetables and meats easier, more dependable than ever! Compact and attractive enough to be located in the kitchen, *Hotpoint Home Freezer* holds 140 lbs. of food. Three sliding wire baskets across top enable you to store foods in groups — remove them easily — select foods *quickly*. Roomy compartment in bottom for sharp-freezing. Illuminated lift top. Dial control. Available soon.

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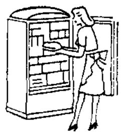
Hotpoint
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

PLAN YOUR KITCHEN AROUND 3 HOTPOINT WORK CENTERS

1 COOKING CENTER. New Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range—ideally located near sink or dining-room door—cooks fast and *automatically*.



2 FOOD STORAGE AND MIXING CENTER. New Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator keeps foods fresh longer — provides convenient storage space.

3 DISHWASHING CENTER. Hotpoint Electric Dishwasher automatically washes, rinses and dries dishes. Hotpoint Disposall whisks away waste.

UNIVERSAL

Shirts and Pajamas

high styling
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overplus comfort

Every day more men—*discriminating* men—agree on these two axioms: "Universal Shirts—We Make The World Look Better"—"Universal Pajamas—We Put The World To Sleep." Superlative styling, tailoring and wear.

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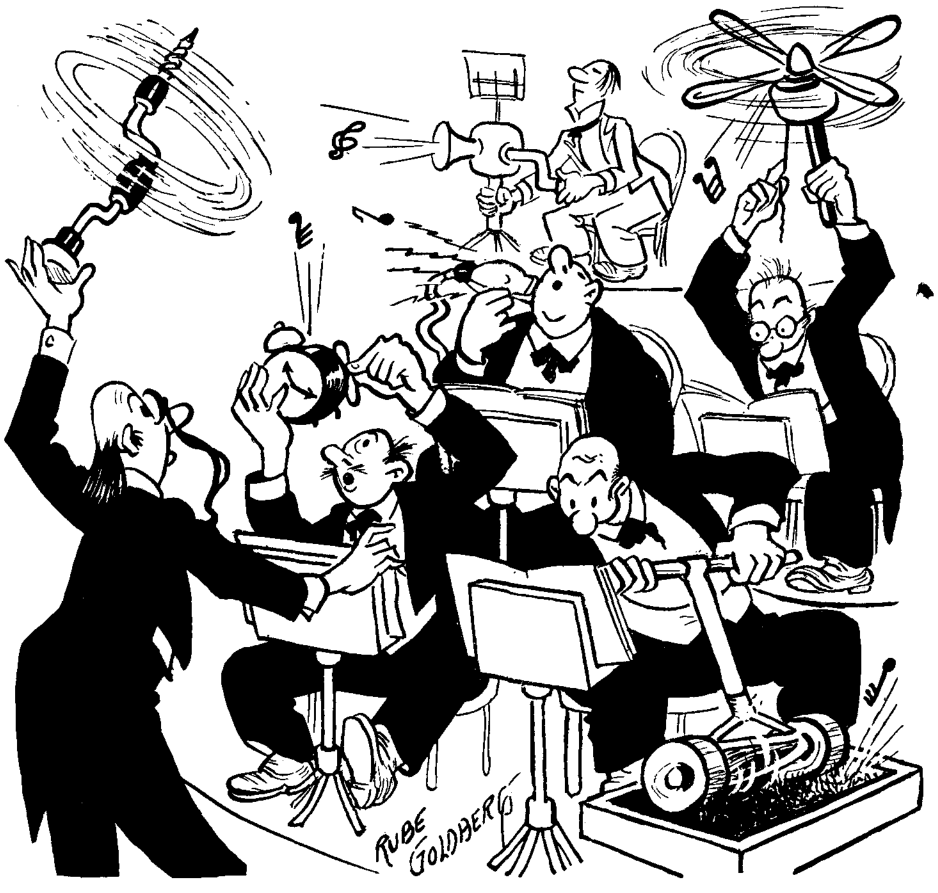

Keep up with the world

In recent years, symphony orchestras, to obtain more realistic sounds, have employed such unorthodox "instruments" as alarm clocks, fire engine sirens, telephone buzzers, airplane propellers and even recordings, one of which is the song of a nightingale played during the presentation of Respighi's "Pines of Rome."

The highest price on record for the stud service of a race horse was the $19,460 which was paid in London recently by the Gaekwar of Baroda for the service next spring of Nearco, whose son Dante won the 1945 English Derby.

One of the few collections of locks of hair of famous historical personages is that owned by the Lamar Library of the University of Texas in Austin. As a hobby, it was collected by Leigh Hunt, the English poet, during the early 19th century and contains hair from the heads of Napoleon, John Milton, Samuel Johnson, Elizabeth Browning, Edgar Allen Poe and George Washington.

The interest of Americans in educational tidbits is exemplified by the radio quiz show which, since 1937, has become so popular that about 275 such shows are now broadcast by some 30 national and regional networks.

Twenty editions of the Christian Bible, published between 1535 and 1823, are named after a typographical error found in them. Of these misprints, the most inexcusable was made in the Printers' Bible where, in Psalms 119;161, the word Printers instead of Princes was used in the sentence "Princes have persecuted me without a cause, etc."

The first time in American operatic history that a Negro sang a white role with a white cast was on October 4, 1945, when Robert Todd Duncan appeared as Tonio in I Pagliacci at the New York City Center.

Since it was founded in 1846, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington has presented about 1,500,000 of its specimens to schools and participated in nearly 1,800 scientific expeditions to all parts of the world.

The Japanese are so superstitious about sleeping with their heads toward the north that, to avoid it, many of them carry a compass on journeys.

As fatal accidents in the home occur more frequently in some rooms than in others, a study was made recently to determine their relative danger to each sex between the ages of 15 and 69. Among every 1,000 men and every 1,000 women who die from a home accident, 252 men and 240 women sustain their injuries in the bedroom, 223 men and 193 women on the stairs, 103 men and 201 women in the kitchen, 59 men and 77 women in the living room, and 20 men and 41 women in the bathroom. The others sustain their injuries in the cellar, attic, garage, etc.

The most expensive liquor in America today is pre-expulsion Chartreuse which was made at the old Carthusian monastery near Grenoble, France, before 1901, when all religious orders were expelled from that country. Less than a dozen bottles of this famous liquor still exist in the United States and one, in the possession of a New York dealer, is priced at $145.50.

During the 1900s in China, an obscure writer named Lin Shu became known as the "King of Translators" and was celebrated as one of his country's foremost literary figures after he had translated 156 books published in nine foreign languages. Years later, Lin admitted having employed interpreters to read the books to him while he wrote them in Chinese, the only language he knew.

The source of the term "New Deal," used by the Roosevelt Administration, is still controversial, despite the fact that it was disclosed by the late President himself in a letter which he wrote to the International Mark Twain Society on December 8, 1933. In this letter, F.D.R. stated that he took it "from that passage in the book, A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court, in which the Yankee declares that, *in a country where only six people out of a thousand have any voice in the government, what the 994 dupes need is a new deal*."

by Freling Foster

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Musaphonic

Pajama Ensemble by Edward J. Macksoud Company

No finer gift than this magnificent new radio-phonograph

Never before such beauty from recorded music! Never before the full range of golden tones and shimmering overtones. In the coming Musaphonic, a startling new development — the revolutionary G-E electronic reproducer — flings wide the gates to a whole new world of enjoyment for music lovers.

𝄞 You'll marvel as this amazing reproducer reveals rich harmonies—delicate shadings—rare tone you never heard before on even your most familiar records. You'll be fascinated by Musaphonic's newly designed automatic record changer as it quickly, deftly and quietly shifts one record after another.

𝄞 And there's new magic in the "natural color" tone of Musaphonic's glorious FM radio. Every voice — every instrument recreated in living beauty, as though the artists stood within the very room. You hear this flawless realism of tone against a background of velvety silence, unbelievably free from static, from fading and from station interference.

𝄞 Musaphonic's superb radio will bring you peerless reception, not only of all the conventional radio programs but also of Frequency Modulation (FM), the newest kind of broadcasting, and of both international and domestic short wave broadcasts.

𝄞 Plan now to own one of these superb radio-phonographs as soon as they are available. Before long, leading stores will feature these great electronic instruments in beautiful period cabinets, designed and built of rare woods by master craftsmen. There can be no finer gift than Musaphonic — one of the great musical instruments of all time.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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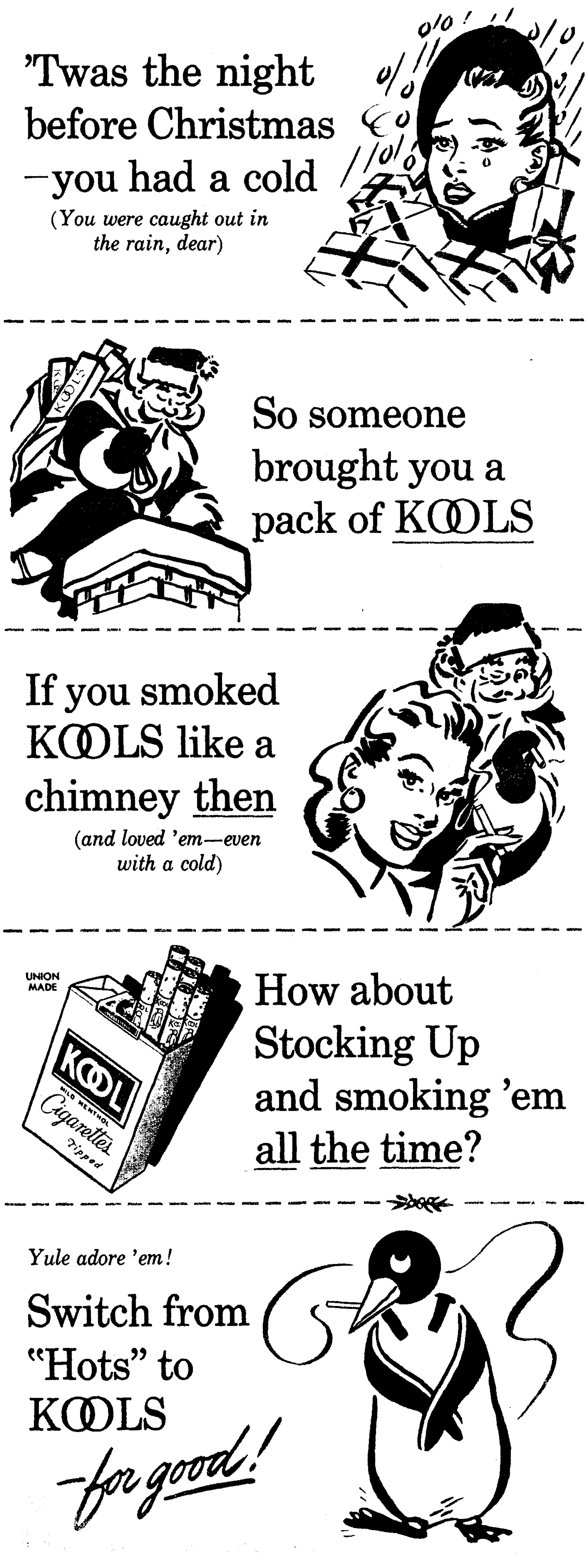

'Twas the night before Christmas —you had a cold

(*You were caught out in the rain, dear*)

So someone brought you a pack of KOOLS

If you smoked KOOLS like a chimney then

(*and loved 'em—even with a cold*)

UNION MADE

How about Stocking Up and smoking 'em all the time?

Yule adore 'em!

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Mr. Reed M. Chambers, shown with Gen. "Hap" Arnold, is vitally interested in air safety. He is president of U.S. Aviation Underwriters, Inc.

THIS is a story about Army Fighter Pilot Johnny Miller, a real-life character, but it is also the story of more than forty thousand Johnnies in the Army, Navy and Marines, who are rapidly coming to the realization that the battle for life in the U.S.A. is far more rugged than in aerial combat.

The fighter pilot was the glamor boy of the war. A $100,000 airplane was his play toy, his personal property. He was the guardian of our ships and planes against enemy attacks and the shepherd of our bombers on their missions of destruction. He flew fast and lived dangerously and usually loved it.

Johnny is a fighter pilot. At Pearl Harbor time he was a music student and he was just coming-up twenty-one. On the side, he held a messenger boy's job that paid him $72 a month. He had no previous experience or interest in flying, but by January, 1942, he was a flying cadet and in August, 1942, he was in New Guinea as a second lieutenant. For 18 months he flew P-40s in and out of narrow jungle strips and tangled with the Japs almost daily.

Today he is a captain and a bearcat on P-47s. He is twenty-four years old, has a wife and child and an income of $448.40 a month.

Advancing his war record as a fighter pilot as his only recommendation for a job in peacetime civil aviation, Johnny has received successive rejections, some of them accompanied by brutal statements that "we are not interested in employing fighter pilots." If he can't get a flying job in civil aviation, he will have to remain in the Army Air Corps, provided the cutback in peacetime Army strength will not be too drastic. However, that messenger-boy job is his under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

At this point, let's flash back to the end of the other war. Among the returning heroes was a fighter pilot and a bearcat on SPAD single-seater pursuits, a Tennessee boy named Reed M. Chambers. He was an ace, with seven Germans, official, and others he didn't receive credit for due to the antiquated method of recording victories in those days. Reed Chambers was Eddie Rickenbacker's flying pal and close friend, and still is. They, too, were in much the same category as Johnny Miller. Today Captain Rickenbacker is president and general manager of Eastern Air Lines and Reed Chambers is president of United States Aviation Underwriters, Inc.

Their companies are vitally interested in air safety, responsibility and reliability. Both are headed by former death-defying, nerveless, red-hot ex-fighter pilots. There is probably no man in the United States more directly concerned with aircraft safety than Reed Chambers. Even if he had no idealistic reason, he certainly has a heavy financial one: his 62 member companies for whom his organization acts as aviation managers have assets totaling two billion dollars. Because he was a fighter pilot, because he was supposed to be of that particular clan which is indispensable in war and too hot to handle in peace, and because he succeeded in spite of this handicap, we went to Reed Chambers for some wise counsel.

"I think that every combat pilot, whether fighter or any other type, must of necessity develop a pretty high degree of fatalism," he said. "Certainly I did, and most of my buddies in World War I did the same.

"After the armistice, ordinary flying was too tame to give me the kick that seemed to be necessary to normal living, so I went through a period of several months stunting close to the ground, flying under bridges, and general hell-raising. During this period, I had absolute confidence in my ability to fly a SPAD and do anything with it that anyone in the world could do.

"But it was not until after I had been back in this country for the better part of a year and had seen two or three crack pilots killed by showing off, that I really began to slow down. I arrived at the conclusion that it was not necessary to die in an airplane, and that the best pilots were old pilots.

"The ability of all good pilots back in those days, as far as air work was concerned, was naturally much the same because all aircraft were so nearly alike in over-all performance that any good pilot could fly anything that existed in this country—the spread only being between the Jenny and the DH, with a few SE-5s, Fokkers and SPADs in the middle.

"Conditions today are certainly far different inasmuch as there can be pilot ability on various classifications, from single-seater fighters to B-29s. The seasoned B-29 pilot would probably have more difficulty becoming a first-rate fighter pilot than the fighter pilot would have becoming a first-rate B-29 pilot.

"While it undoubtedly would take longer for a fighter pilot to be trained on multi-engine operations than it would an already trained multi-engine pilot, I can see no reason, if his mental attitude is right (and I mean by this if he really has a keen desire to make commercial flying his vocation), why the fighter pilot would not in the long run be equally as good material.

"It certainly is true, I think, that his chances of getting into commercial flying, particularly airline operations, would depend a great deal upon the total number trying to make the grade in comparison to the total number of jobs available."

And on this subject, we will report further next week. ★★★

There'll be a few for Christmas!

THE fast, sturdy portable typewriter pictured here—Smith-Corona "Clipper," complete with carrying case—is now on display at your dealer's. For student, writer, or business man or woman, there's no more practical Christmas gift—nor one more welcome.

The immediate supply is of course extremely limited, but production should increase rapidly over the next few months, and orders may be placed now. Price $54.50 plus taxes. Other Smith-Corona portable models—"Sterling" and "Silent"—will also be available soon. Ask your dealer for illustrated folder.

Clipper
Smith-Corona

Full of Features!

Floating Shift, Touch Selector, Piano Key Action, All-around Frame, One-stroke Ribbon Reverse, Full Standard Height and Width Keyboard, Back Spacer, Two-color Ribbon, etc., etc.

Smith-Corona

PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 NEW YORK

Groton Plant

Luck plays no part in the long, safe service you experience with General Tires. Every resource and skill is concentrated in building the General Tire to a single standard...Top Quality. When you buy Generals, you are assured of tires that fully justify your faith in their unmatched reputation.

–goes a long way to make friends

The GENERAL TIRE

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COLLIE
THE NATIONAL W
FOR DECEMBER 1,

The Presidential salary was more than adequate back in the days when Taft posed for this stereopticon shot. Taft was saving $25.000 a year and feeling very good about it. President Truman, if he is lucky, can just about break even on the same salary that Taft drew

UNDERWOOD-STRATTON

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THAT POOR MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

By Jonathan Daniels

THE poorest-paid man in the United States is the gentleman who lives at the request of the American people in their big house at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

The President of the United States does not look poor. He is not chosen to play philanthropist. But so far as the pay he gets from the people of the United States is concerned, he is both.

President Truman has not complained about it. He won't ask for more money for himself. In his last report to Congress he said that members of Congress ought to be raised from $10.000 to $20,000 a year but the fact is that congressmen, even at $10.000 per year, are well off in comparison with the President.

Unfortunately for Presidents, they are not merely men but institutions. They have to live in that big White House. They move in grandeur, not as men but as America. They personify the pomp and the glory of a great nation. They are provided with a mansion and doctors, aides, servants, gardeners—almost everything except enough cash to meet their bills.

They get what sounds like the grand salary of $75,000 a year and some opulent-looking funds for travel and official entertainment. The only trouble is that what the American people pay their President and what they expect of him, in terms of his living standards as their chief executive, do not meet—or meet only by a miracle.

No President of the United States has had a pay increase since March 4, 1909. And the last President known to have voiced satisfaction in the pay was William Howard Taft, who got the raise. He was almost lyric about it when he wrote the incoming Woodrow Wilson in 1913:

"You will find . . . that Congress is very generous to the President. You have all your transportation paid for, and all servants in the White House except such valet and maid as you and Mrs. Wilson choose to employ. . . . Music for all your entertainments, by the Marine Band or some other band, is always at hand. Provision is made by which when you leave in the summer you may at government expense take such of the household as you need to your summer home, and the expense of their traveling and living is met under the appropriation. Your laundry is looked after in the White House, both when you are here and when you are away.

"Altogether, you can calculate that your expenses are only those of furnishing food to a large boardinghouse of servants and to your family, and your own personal expenses of clothing, etc. This, of course, makes the salary of $75.000 with $25.000 for traveling expenses very much more than is generally supposed. I have been able to save from my four years about $100.000."

Americans have no wish to be stingy with their Presidents. Most of them are under the impression that they are paying the man well for his work. Unfortunately, that "large boardinghouse" is still there, but the $100,000 saving has gone forever. It is at least as dead as Taft.

Distaff Side Knows the Facts

Mr. Taft's successors have expressed a good deal less enthusiasm. Their wives have occasionally indicated an entire lack of rejoicing about the pay. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, as she left the White House, was happy that her husband planned to go into law practice, because it would keep him in the stream of active affairs and also because "there were some unpaid bills." Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt rather tartly answered a citizen who suggested that one way to get rich was to get to be President.

"I know that as far as my husband is concerned," she said, "he has spent in fulfilling the obligations of his office as President somewhat more than his salary."

If President Truman were able to buy his groceries and other necessities as cheaply as President Taft could from 1909 to 1913, and if he were able to *save* at the same rate, the best he could do would be to leave the White House $100,000 in debt. For Harry S. Truman will have to pay in a four-year term nearly $200,000 in state and federal taxes which did not exist when Taft counted his luck and his thrift.

The President is just as liable to the tax laws as anybody else and his returns are just as secret. A man with a net income of $75,000 with a wife and one other dependent is due to pay a tax of $46,770. The President may have some other deductions. But experts figure that out of his $75,000 salary he probably has to pay around $46.000 to the federal government and another $1,000 or so to the State of Missouri. Take $47,000 from $75,000 and that leaves $28,000—still a tidy sum. Unfortunately, however, it is not quite left intact.

The President receives a fund from Con gress of $30,000 a year for travel and official entertainment. Official entertaining, however, is a small part of the entertaining he must

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Desert Fury

BY RAMONA STEWART

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story:

A clash of wills was inevitable between lusty, domineering **Fritzi Haller** and her strong-minded young daughter, **Paula**. During the years in which they had lived in the little desert town of Chuckawalla, **Fritzi** had acquired wealth and influence by means of petty politics and bribery of the law as personified by easygoing **Pat Johnson**, the sheriff, and **Berle Lindquist**, the judge. But **Paula**, who knew her mother well, was not so easily brought to heel, and a growing resentment of **Fritzi**'s attempts to run her life reached the explosion point when **Fritzi** tried to marry her off to honest, serious-minded **Luke Sheldon**, State Highway patrolman, by bribing him with the gift of a ranch. Humiliated and furious, **Paula** planned to leave **Fritzi** altogether, then found a better way to defeat her when she met tall, arrogant **Eddie Benedict**, owner of a large gambling syndicate, who had gained some notoriety three years back after his wife's mysterious death in an automobile accident off the State Bridge. At once strongly attracted to the man and challenged by his abrupt manner when he ordered her away from him, it took only **Luke**'s warning that she looked too much like **Eddie**'s dead wife for safety's sake to decide her to drive immediately out to the Hambly ranch where **Eddie** lived. . . .

II

EDDIE BENEDICT and Johnny Ryan were sitting in the sunshine beside the empty Hambly corral. Their backs were toward the house: a lean back in a loose white shirt, and a broader, fleshier back in a serge coat. They were sitting in gaudy deck chairs facing the empty corral, with their feet up, heels resting on the rough, unpainted rails. Although a glancing ray of sun made a sunburst of the trigger on the revolver lying casually beneath Johnny Ryan's chair, their relaxation was complete and untroubled. Johnny had thrown his head back to squint at the sun. Benedict was slouched down on his spine, his chin resting on his breastbone, his eyes fixed vacantly on the corral.

Suddenly, Benedict shifted restlessly in his chair and lowered his eyes. Johnny did not change position but his voice carried plainly in the cool rare air.

"Quit it, Eddie."

"Quit what?"

"Stop thinking about her. It's just one of those nutty things that happen."

"Sure. Sure. Who said it was anything else?"

"She's nothing but one of the local desert peaches. They're a dime a dozen. As far as Angela goes—"

"Look, Johnny," Benedict said. "There's no argument. Let's stop talking about it."

"You was pretty upset last night, Eddie. That's the only reason I was worried."

"Well, I'm fine now." He smiled at the other man. "Really."

Johnny nodded his satisfaction. "Okay. You want another cup of coffee? There's some on the stove. I'll go get it."

Benedict sat up and replaced his feet on the ground. "It's nice out here, isn't it?" he said with a trace of surprise. "I must be getting old. Sitting in the sun."

"It's what the doctor said you was to do. Rest, sun, and the first thing you know, you'll be ready for anything. We'll drop down to Los Angeles and pick up the boys. Then you'll rip back to Nevada and take the pants off the guys there. If you hadn't been all run down the way you was, they never would have pulled a fast one on you at all."

Benedict nodded slowly. "I don't feel like I ever want to go to Los Angeles."

"Sure. That's natural. That's the way you ought to feel now. But pretty soon you'll get to feeling better—some day you'll wake up and start wondering about the boys sitting in the hotel room in L.A., playing poker until they're sluggy and wondering what's taking you so long. The day that happens, I'll start packing."

"You must get damn' bored playing nursemaid."

Johnny took his eyes from the sun. "I don't get bored."

"We've been together a long time," Benedict said irrelevantly.

Johnny got up and thrust his hands into the pockets of his dark blue suit. He stood looking at Eddie Benedict's back thoughtfully. "Yeah," he said.

Slowly he wheeled and as he turned, he saw Paula standing by the house.

He did not speak or call out. For a long moment, they stood in silence, facing each other. With the backdrop of rocky desert stretching to the blue mountains behind him, he was a fantastic, immutable figure. Everything about him—the baggy serge suit, the set of his stocky frame, the angle at which his head sat on his thick shoulders—resisted the cool spirit of the desert.

Benedict seemed to sense the change in his manner. He twisted his lean body in the deck chair and looked back.

Paula came to them rapidly. Her heart had begun to pound, but she fixed a smile on her face and shoved her hands carelessly into the pockets of her levis.

Benedict smiled lazily and rolled back to face the corral. "I thought I told you to stay away from here," he said. There was quiet amusement in his voice. Nothing more.

"And I thought maybe you'd changed your mind." She leaned back against the corral fence.

Benedict laughed. "Do they grow them all this way in the desert?" He turned to Johnny. "We sort of slipped up on the formality last night. Paula, I guess you remember Johnny."

Johnny's eyes were still upon her. As she looked up to meet them, she realized that she had never seen their color in any other face. They were the shade of redwood bark, a clear brownish-red. They were light, so that she seemed to look past their surface and deep into their centers. And although they gave this illusion of depth, they were very small, set beneath thick, brown eyebrows on either side of a snub nose. His cheeks were full, spread by broad cheekbones. Beneath the wide mouth, his chin was almost imperceptibly cleft.

HE PUT out his hand and she slipped hers into it. The tide of animal warmth which flowed into her palm at his touch startled her. As forcefully as if he had struck her, it demanded her recognition of an ego and bore in upon her a sense of slow-moving, powerful aliveness.

"Glad to meet you," he said. The dim smile which curved his mouth was neither friendly nor hostile. It was a moment before Paula could place the emotion behind it. It was contempt.

"*Are* you?" she asked.

A cherry flame flickered momentarily in the small brown eyes. It was as explosive as a sudden laugh. "Your manners ain't much better than mine," he said. He glanced down at Eddie. "I'm going into town for the groceries. Want anything?"

Benedict shook his head.

"All right." He smiled at Paula again, the same smile. "Maybe I'll see you around sometime. In town."

With a quick gesture, he turned on his heel and walked off toward the garage. In another minute, he backed out a long black limousine and swung away over the private road.

After the motor's sound had died away, Benedict continued to sit with his head bowed, his eyes roving casually over the pebbles and rocks which covered the ground in front of him. Paula watched him silently.

"I'm sorry if Johnny was a little rude," he said finally. "He likes to pretend he doesn't go much for dames."

Paula smiled. "I didn't come back to see Johnny."

HE LAUGHED. "You're a funny kid, all right. As long as you're here, stay for a couple of minutes. Tell me something."

"What?"

"What do you do with your time—what kind of a life do you lead?"

"Well, mostly I sit home. Sometimes I go down to the picture house or out to Pat Johnson's ranch. He's the sheriff's man here."

"Last night you said your mother ran a joint here in town. Were you born here?"

She paused. "My father was a bootlegger back in New Jersey. After he was killed, my mother opened a speak-easy in Paterson."

He looked at her with interest. "He was killed?" His eyes asked another question.

"No," she answered. "He was crushed to death. The motorboat ran too close to the wharf when they were bringing in a shipment. That was a year after I was born."

"How did you get out here in the desert?"

"Fritzi. The doctor said she had to come to a dry climate. That was ten years ago. All her business interests are here now. I don't suppose she'll ever leave."

"You want to leave?"

She smiled. "What do you think?"

They were silent for awhile. Benedict tightened and loosed his interlaced fingers. "You must have had a pretty rough time of it. Your mother owning a saloon in a town like this. Is that all she owns?"

She did not answer. He nodded.

"I see. It's the usual setup. Except for you. You should have been sent away to school."

"Fritzi doesn't believe in running away from trouble."

He looked at her sharply. She sensed that she had unknowingly stepped over the invisible barrier to the mysterious private world of his own ego. But after a minute, he seemed to come to the conclusion that her invasion had not been deliberate. The hostility faded from his eyes.

"All right," he said. "You owe me the next three embarrassing questions. I keep forgetting you're too young to know how to take care of yourself and I ask a lot of stuff that's none of my business."

"I don't mind it being your business," she answered.

He glanced over at her. Slowly, he shook his head. "Don't make that mistake, kid. I'm just being polite."

There was a long silence. Paula did not lower her eyes or look away from him. "Are you?" she asked. "Are you sure?"

"What do you mean by that one?"

She spread her arms out, sliding them along the horizontal corral pole at her back. "I know why you sent me away last night," she said. "I look like her, don't I? A lot like her."

He stared at her. "I don't like smart dames," he said finally. "Maybe you better leave after all."

For the first time, she knew, she had penetrated his reserve. She had gotten through to the man she had glimpsed last night at the bridge. "I don't want to, Eddie," she said.

"What *do* you want?"

"When you leave the desert, take me with you."

He got up and walked over to her. He stood there, facing her. "That's one thing, baby, you can forget," he said. "I'm a light traveler."

She gazed ahead of him, over his shoulder. Her fingers, gripping the corral pole behind her were cold. "All right," she said.

"Now if you want to get out, go ahead."

She did not move. "And if I don't?"

"Then we'll play by my rules. And you'll lose."

"I see." She turned suddenly and stood facing the corral, her back to him. "You make it sound very attractive."

"You can leave any time. Now, for instance."

"There's an easier way to make me."

"How?"

"Just tell me you don't want me around." She turned back to him. "You can't say that, can you?"

He looked at her. "You'll get your brains knocked out, kid," he said. "You're going to wish you'd never seen me." He put his hands on her shoulders and, running them down her arms, drew her slowly to him. "And when I walk out on you, you'll have no squawks coming. You know that."

She nodded. With a sudden gesture, she lifted her hands to his wrists. There was a glitter of tear stains along her cheeks. Benedict brushed them away with his thumbs.

"This is the last call," he said quietly. "Then we're on for the ride."

She did not answer him. His fingers slid past her cheeks and temples and tightened in her hair. Then he bent over her and took her lips with his.

"Come on in," he said. "I'll show you the house."

AS THEY walked up the back stairs, Eddie stepped ahead of her and opened the screen door into the kitchen.

She looked in at the dirty dishes cluttering the sink, the pots and pans stacked on the stove and the kitchen table. Then she grinned. "I suppose it's the maid's day off?"

He smiled. "Just Johnny's idea of a well-run house."

"I could get you someone to come and clean if you want."

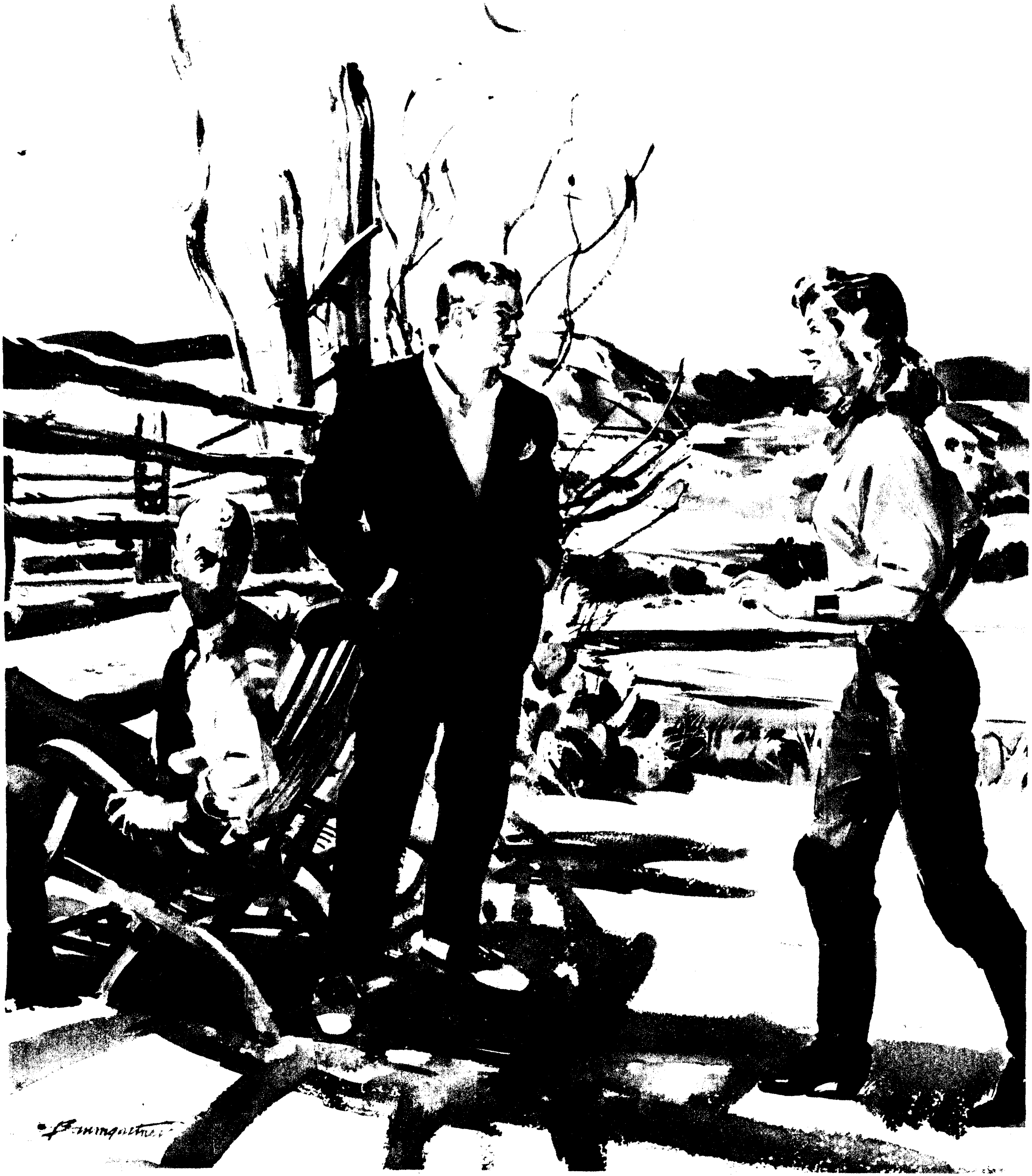
His face stiffened. "We don't want anybody around the place." He went ahead of her again to the swinging door opposite. "Come on in here. At least you can't smell bacon grease in the living room."

She followed him through the darkened dining room, across the front hallway and into the parlor. The blinds were drawn and Eddie switched on the electric light.

She looked about her at the gloomy, overstuffed chairs and the horsehair sofa. Old newspapers and practical mechanics magazines littered the floor. Eddie turned a magazine over with the toe of his shoe. "Johnny," he said. "He makes things sometimes. Gets the ideas in these."

She did not answer. Her eyes fell on a card table which had been set up before one of the armchairs. It was scattered with cards,

(*Continued on page* 39)



Benedict sensed the change in Johnny and turned to see Paula hurrying toward them. "I thought I told you to stay away from here," he said

THEY'VE HAD IT

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Look into the German mind and you may not like everything you find. But one fact is inescapable: This is defeat—complete, crushing and final

ACME

Rules for Germans are rigidly enforced in every detail. This oldster, in Bamberg, was arrested in the street after 9:30 P.M., and is paying a 100-mark fine

INTERNATIONAL

Four truckloads of Army potatoes move, under guard, to a food distribution center. Berliners get no Army food except excess stocks at the point of spoilage

Because Berliners are hungry, black markets flourish through the city. Here civil police crack down on black-market operators, searching them for food

BLACK STAR

THEY had been in the Council Room three hours now. The Council Room is on the third floor of the big Berlin Courthouse. Finally the doors opened and they came out. Two smart-looking sentries presented arms. Eisenhower was grinning broadly. His right arm was around Zhukov's shoulders. Montgomery was smiling, and lanky General Koenig was chuckling. Eisenhower shook hands with each of them. He said a Russian phrase to Zhukov, and the bulky Russian marshal roared with laughter.

Eisenhower has an office in the building on the second floor. He left the others and I walked with him to his office. He was still smiling when he entered the office.

It is a simple office with one desk and three chairs. But there is a divan in it.

"Let's sit here," General Ike said. "It's more comfortable than those hard chairs. You got a cigarette?"

I had a cigarette, all right. So we lighted cigarettes and we smoked. General Ike talked and I kept thinking: What a pity one hundred and thirty *million* Americans can't be listening to him now. I also thought: What a pity I can't quote everything he is saying. We have a rule established long ago that we quote General Ike only at general press conferences. For one hour General Ike talked, and he talked nothing but sense, and he told of his confidence in Zhukov and Monty and in Koenig, and he said thoughtfully, solemnly, "Yes, by golly, this thing is going to work. I'm convinced it's going to work. We're working together beautifully."

That's the way General Ike talked, and when I left him after an hour I felt pretty good. Any American would have felt good. And I knew the answer to a question millions of Americans (including me) have been asking themselves. The question is: "Will Germany ever be given a chance to make war again?" After listening to General Ike for an hour, I know that the answer is a very emphatic: "No."

"How long will we occupy Germany?" General Ike looked surprised when I asked him that question. "I haven't ever stopped to think of that in terms of years. But" he added grimly, "we'll stay here as long as is necessary. And don't worry about Germany ever getting in a position to try this again. Go see Clay."

Clay is Lieutenant General Lucius Dubignon Clay, deputy to General Eisenhower and the American Military Governor of American-occupied territory in Germany. General Ike and his three colleagues in the Allied Control Council make the policy. General Clay enforces the policy. Clay is a soft-spoken, courteous man, and when he talks business, his eyes narrow with concentration, and you feel that he could be very tough.

Clay doesn't like Germans very much. His office is in Zehlendorf, a suburb of Berlin. The building was once Luftwaffe headquarters, and, happily, Allied bombs left it almost intact.

"Can Germany ever do it again? What are we doing to prevent her ever doing it again?" General Clay laughed. "You've handed me a couple of $64 questions all right, but I'll try to answer them. I do not believe that Germany will be in a position to wage a war again. That, of course, is up to us. We've taken their guns away from them, and we're not going to hand them back. We've taken their war factories away from them and we're going to see to it that they never again use them for the making of war material.

"We're breaking up their huge corporations," he added.* "It was they who backed Hitler. No one seems to realize how thoroughly these people are beaten. They've never really been beaten before. It has broken them physically and spiritually. They can't take it. Of course, if we left them alone, in time, new leaders of the Hitler type might arise. But," he added grimly, "we aren't leaving them alone. And we're working in perfect harmony with the Russians and the British. Any disagreements that we have are matters of detail, not of principles."

"Do you expect to cut Germany up into several small countries?" I asked Clay.

He looked surprised. "No. We have no plans along those lines. The municipality will be the unit rather than a section of the country like Bavaria. We will prevent any strong centralization. We know that we can't re-educate the dyed-in-the-wool Nazi, but we can keep him from being dangerous."

Next, I saw bespectacled Colonel Bernstein, who was once counsel for the U.S. Treasury. He heads a finance group which is establishing a very, very new deal for Germany's banks and industries.

'We are trying to de-Nazify and decentralize the German financial setup, admittedly a tough job," said Colonel Bernstein. "For instance, I.G. Farben had built up a tremendous world-wide organization. Primarily a manufacturer of chemicals, the Farben outfit manufactured all sorts of things—rayon and poison gas among others. The company had more than 200 plants in Germany, valued at some eighteen hundred million dollars. They backed the Nazi regime strongly. Now we take an organization like that and decentralize it. Sooner or later we'll allow them to open some of their factories, but not to make poison gas. These factories will not be part of a huge chain. They'll just be individual factories working under our supervision. Incidentally," Bernstein added dryly, "more than half of the Farben plants are in the Russian zone.

Russia's Idea of Reparations

"Long, long ago the Russians said that Germany must replace the factory machines her army ruined or took away from Kharkov, Stalingrad, Smolensk, and dozens of other ruined or half-ruined Russian cities. By now they have stripped every factory in their territory of machinery. In the Russian view, this is not reparation, it is merely restitution. In any case, it is one way of 'decentralizing.'

"We're decentralizing the banks," Bernstein went on. "In Berlin, there were six commercial banks, commonly known as the Big Six. Most of them had extensive branch systems. We are abolishing this system. From now on we'll have municipal banks. No future government will be able to draw on a centralized banking system for anything it wants.

"We are, of course, confiscating all Nazi Party or army banking accounts. We are breaking up all the great fortunes. No individual, for instance, will be able to have enough money to 'back' some political leader."

"What about the personnel you are getting to run the municipal banks and industrial institutions?" I asked.

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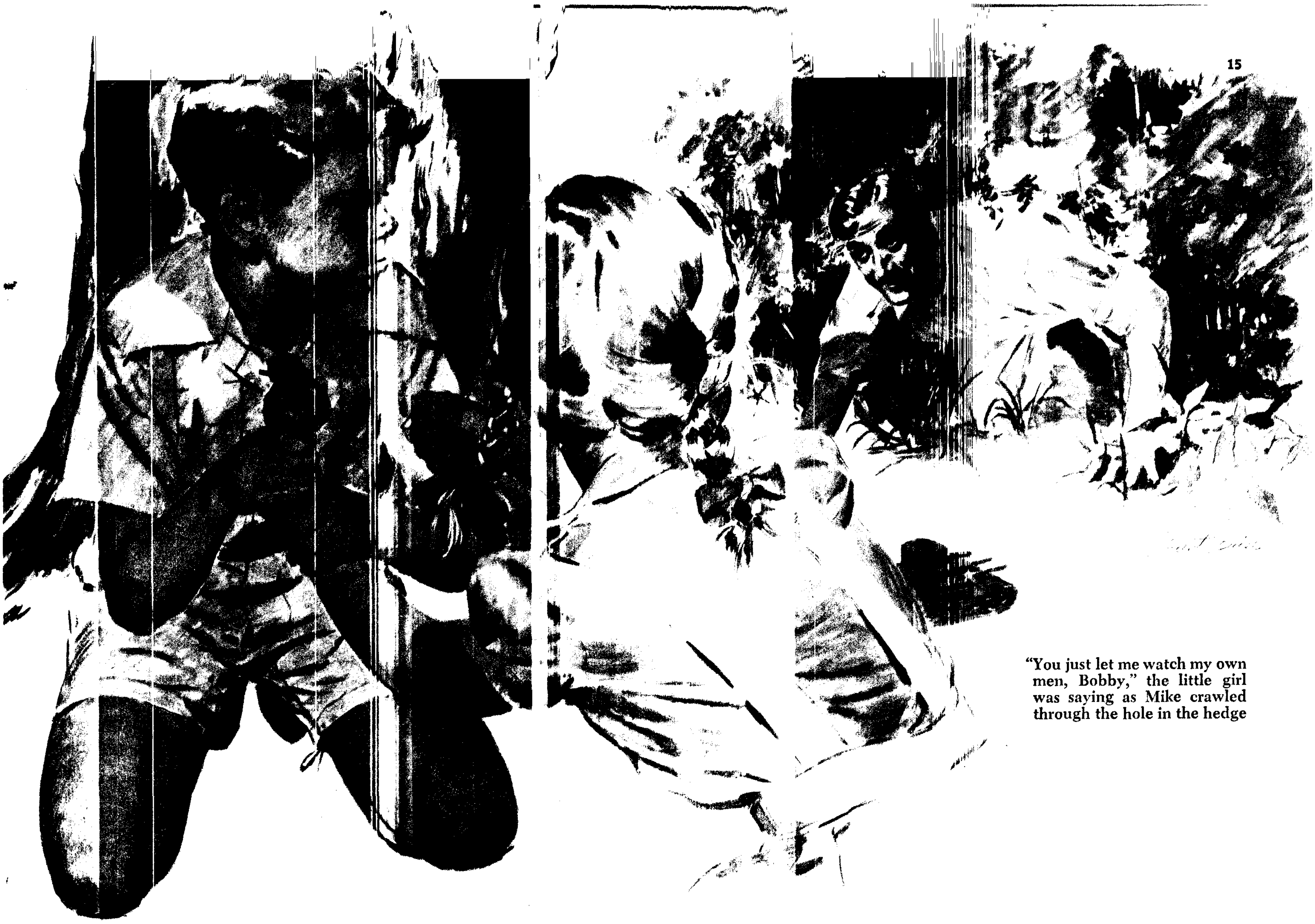
**See The Golden Octopus, by Paul Winkler, Collier's, Nov. 10th.*



"You just let me watch my own men, Bobby," the little girl was saying as Mike crawled through the hole in the hedge

Secret Attack

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

It was a miniature battle, generaled by two children and fought in the shadow of a hedge, but its rewards were greater than any he had known

HE TIPTOED down the stairs, hearing a low, excited buzz of talk from the living room, and slipped through the door into the cool, shaded depths of the back yard, smelling his mother's flowers and smiling self-consciously at a sunken, grassy spot, now a canna bed, where his sandbox had been in the old days. He could relax here behind the thick green hedges, sit for a brief moment under the oak tree and smoke a cigarette in his shirt sleeves. He had always hated ties and now, his sleeves rolled up and his collar open, he felt loose and free.

He paused a moment, identifying the various vegetables in the small garden, and went on to the rear of the yard where, in his youth, he had squirmed through a hole in the hedge to play cowboys and Indians and one o' cat with Jimmy Nelson. The hole was still in the hedge after all these years, and he heard voices on the other side and wondered whose children they were and what games they were playing on this day.

He had intended to sit in the yard and smoke one cigarette, but the boy was saying, "They go here;" and the girl, who sounded younger, answered, "You just let me watch my own men, Bobby." He couldn't see over the hedge but the hole was there and he grinned, peered around for any possible eavesdropper and ducked down through the hole into the other yard.

He stood up, shaking himself, and looked at the boy and girl playing in the sandy earth at his feet. The boy was around ten and the girl, a tanned child with corn-silk hair, about a year younger. They were brother and sister, he knew, seeing the hair, the straight mouths and the deep blue eyes set well apart over small, fairly broad noses well splattered with freckles. And the yard itself hadn't changed a great deal. It was just as it had been when he and Jimmy Nelson shot each other dead with their cap pistols and argued about the Custer massacre and the ride of Portugee Phillips. He dusted his hands, standing straight over the children and they stopped their argument and looked up at him questioningly.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

The boy smiled shyly and hooked one earthy thumb at his sister. "Her," he scoffed, "trying to tell me how to place my regiment."

Then he saw the toy soldiers and guns and trucks and tanks scattered between the boy and girl on the sandy hummocks and shallow declivities of the miniature battlefield; and he squatted down beside the girl and studied the terrain, if you could call it that, and the possible deployment of their troops. "Well," he said judiciously, "maybe she's right. We'll have to figure this out. What's your name?"

"Bob," the boy said. "Hers is Jane. She's my sister." He added then, "Who are you?"

"Mike," he said, setting a toy soldier back on its feet. "I used to play in your yard when I was your age. With a boy named Jimmy Nelson."

"Gosh," the boy said, "was that a long time ago?"

"Not too long," he laughed. "Now, let's plan this battle the right way. You're fighting each other, aren't you?"

"Sure," the boy said. "She's that old Von Rundstedt and I'm General Halloran's army." The boy patted one tank proudly and said, "You know, the Yanks."

"You bet I do," he said. "And we'll have a good battle. I'll be umpire for both of you. Would you like that?"

"Like on maneuvers?" the girl asked seriously.

"Just like that," he said, smiling at her. Her eyes, close up, were like violets and her hair was knotted loosely around and behind her ears in two finely spun braids. Her knees, hunched under her as she leaned forward with him over the troops, were deeply tanned and scratched from some recent minor accident. "We'll fix yours up," he said, "and maybe you can lick Bob here if you try hard."

"I can anyway," she said. "He'll have to play fair now."

The boy said, "I'm gonna attack, Mike, and Jane is on the defense. You fix her up and then help me. Are you a soldier, Mike?"

He said, "Yes, Bob. I just got home to see my mother."

"That's swell," the boy said. "Now you can show me where I'm wrong."

Mike got down on his knees in the sand, feeling wonderfully young and happy, and showed the girl how to arrange her battalion of infantry, with the tanks in defilade support, their tiny turret guns peeking barely over small sand-ridge lines, and her artillery back a reasonable distance, and her command posts and medics and engineers and supply lines all traced out and covered with men and trucks. She smiled and nodded vigorously as he moved the men, and the boy, two yards away on his side of the battlefield, watched him closely and said, "You sure fix them up good, Mike."

"All right, Jane," he said. "You're all set. Now we'll fix Bob up and then you can

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

The New York City Center started out as a white elephant and a gleam in Mayor La Guardia's eye, became a first-class art center for a windbreaker and earmuff audience. Now other cities would like to turn the same trick

BY JOAN YOUNGER

THE occasion was opening night at the New York City Center of Music and Drama, December 11, 1943. The alleged hero was Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia. That it was also his birthday—a mere coincidence, no doubt—may have contributed to his everyday bounce, but it was clear that the mayor was more than usually inspired as he declared that the City Center was a dream come true.

As he paused to take a breath, a small hubbub arose—as hubbubs will—in the rear of the theater.

"T'row him out!" yelled the hubbub. "We came to see da show."

Such impatience, rude as it was, was fitting tribute for a theater dedicated to a democratic proposition: That a man has a right to enjoy the best there is in music and drama without throwing his budget out of whack.

For don't let the civic-minded title and the motherly arms of the City Hall fool you. New York's City Center is really a people's center—and a place where a man can really enjoy himself.

The New York City Center originally came out of the dream stage by a freak of chance. In the spring of 1943, the city fell heir to a white elephant, a building owned by the Nobles of the Secret Order of the Mystic Shrine. For three years, the Nobles had not paid their taxes, and their theater (including several large back halls, secret chambers for secret rites and a large dance hall with kitchen) became city property.

It was on the fringe of the theater district—West 55th Street, off Seventh Avenue. Its floor boards creaked with disuse. Its Moor-

Ballet? To be sure. Frederic Franklin and the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo

These children emerge from the Center for a breath of air at intermission. They are patrons of the Youth Symphony

Lazlo Halasz, the music director, goes over the score of Pagliacci with the leading actors just before curtain time

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

ish decorations were bedraggled. Its acoustics were such that, from its stage, even a Barrymore sounded like a buzz saw after a stiff day's work. Obviously it was one of those things that would run on the red side of the city's ledger.

But Newbold Morris, president of New York's City Council, never looked happier than the day he went up to inspect the property nobody wanted. One look, and then and there he knew that the mayor had a dream coming true—and the city had a spot for high-class entertainment at cut-rate prices.

The mayor then provided the official shot in the arm, and Mr. Morris got going. A word here and there, and the labor unions, the civic-minded and the philanthropists were all set. By the fall of 1943, $75,000 had been underwritten for the City Center's support. By that time, the Center also had redecorated its shrine, fixed up the acoustics and established itself with a board of directors, all of whom were hand-picked by their indefatigable chairman, Mr. Morris. From then on, the board ran the show, spurred by Morris and paced by such sturdy and substantial citizens as Ben Ketcham, theater manager; Jean Dalrymple, publicist; Gerald Warburg, banker; Howard Cullman, lawyer and Broadway angel; and Morton Baum, accountant.

They were a canny crew. They were all for art—in a businesslike way. They launched a Center orchestra and a Center opera company, but they balked at launching a theatrical stock company right off the bat. Instead, they decided to stick to tried and true Broadway successes (just as any road theater along the line would) and opened their doors to the package show—a production bought complete from star to stage Johnnies, all wrapped up and ready to be presented.

It was a needed balance. While the original productions lost money, the package shows paid off. Why not? They were hits: Susan and God, the opening tidbit, complete with Gertrude Lawrence (who got her usual $2,000 weekly); The Patriots, Our Town, with Martha Scott; Carmen Jones (Billy Rose advertised that the mayor demanded that Carmen Jones appear at the Center, and who was he to say "No" to the mayor?); Othello, with Paul Robeson; Harriet, with Helen Hayes; and You Can't Take it With You.

All this—and La Guardia, too—at prices ranging from 60 cents to $2.

The Ballet Russe also paid off at cut rates. Its high standards, original productions and faithful following did a lot for the theater, although it must be admitted that one night it nearly blew the roof right off.

It was partly a freak of timing and partly the fact that, through a dictum of the mayor, Paul Moss, the city's license commissioner, was also the Center's vice-president and general manager. Last spring, Mr. Moss decided rather suddenly that he did not like a quiet little play called Trio, the story of a young girl's strange relationship with an older woman. He said it was lewd and lascivious, and took away the license of its theater. He had every right to take away the license inasmuch as he was the license commissioner, but his taking over the censorship powers drew fire from critical quarters, and the smoldering embers have yet to die out.

The Center might have kept its skirts out of the flame had it not been for a ballet called Frankie and Johnny, which, you might know, opened the night Moss moved in to move out Trio. Frankie and Johnny took place in a brothel. It showed naughty women and light-minded men having a gay old time, and there was no moral.

"How," said the critics tartly, "how can this thing be? While Mr. Moss swoons at the lewdness of Trio, he encourages in his own theater a ballet which actually takes place in a brothel."

In due course, the fire burned itself out, but not before Frankie and Johnny had been touched up here and there, and Mr. Moss had lost another dash or so of popularity. Board members say they learned a lesson from the whole thing—and not what you think. The lesson was that it is highly unwise to have a city official in an executive spot in the Center, because what he may do in office may reflect on the theater in general.

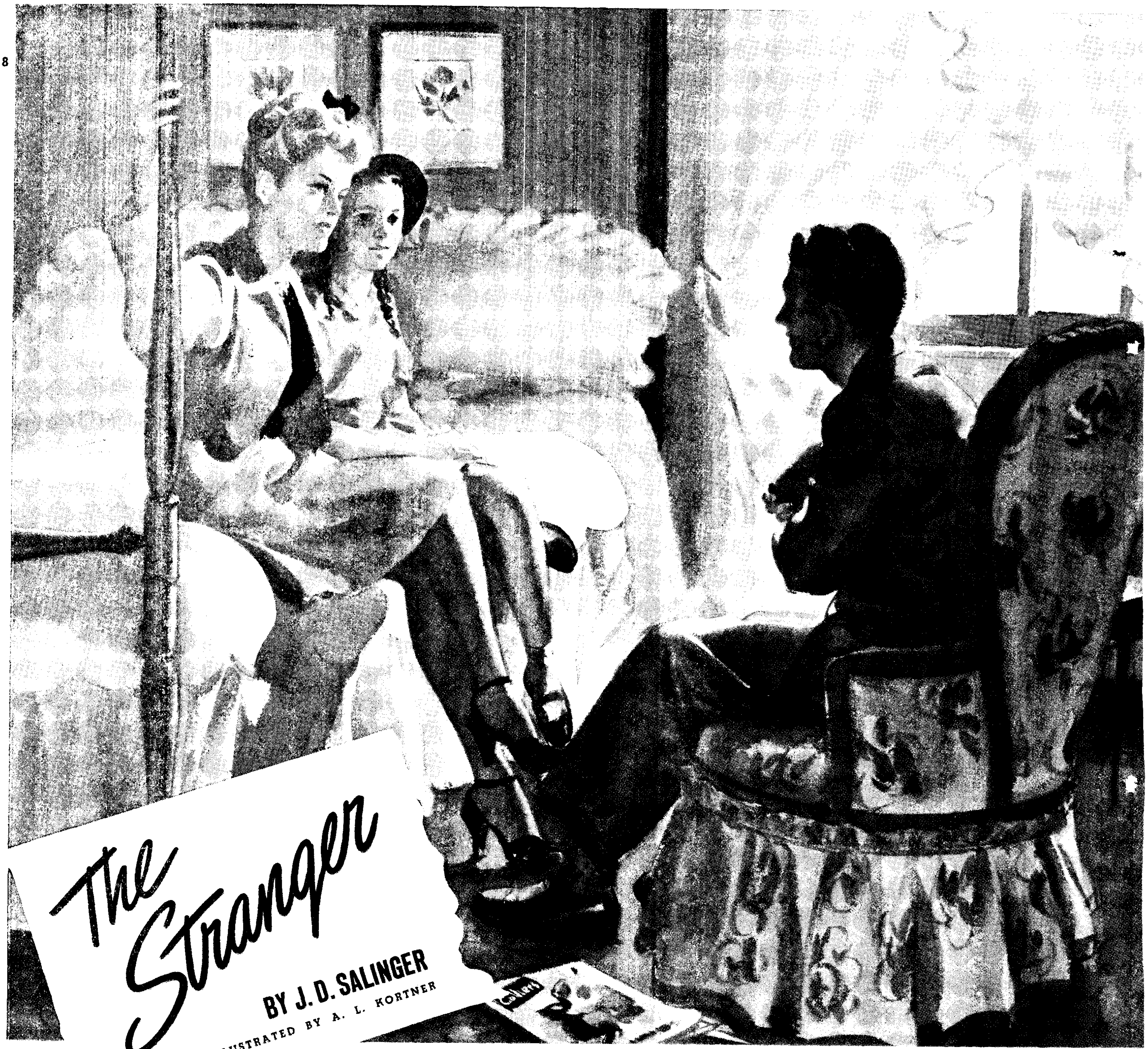
Next year, they say, it will be different. They all speak freely about next year and even the year after that, because of their

(Continued on page 52)

Beatrice Tompkins makes up before a performance as Marie Jeanne awaits cue music

The opera is La Bohème, and you can tell by the expression on Director T. P. Martin and the singers that the music is rich

The soldier-tenor Eugene Conley. He warms up a bit of Tosca with Herbert Norville (at left) as Grant Garnell listens



The Stranger

BY J. D. SALINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY A. L. KORTNER

Mattie and Vincent's girl sat watching as Babe reached into his inside coat pocket. "This is a poem he wrote," he said to Vincent's girl. "No kidding. You can have it if you want"

He felt an alien in the civilian world and knew he had to stay so until he found a way to tell Vincent's wonderful girl how Vincent had died

THE maid at the apartment door was young and snippy and she had a part-time look about her. "Who'd ya wanna see?" she asked the young man hostilely.

The young man said, "Mrs. *Polk.*" He had told her four times over the squawky house phone whom he wanted to see.

He should have come on a day when there wouldn't be any idiots to answer house phones and doors. He should have come on a day when he didn't feel like gouging his eyes out, to rid himself forever of hay fever. He should have come—he shouldn't have come at all. He should have taken his sister Mattie straight to her beloved, greasy chop suey joint, then straight to a matinee, then straight to the train—without stopping once to take out his messy emotions, without forcing them on strangers. Hey! Maybe it wasn't too late to laugh like a moron, lie and leave.

The maid stepped back out of the way, mumbling something dreary about maybe she was out of the tub and maybe not, and the young man with the red eyes and the leggy little girl with him entered the apartment.

It was an ugly, expensive little New York apartment of the kind which seems to rent mostly to newly married couples—possibly because the bride's feet began to kill her at the last renting agent, or because she loves to distraction the way her new husband wears his wrist watch.

The living room, in which the young man and the little girl were ordered to wait, had one Morris chair too many, and it looked as though the reading lamps had been breeding at night. Ah, but over the crazy artificial fireplace there were some fine books.

The young man wondered who owned and cared about Rainer Maria Rilke and The Beautiful and Damned and A High Wind in Jamaica, for instance. Did they belong to Vincent's girl or to Vincent's girl's husband?

He sneezed, and walked over to an interesting, messy stack of phonograph records, and picked up the top record. It was an old Bakewell Howard—before Howard had gone commercial—playing Fat Boy. Who owned it? Vincent's girl or Vincent's girl's husband? He turned the record over, and through his leaky eyes he looked at a patch of dirty white adhesive tape fastened to the title sticker. Printed on the tape in green ink were the identification and warning: *Helen Beebers—Room 202, Rudenweg—Stop Thief!*

The young man grabbed his hip pocket handkerchief and sneezed again; then he turned the record back to the Fat Boy side. His mind began to hear the old Bakewell Howard's rough, fine horn playing. Then he began to hear the music of the unrecoverable years: the little, unhistorical, pretty good years when all the dead boys in the 12th Regiment had been living and cutting in on other dead boys on lost dance floors; the years when no one who could dance worth a damn had ever heard of Cherbourg or Saint-Lô or Hürtgen Forest or Luxembourg.

He listened to this music until behind him his little sister started practicing belching; then he turned around and said, "Cut it out, Mattie."

At that instant a grown girl's harsh, childish, acutely lovely voice came into the room, followed by the girl herself.

"Hey," she said. "I'm sorry to keep you waiting. I'm Mrs. Polk. I don't know how you're going to get them in this room. The windows are all funny. But I can't *stand* looking at that dirty old building across the wuddaya-call-it." She caught sight of the little girl, who was sitting in one of the extra Morris chairs with her legs crossed. "Oh!" she cried ecstatically. "Who's this? Your little girl? *Pussy cat!*"

The young man had to make an emergency snatch at his pocket handkerchief, and he sneezed four times before he could reply.

(Continued on page 77)

SMALL TOWN DOES BIG JOB

BY LESTER VELIE

A Minnesota town decided jobs were better for welcoming returning veterans than bands. In town-meeting style it worked out its plan. Here's how it operates

William E. Murray and his wife, Alice, are both veterans; got their turkey farm with V.A.C. assistance

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY IKE VERN—PIX

IF YOU could see Brainerd, Minnesota, (pop. 12,000) with its tree-lined Pine and Oak streets, its comfortable frame houses with their wide porches and nostalgic rockers, its Laurel Street with its Montgomery Ward and J. C. Penney stores, you would know it instantly for a typical American town.

Also typical of America are the Brainerd men and women who, in the words of the official citations, served above and beyond the call of duty. But unlike most other towns, Brainerd has a plan for serving its returning veterans above and beyond the call of community duty. Brainerd went beyond speeches and welcoming committees to guarantee the returning veteran his place in society as his right.

Brainerd's plan is simple and human. Everybody in town who is equipped by education or occupation to do so is working to find a job, an education or a business for every Brainerd boy and girl who returns. Everybody gets into the act. Making successful civilians of its soldiers has become Brainerd's leading industry.

Visit Van's Restaurant on North Sixth Street, any lunch hour, and you're likely to find Clarence Berg, president of Brainerd's Citizen's State Bank, in shirt sleeves, deep in veterans' aid matters with Carl Zapffe, Northern Pacific mineral expert and town patriarch, Frank Johnson, druggist and mayor, and Les Hage, laundry manager and past president of the Civic Association.

This is only a sliver of the full Veterans' Aid Committee, you find. The full group numbers three hundred. The plan is as homely a piece of American improvisation as a raccoon-tailed campus jalopy. Informally organized into six groups specializing in welfare, education, agriculture, loans and jobs, the committee members pass around the veteran and his problems among them, dealing with him on a person-to-person basis until his pension or education or job or business problem is solved and he slips quietly into his place in the community.

"We're plain Minnesota people," Carl Zapffe, the chairman, says, "and our plan fits us like eating peas with a knife."

Like eating peas with a knife, the plan is personal, involves no central information office, no group grillings for the vet before large advisory committees, no fancy prospectuses or brochures. But what the town does have is a complete census of every job prospect available in the county, every business idea the town now lacks and could support, every farm product the town could use and the available farmlands near by which will grow it. It took the town three years to complete this work pile of assorted livelihoods. And it is not the least part of the story that in hunting up jobs for its returning sons, Brainerd has touched off a peacetime boom the like of which it hasn't seen in 65 years of existence.

Brainerd has special reasons for taking a community-wide interest in its returning soldiers. One of every 129 of its citizens not long ago was a prisoner of the Japs. The town's National Guard formed a unit of the 194th Tank Battalion at Bataan, and 90 of the boys made the Death March after it fell.

Brainerd's municipal judge, Eleanor Nolan, laid aside her black robes for Wac khaki and became a captain. Farm Girl Hortense McKay became a major so valuable to General MacArthur at Corregidor that she was one of the few to be evacuated with him. The Doborvich family, the father a citizen of only a year's standing, gave its oldest son, Mike. When he was reported missing after the Death March of Bataan, three of his six brothers joined up to rescue him. Mike emerged a lieutenant colonel; but all the brothers were valiant, five of them became officers and one a paratrooper. Walt McComas, a Bataan survivor, also lived through the torpedoing of a Jap prison ship and swam four miles to rescue by guerrillas on Jap-held Mindanao. And Roy Schellin, a quiet farmer boy, now has his portrait in the Hall of Fame in Washington, a Purple Heart (20 wounds), the Air Medal with clusters, the Distinguished Flying Cross, a Presidential citation.

For Roy Schellin and Mike and Hortense, Brainerd wasn't satisfied to open a perfunctory town office, give them forms to fill out and direct them to a host of impersonal government agencies that might give them the run-around. During the long winters when its sons were in Jap prison camps, Brainerd schemed and planned for their return. Everybody in town had his responsibility.

So keenly is the responsibility felt that when a veteran, war shocked and surly, told the Veterans' Aid Committee to go to hell, committeemen took him in hand anyway and adjusted him to society again.

The town did that with Marty D—— who came out of the war with a back injury that prevented him from following his old job as carpenter, and a nervous disorder that made him bitter and sullen. The Army had typed Marty an NP, a neuropsychotic.

Marty came back with a grudge against civilians, a sneer that the G.I. Bill of Rights was an unprintable "lot of baloney." He stormed at the Veterans' Employment representative at the local office of the United States Employment Service.

Committee's Job of Salvage

Marty obviously had to be helped in spite of himself. The Veterans' Aid Committee moved in. Its education chairman, John Chalberg, dean of Brainerd's Junior College, convinced Marty that his back injury had ended his career as a carpenter. But how could the know-how Marty had acquired in his trade be salvaged? John Chalberg put through a call to St. Paul, 140 miles away, arranged with the regional Veterans' Administration office to put Marty through a series of psychiatric and aptitude tests. A member of the Welfare Committee drove Marty to St. Paul. The tests revealed the veteran had talent for architectural engineering.

Back in Brainerd, Chalberg explained to Marty that the government stood ready to pay his tuition and upkeep at any university he chose. Still dubious, Marty signed up for an architectural engineering course at the University of California. The Veterans' Aid Committee pored through college catalogues, chose courses, tended to the correspondence. Marty's recent letters show a growing faith and hope in his own future. John Chalberg and his group will keep in touch with Marty until he lands his first job as an architect in Brainerd's housing program.

Sometimes the most valuable help a veteran can get is to be warned not to do something. During its three years of preparation work Brainerd had carefully surveyed the country's farmlands. When Will Deschaine returned wounded from the war and was eager to go into hog raising, the committee's Farm Group said no.

"Stay away from it," Bill Cummins, chairman of the committee's Agricultural Group,

(Continued on page 34)

Veterans' Aid Committee often meets in Mayor Frank Johnson's drugstore. Left to right, Mayor Johnson, Lester Hage, Ray Madison, Sgt. Roy Schellin (who is seeking advice), Carl Zapffe and Henry Mills

American Color Scheme

By Amy Porter

ONE day Clare Potter, fashion designer, was stroking the silky coat of one of her Dalmatian dogs. It occurred to her that Dalmatian spots would look interesting printed on silk. She made a sketch, took it to a fabric house, and the resulting print was a part of her next fashion collection. Another time, when she opened her mail, she found a bill printed on an unusual shade of blue. She had fabric dyed to match the bill—and another color note was added to her collection. She bought a piece of Mexican pottery in lavender, orange and purple.

"Those colors sound wild," she said, "but I grayed them down a bit and combined them in a dress and they were wonderful."

And so, from day to day, Clare Potter assembles the unusual colors which have earned her a reputation as the foremost colorist in her field.

"I set out to be a painter," she says, "but I wasn't good enough at it or something. Anyway my teachers persuaded me to take up designing instead. It has worked out all right."

It has indeed worked out all right. Clare Potter was one of the first American designers to win public recognition in prewar years when the prestige of French couturiers was at its height. She has received both the Lord & Taylor and the Neiman-Marcus awards for her contribution to fashion. She keeps her reputation fresh not by performing fashion tricks, but by creating, year after year, clothes of classic simplicity in wonderful colors. Mrs. Potter never makes much of seasonal fashion trends. She seldom bothers with exaggerated sleeves or stuck-on trimmings or seasonal color fads. And because she is faithful to lines and textures and colors which are beautiful in themselves, her designs stay in style indefinitely.

In the Walter Klett painting at the right, you see one of Clare's triple-play color costumes. Here Alicia Markova, ballerina, is dressed for dinner in a dull green velveteen skirt, dusty pink wool top, chartreuse slippers, a costume that has something of the color and movement of the ballet. Markova, now touring the country after a highly successful run at the Metropolitan Opera House, says it is the easy sort of thing she likes to wear.

"It's a costume for the kind of woman I always have in mind," says Mrs. Potter; "a slender woman who leads a busy life, a woman who hates fussy clothes but loves good lines and color. It's informal, but it shows enough skin at the neckline to make a woman feel dressed up. It's comfortable. You wouldn't need a girdle with it. You could move around in it."

And there Clare names the second quality for which she is known: Her clothes are made to be moved in. They look as well when the wearer walks or dances or raises her arm as when she is sitting still. They have easy lines and plenty of elbow room.

Mrs. Potter designs three big collections each year—spring, fall and winter. I attended a showing of the winter collection, where for two hours models paraded Clare's ideas for resort and early spring wear for the benefit of some sixty buyers from all over the country. At the end of it, the congratulatory chatter indicated that this collection was another sure success.

As the showroom emptied I went up to Clare, who looked a little bit collapsed, but cheerful.

"After the ball is over," she said, looking around at the clutter of chairs and papers and ash trays. "But it went all right, didn't it? We might as well have some air." She put up a window. Clare, like her models, is tall and has good ankles.

She took me through a big factory room where dozens of sewing machines whirred. "We have wonderful workers," she said; "expensive, but they can do anything—ruffles or a good lapel. I don't use a lot of handwork. It would make the cost prohibitive for a mass market. But you can have good taste and good line without handwork." She showed me her two-by-four mirror-lined workroom. "Here's where I cut material and pin it up on the model," she said, "and then they tell me whatever they like that I've done. I trust their judgment. I hardly ever sew. I hate to sew."

Clare gathered up a few belongings and we went to lunch around the corner to the Artists and Writers Restaurant, where a lot of newspaper and radio and stage people go. Mrs. Potter and the head of her firm, Charles Nudelman, reserve a table there for lunch every day, for friends and co-workers. Two models from the show were already seated, with Mr. Nudelman and a woman buyer from California.

"Clare, darling," said the buyer. "Your show was beautiful. Will I be able to buy all I want?"

"Well, almost," said Clare. "We're pretty well off for material, but of course we can't get a lot of new stock."

They talked trade problems for a while, and then the buyer said she was tired of it all anyway, and believed she needed a trip. To Mexico. Had Clare enjoyed Mexico last winter? The buyer had noticed with relief that Clare's prints were not dominated by sombreros.

"Of course not," said Clare. "I can't stand sombreros. I just go for the rest, and to look at colors. It'll be fun to go to Paris again, won't it?"

Mr. Nudelman discounted this talk. "Don't let them fool you," he said. "Clare works herself to death. Years at art school, years of designing, and she can't let down a minute.

"All I hope, Clare, is that you don't show your face in the showroom this afternoon. There are a couple of customers coming in that I can handle better than you can. There's a nice newsreel down the street. You go there and then go on home."

Clare said she didn't want to go to a newsreel, she wanted to buy wallpaper for her house in the country.

"Okay, okay. Just don't come back. I'll give your friends the turkeys."

The turkeys, it developed, are raised in the country by Clare and her husband. "And now I don't know if we're running a dress house or a butcher shop," said Mr. Nudelman.

Clare departed, saying she wouldn't be around for several days. It takes that long, it seems, to recover from the strain of a collection. ★★★

The première ballerina of the Ballet Theater, posed here in a dinner costume by Clare Potter, was born Lillian Alice Marks, near London. She changed her name to Alicia Markova because a Russian name was once a prerequisite to success in ballet

ALICIA MARKOVA ● PAINTED FROM LIFE BY WALTER KLETT

The third of a series

This mother and her two children are waiting for a train to take them from Tokyo to the country, where they expect to find better food. They have waited in the station several days. At night, they sleep on the sidewalk

SEVENTY MILLION PROBLEM CHILDREN

By Frank D. Morris

RADIOED FROM TOKYO

The world's biggest kindergarten has been set up in Japan. Teaching the people of Japan the ways of democracy isn't going to be easy. When Collier's correspondent asked the women if they'd like to vote, they giggled

A CHILL fall rain beat down on the skeleton of Tokyo. It drenched the fire-scarred ruins of majestic buildings. It formed tiny lakes in the rubble, and miniature rivers coursed through the narrow street, lapping the wheels of bomb-wrecked automobiles and trucks abandoned for months. The rain pounded mercilessly upon hundreds of thousands of squat figures clop-clopping home in the late afternoon in their peaked wooden *geta.*

A mental depression as thick and as gloomy as the rain cloud blanketed the city and seeped out over the four main islands of Japan.

The American G.I.s and sailors souvenir-shopping along Tokyo's Ginza sensed this melancholy atmosphere and wondered when they would ever have enough points to get back home. Occupation-government officers, looking out their windows in the Dai-Iti Building at the native swarms, pondered the assignment they'd undertaken—to remake millions of these Orientals into useful, decent, peace-loving citizens. Could it be done —ever?

The occupation plans specified that the Japanese would rebuild their own country and rehabilitate themselves, and our troops and administrators would stand by to supervise the job. These overseers were ordered to use no force unless it was absolutely necessary. At first the occupation troops and the people back home thought this was a risky experiment which would let the crafty Japs play us for suckers. For about a month part of the American press censured General MacArthur for his "soft" occupation methods. Then, as the physical side of the occupation proceeded without incident, there was a tendency to applaud the Supreme Commander for his sagacity.

Practically no opinions were voiced by a group vitally concerned, the Japanese people. The Japanese press made much of the occupation tactics in their headlines, editorials and statements which were issued by public figures in Japan, but the bulk of the population, the Joneses-san and the Smiths-san who worked in war factories and on farms, paid taxes, and sent their sons to war, weren't asked for their views. Let's hear what they

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED SPARKS

have to say now—and accept it at face value from a race stepping out one day to pin our ears back and agreeing the next day to cooperate with us in establishing permanent peace.

These Japanese, a little people of a little, ambitious country, call this the blackest hour in their history. The nation they had believed the greatest in the world lies in defeat, its subjects in disgrace. The supposedly invincible Imperial Army whose supposed victories had thrilled Japanese radio listeners and newspaper readers during the past few years now has hardly a single soldier or gun or bullet. Their air force has been swept from the sky. The Imperial Navy is a floating junk yard.

The Emperor's surrender speech was a stunning blow to these 70,000,000 little people, their first realization that the war they had slaved and starved to win was a complete loss. When they heard that enemy troops would occupy the entire country they became terrified. From coastal cities and towns they shipped their womenfolk off into hiding in the country to avoid mistreatment, and they buried the family treasures.

The invasion troops landed and the Japs waited for the first punishing blow of the victors. They expected to be beaten and tortured and killed, a fate their own leaders had promised them if these white barbarians were ever allowed to push their way ashore. They expected to lose their homes, their jobs, and the few necessities and comforts of life left to them. None of these mattered so much now for they had already suffered their greatest loss—"face."

Then the incredible happened. Swarms of giants in khaki field uniforms appeared in a half-dozen parts of the Tokyo area. To most of the Japanese who had never seen an American G.I. before, they were formidable characters. Those steel helmets, the carbines slung across their shoulders above full ammunition belts gave them an air of icy belligerence.

However, the behavior of the giants was quiet and orderly. Unobtrusively they took over Atsugi, Tokyo's military airfield, the big navy base at Yokosuka and, in small groups, they established themselves in Yokohama.

No Bayonets or Clubs

The thing that puzzled—and subconsciously annoyed—the average Japanese during those early days was the fact that he was ignored by the invaders. No bayonets were shoved into his belly. He wasn't beaten over the head with clubs. Not a soldier or Marine molested him or his home. Tojo-san was amazed. Trains and trolleys and busses ran on normal schedule with no interference. The routine of daily life remained unchanged. It all seemed weird, unrealistic, a strange dream that must end in a sudden, frightening awakening.

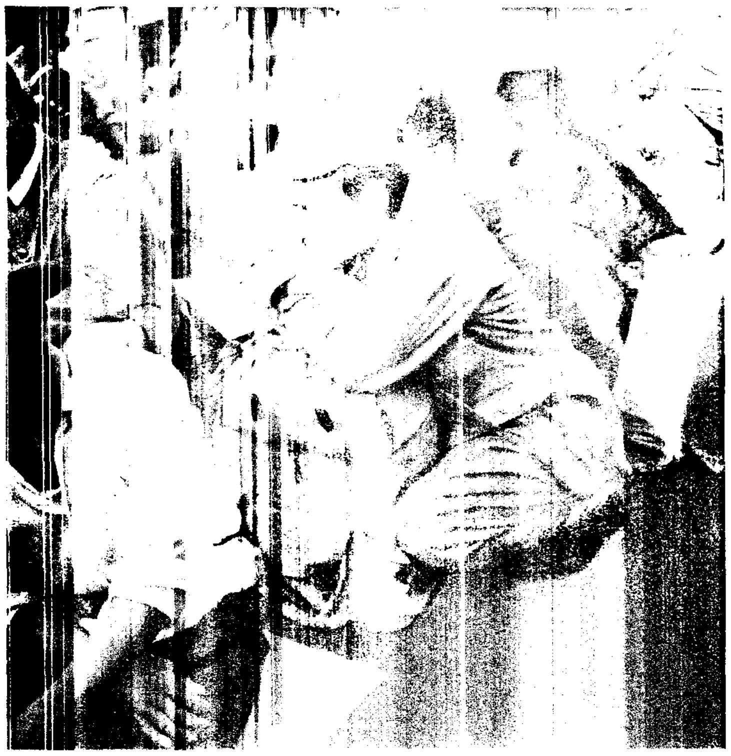
That was months ago. Today the Japanese John Jones is still bewildered. He has accepted the "soft" occupation even if he can't understand it. He's overwhelmed by the flood of "gifts" his benevolent conquerors are offering—democracy, the Four Freedoms, the incredible privilege of thinking for himself, his own choice of leaders, the right to lead a peaceful, normal life.

That's too much for the average Japanese to digest in one gulp. For centuries he's been told how to act, how to think, how to regulate every phase of his physical and spiritual life. He's been a flesh-and-blood puppet entirely at the mercy of the men who pull the strings. There have been rebels among the Japs, people who dared to resent this regimentation. But their protests got them nothing other than a rough session with the secret police, and an indefinite term in a cell, or sudden death.

Liberal reforms can't be assimilated by the Jap overnight. He thinks they are something nice to look forward to, but right now he wants a job, shelter for his family and enough food and fuel, rice and vegetables and charcoal to keep them alive and healthy through the coming winter. After those essentials are guaranteed, he will probably take a more active interest in the elaborate plan being made for his welfare.

(Continued on page 53)

Mrs. Kimiko Kawaguchi speaks her mind: "One American soldier helped me carry a package. No Japanese ever did this for me. My baby is sick with lack of food. The army kept all the good food. It is good for Japan she lost the war"

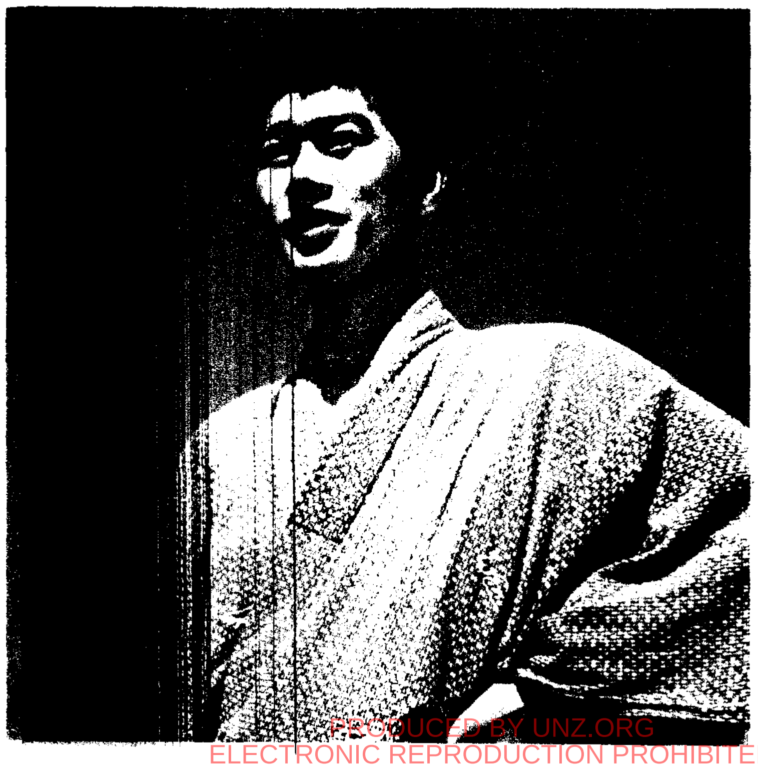


Portrait of a world conqueror. He sits in some station waiting for a train to take him home. His stomach and his heart are empty. He does not see the misery around him. The word "Banzai!" would provoke him to fury

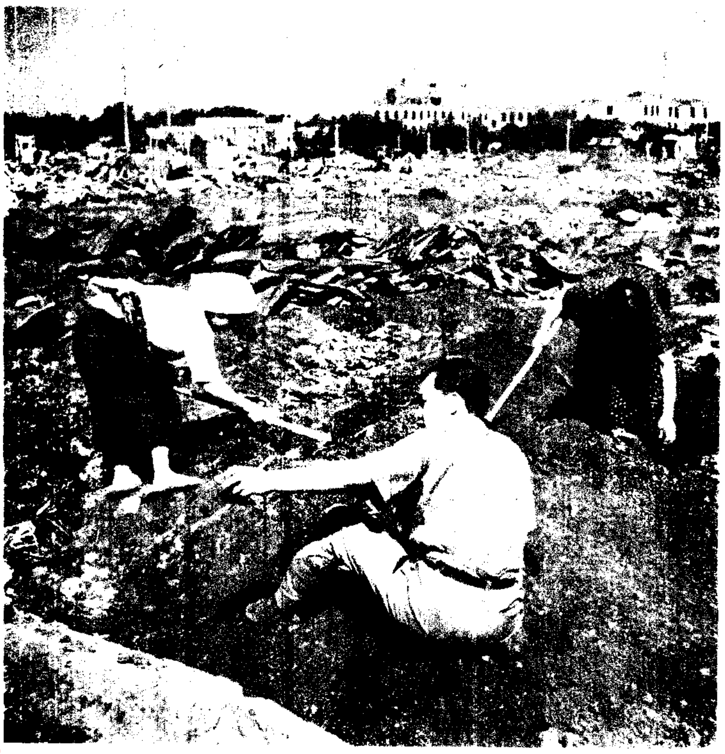
On the Ginza, a G.I. haggles over the price of a fan. He will get it for less than the asking price, and still pay too much. Few shops are intact in Tokyo, so the tradesmen are now doing business on the sidewalk . . . where there is one

Ichiro Hatoyama, liberal and member of the Diet, speaks his mind: "Judging by their conduct, Americans are good soldiers. I never expected any looting. Japan lost the war because of lack of freedom imposed on her citizens"

Taro Yoshido, 28, demobilized soldier, speaks his mind: "Japan lost because she was defeated in the science of war. The collapse of our economy is another reason. In machines as in men, we Japanese are not yet ready to challenge you"



With but slight exaggeration, this is the average Jap family of today. Mother and father dig in the rubble of their home for salvage. The elder son, home from the war, sits sifting earth. Blank faces with a bleak future



JAY HYDE BARNUM

ORCHIDS TO YOU

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The girl's voice was as soft as the flower she wore. "What is it about my orchid?" she said. "Isn't it just an ordinary one?"

PROFESSOR PETER HODGES stepped out of his office in the Botanical Gardens into the late afternoon sunshine, and started across the park to catch his bus. He walked quickly from habit. The way he did a great many things nowadays, not absent-mindedly as professors are supposed to do, but methodically, with a sort of tedious precision which worried him sometimes. It made him feel that he was growing old before his time, although he was only thirty-three. But, he had come to suppose, that was necessarily the way for professors. Then, just as he was passing the main gate to the zoo, Professor Hodges did a thing he had never done before in his life.

The girl was walking through the gate on her way to the street. She was a trim, slender girl, neither tall nor short. Her hair was dark and soft, her wide-set eyes were deep, clear blue. She wore a tailored suit, and on her lapel a flower was pinned.

Peter Hodges stood motionless on the sidewalk and stared at the girl for the longest time he had ever stared openly at any girl on the street before. Then he swallowed, as though he were swallowing an unshelled walnut, and walked determinedly over to her. "I beg your pardon," he said, and he could hear the unfamiliar quaver in his voice, "but I . . . I must speak to you. Your bigeneric hybrid Orchis Cypripedium—it's magnificent!"

The girl looked up into Professor Hodges face in astonishment. "What?" she said.

"Your flower," Peter explained hastily, "your orchid. . . . Well, maybe I'd better introduce myself. I'm Professor Hodges from the Botanical Gardens. I'm an orchidologist." He bowed a little so that he would look dignified, but the breeze had blown his hair across his forehead, and when he smiled he looked even younger than he was.

The girl smiled back, as though his being a professor was an entertaining thing. "Oh, I see. How do you do, Professor?" she said. Her voice was as soft as the flower she wore. "What is it about my orchid? Isn't it just an ordinary one?"

Peter Hodges' face relaxed a little under the girl's smile, and he went on enthusiastically: "Ordinary! Oh, my, no, it's extremely rare! You see, this blossom came from a bigeneric plant. That is to say, a plant which falls between species of different genera." He leaned closer to the girl's shoulder to examine the blossom more carefully, and a delicate scent came to him which seemed to emanate from where the dark hair curled softly against her neck. Professor Hodges felt quite dizzy. He straightened up quickly, and murmured, "Three petaloid sepals—most remarkable."

The girl continued to watch him, her eyes smiling. "This is very interesting, Professor," she said. "I had no idea my flower was a rare one. It just came from a regular florist shop. Perhaps in the interest of science the Botanical Gardens might like . . ." She started to unpin the blossom, but the professor stopped her.

"Oh, no, I couldn't possibly take it," he said, and when his hand touched hers to restrain it, he drew it away quickly to show that he had not meant to be presumptuous. In the brief contact he saw that there were no rings on the girl's left hand and, for some reason, this observation made his heart pound unnaturally. "I was wondering," he went on, ". . . that is, I was thinking . . . Are you interested in flowers?"

"Yes, I love them," the girl said pleasantly.

Professor Hodges swallowed another walnut, looked intensely into the girl's eyes and said, all in one breath, "In that case, if you have no other engagement, would you do me the honor of having dinner with me and letting me take you back to the Gardens to show you our new exhibit of tropical plants? There will be lots of other people there," he added hurriedly. "I wish you would."

For a split moment only, the girl studied the professor's guileless eyes, then, "Why, I'd love it, Professor," she said. "Thank you."

THEY went to a small French restaurant near the park where Peter usually ate lunch. The proprietor had seen Peter eating his midday meal alone, or with an aged professor, so many times that to see him at once in the evening and with a pretty girl touched his Gallic temper, and he presented them with a bottle of wine with the compliments of the house. They sipped it in silence, smiling at each other across the table.

Presently the girl said, "I don't know whether it matters, Professor, but perhaps I ought to tell you that my name is Jean Henley."

Peter's face flushed scarlet. "Matters! Of course, it matters! Please forgive me for not asking, Miss Henley, but it's just that I'm not very experienced . . ." He stopped, flushed again and tried an explanation. "Professors are usually considered . . . well, kind of unworldly and stodgy, and when people think of you that way for long enough, why, I guess you really *get* that way."

For a moment she watched his face, and when she spoke her eyes smiled at him. "As a matter of fact, you know you don't look the part very well. You look much more like Gary Cooper playing a professor than you look like a real professor."

"I do?" Peter said, trying to look skeptical. "My goodness, I never thought of that." Then he straightened his necktie and looked across the table at her with such intentness that she started. Suddenly he said, "Miss Henley, I don't want to appear forward, but would you call me . . . Peter?"

"All right, if you like, Peter," she said easily. "You call me Jean."

"Jean," Professor Hodges said to himself, as though he were trying it out. Then he smiled and smiled, and he had to stop himself twice from looking a rude length of time at the place where the soft dark hair curled against Jean's neck.

After dinner Peter conducted her back to the Gardens where several dozen people were congregated in a huge greenhouse, peering into raised flats of unidentifiable plants. An elderly man wearing a black-ribboned pince-nez crossed directly to Peter and patted him affectionately on the shoulder.

"Glad to see you decided to come after all, Hodges," he said.

"Thank you, sir," said Peter. "I'd like you to meet Miss Henley. Jean, this is Professor Atkins, the head of our department."

Jean and the professor shook hands. Professor Atkins said, "Well, I suppose Hodges has told you all about his work, Miss Henley."

"The orchids, you mean?" Jean said. "He's told me a little."

The professor waved his hand in a gesture of dismissal. "Oh, the orchids are nothing but a side line with Hodges," he said. "His real work is going to put an end to at least three tropical diseases."

Peter broke in before she could answer. "It isn't anything, Jean, really it isn't," he said. "Just something I've been working on."

"Nonsense. Make him show you, Miss Henley," Professor Atkins said. "What he says isn't anything may save a million lives some day."

"Will you, Peter?" Jean watched him, unsmiling.

"But it's . . . it's only . . . All right, if you like." Peter took her arm and steered her through a door into another smaller greenhouse, dimly lighted. "Here," he said, indicating rows of potted plants. "I'm cross-breeding subtropical plants, trying to concentrate certain known but weak properties in plant life as specifics against endemic diseases." He looked down at her, smiling sidewise. "That's just like a professor, isn't it? Working out his life in a vacuum, trying to change things in the dark. It probably won't ever come to anything."

Jean watched him for a long time, then she said softly, "You mustn't say it won't, Peter. You've got to stop thinking you're stodgy and in a vacuum just because you're a professor. You're doing more than most people ever do."

"When you say things like that," Peter said, "they almost seem true."

The greenhouse was warm, the air scented delicately by the tropical blossoms and the moonlight made a pattern on the floor where it slanted through the panes of glass. Looking down into Jean's face, Peter felt a constriction in his throat he had never felt before, and he turned quickly away.

"Jean," he said, "I have something to tell you—something terrible I've done." His face was tight with the effort his words caused him, but he made himself speak. "Your orchid," he said, ". . . it's not a bigeneric hybrid; I just made that up. It *is* an Orchis Cypripedium, but that only means . . . well, it only means it's a . . . a lady's slipper."

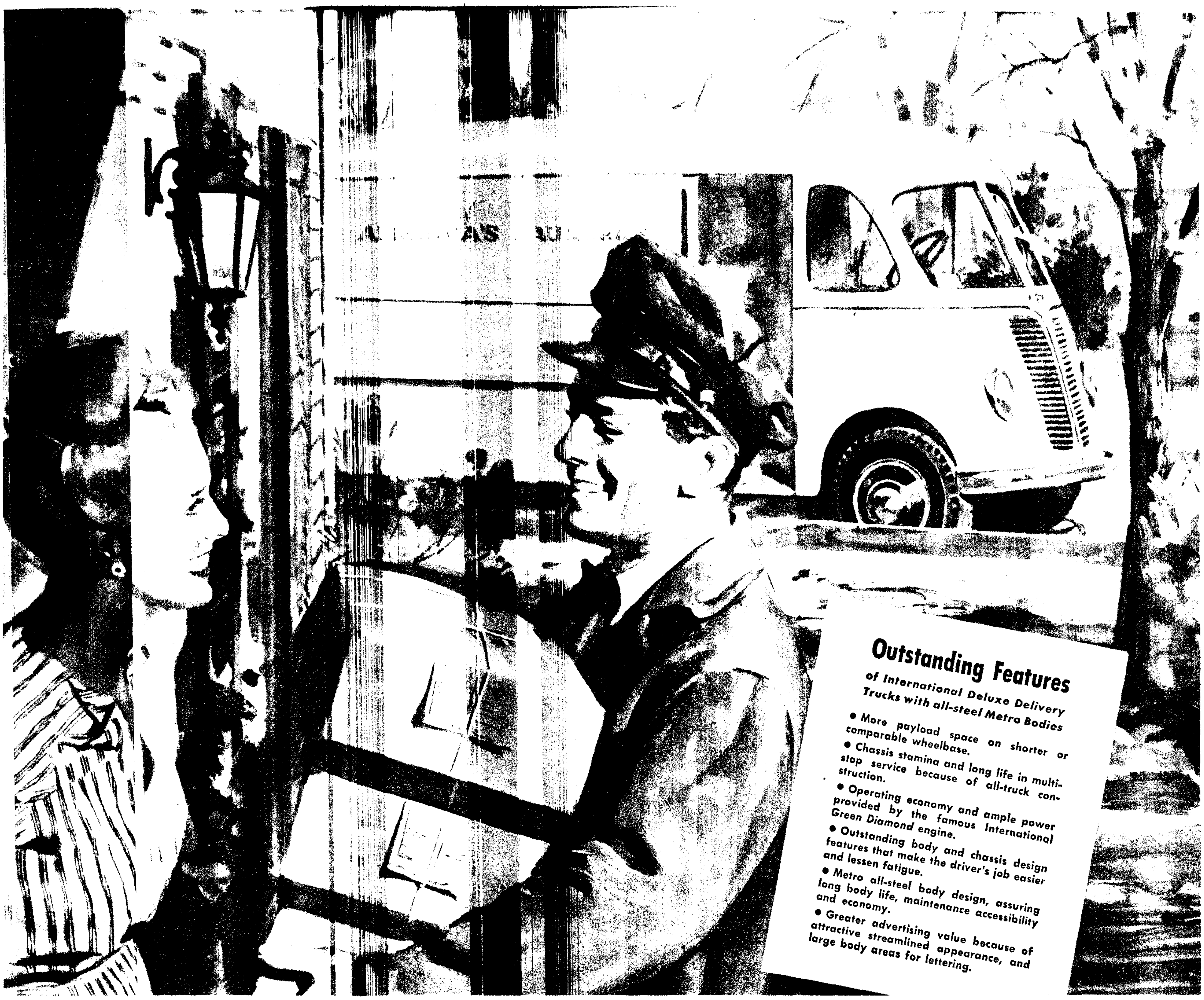
JEAN continued to watch him, looking up into his face, saying nothing.

Peter went on hurriedly, miserably. "I don't know what came over me," he said. "I saw you standing there outside the zoo, and I knew right away you were the kind of girl I'd always . . . Well, anyway, I couldn't let you just walk away and never see you again, so I made that up about the orchid. It was the only way I knew . . ."

In the half-darkness it seemed that Jean's eyes smiled a little, but it was impossible to tell with any certainty. "There's something I guess I'd better tell you, too, Peter," she said. "Do you remember I told you my orchid came from a florist shop? Well, it was from my shop. I run it." She smiled openly now. "I wouldn't be much good as a florist if I didn't know an Orchis Cypripedium from a bigeneric hybrid, would I?"

He stared at her blankly. "You mean . . . you mean, you came with me anyway?" His voice was incredulous. "You mean you wanted . . ." He gave up trying to say it, and a brand-new expression came to Professor Hodges' face. "My goodness!" he said at last.

a short short story complete on this page



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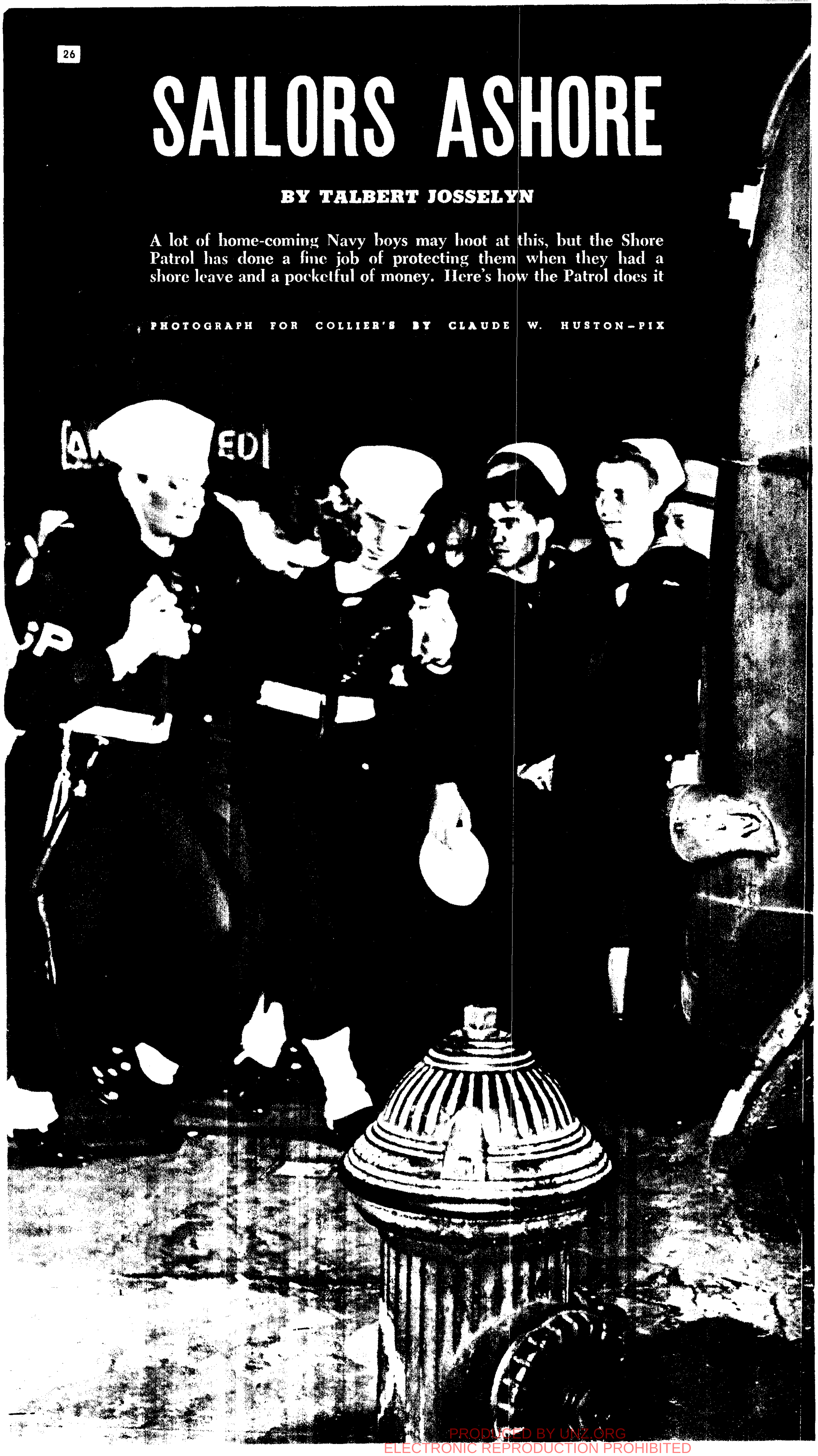
SAILORS ASHORE

BY TALBERT JOSSELYN

A lot of home-coming Navy boys may hoot at this, but the Shore Patrol has done a fine job of protecting them when they had a shore leave and a pocketful of money. Here's how the Patrol does it

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON-PIX



"LOOK at it this way," said the Navy lieutenant commander in the San Francisco Shore Patrol Barracks on Clay Street. "You're young, and you're back in the States. You've been out in the western Pacific for a year and you've been in action —maybe at Leyte Gulf or Okinawa. You've seen ships sunk and you've had pals killed. Right now you've got a liberty and a lot of money—maybe five hundred dollars. And what are you going to do?"

"Have myself a time," I said.

"You bet you are—and you've earned it. But you're young, and you're liable to overdo it. And I never saw anyone overdo it who didn't get fouled up sooner or later.

"Before Pearl Harbor," the commander went on, "our Patrol in this town had five men and we rented one wagon. Then the war fell on us like a ton of bricks. We started growing and we've never left off."

He indicated the big, long room. "This was a garage. It was dirty and dark. We scraped and painted it and fixed things bright and clean. We've got plenty of cots for those that need to sleep, and we've got cells for those that want to play rough. We've got three hundred and fifty men in the patrol here and could use more. All of them are professionals. I mean, they've either been on a city police force or had intensive patrol training. It's no job for amateurs."

A big chief petty officer came up. He said: "Quiet evening, outside of a little noise here and there."

"It's early yet," said the lieutenant commander. "A big flat top made port a while ago. Things'll liven up." He turned to me. "Let's see, you wanted to go out with one of the wagons. Wagon Fifteen's just in. You go out with them."

We met the crew—a youthful, rugged lieutenant who'd been a lawyer and a policeman for eight years, two specialists first class who stood six-feet-four and weighed two hundred and thirty pounds and two other specialists who had the quiet manner of men who thoroughly knew their trade.

"You'll find it easier riding up front with Chris," said the lieutenant, indicating the huge driver of the wagon.

Chris warped the big gray patrol wagon out from among the other wagons. We went up through the dark and silent financial district, then turned into gaudily bright Market Street.

A Blue Tidal Wave

Market was a roaring river of traffic—cars on all four tracks—autos, busses, trucks—pedestrians jamming the wide sidewalks. Among the pedestrians, making a great blue, white-topped tide, went the Navy. There were sailors everywhere—in eating places, arcades, motion-picture entrances, bars, bowling alleys.

The wagon cruised slowly, block after block, and always Chris' eyes swept the sidewalks. Then the wagon turned and went down a side street, entering the region known euphemistically to the city as the night-life center. Again here were sailors everywhere. They were all intent on going places; their progress was quiet, and yet one felt a certain undercurrent like that of a rip tide, getting ready to lift and surge.

The lieutenant looked at the blue tide of sailors. "They're the biggest gold mine in the world—and all the sea gulls and con-game artists have come flocking. And maybe you don't think they haven't given the civilian police a headache along with the Patrol. It didn't used to be this way in this city."

The wagon turned around and headed for the night-life district. It cruised slowly along a noisy, garishly lighted street—one block . . . two blocks . . . three blocks. . . .

The buzzer rasped. Chris threw on the brakes, looked out and then was out of the wagon. The lieutenant and the rest of the patrol were running ahead of him, closing in on four sailors who were just squaring off at the mouth of an alley.

"Break it up!" cried the lieutenant. "Break it up!"

The sailors looked—and stopped milling.

"Okay," said the lieutenant. "Now, you'd

(Continued on page 30)

"GEE! . . . you look pretty snappy in that one too, Pop!"

Pop likes it too . . . and he's glad it was waiting for him.

He wore it before the war. And he's glad to put it on again. Because he knows it stands for the kind of career he wants to build for himself.

As a Texaco Dealer, he'll stand on his own two feet as an independent business man, a responsible member of his community.

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He'll handle fine products . . . made better by Texaco's intensive war research . . . including even better Sky Chief and Fire-Chief gasolines.

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PLEASE BE QUIET
CAT'S MATERNITY ROOM

This is the Hollywood Motel for Cats. Diana Lynn, actress, congratulates her kitty on a triple dividend

Ella Raines and her cocker spaniel get a manicure. This is okay if you put gloves on the mutt afterward

Sonja Henie smiles as her little flea fugitive gets his chompers cleaned

Esther Williams' dog braves the beach air in ear bibs and terry robe

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING–PIX

There are dog beauty parlors in the Hollywood area where you can get Fido so prettied up that the other mutts will think he's downright revolting. Maybe you'll think so, too

THE poodle had been shampooed, defleaed, brushed, oiled, pedicured, clipped and given a squirt of a very manly sort of perfume, and Charlotte Meyer now presented him to his mistress, a movie star. The star had watched while Charlotte, in her Beverly Hills beauty salon for dogs, had run him through thirteen operations, counting the brush strokes to see that her pet got the appointed number. She now inspected the dog critically.

"He doesn't," she criticized, "look very astonished. I like him to look astonished."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed Charlotte, picking up the trimming shears again. She snipped away for a minute until the poodle looked startled, which was more than the star did as she paid a bill for $9 and led Fido away.

The strange psychology that causes some men and women to lavish adoration on dumb creatures has built a million-dollar industry along the south California Coast from Santa Barbara to San Diego. Many enterprisers who spend their lives beautifying dogs and cats go about their work tongue in cheek. Sometimes it must seem things are being overdone just a bit, even with full allowance for proper care of pets. But fees are high and animal worshipers apparently never count the cost. One of Charlotte's male clients, in high spirits over her beautifying of his pet, recently tossed her $15, far over the standard fee.

Edgar and Charlotte Meyer came from France in 1941 to set up their animal salon. Today they have seven hundred clients, more than half from the movie colony. The walls of the salon are covered with "autographed" pictures of pooches whose appearances, if not lives, have been brightened up in the place. Regular patrons include Claudette Colbert, Sonja Henie, Cobina Wright, Risë Stevens, Clifford Odets, Constance Bennett, Ann Sheridan, Vincente Minnelli. . . .

Fashions in dogs change, but today the favorites are cockers, poodles and Scotties. Poodles may be beautified, via clipper, in three styles, but other dogs have to stick to one standard turnout. Dogs are beautified in a "grooming room."

Says Mrs. K. W. Law, who owns one place: "Each dog is treated according to his own personality." You'll have to figure that one out for yourself.

Then you may—or may not—understand how important fashion is in a dog's life. No dog can afford to be without a custom-tailored sweater, sports jacket or raincoat, designed by Anne Ardmore, who operates a Dog Togs shop in San Fernando Valley. A full wardrobe includes three raincoats: an oilskin slicker with a hood, a transparent job with a chest protector, and for sports occasions, a plaid. There is also an Army coat in olive drab and a Navy coat in blue, for "patriotic" dog-adorers.

(Continued on page 65)

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FIVE CROWN
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How much a cocktail or highball can add to the good taste of good food ...particularly when the pre-dinner drink is made with Seagram's 5 Crown!

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If she acts "all bored" like this...

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When you'd rather be "all aboard" like this...

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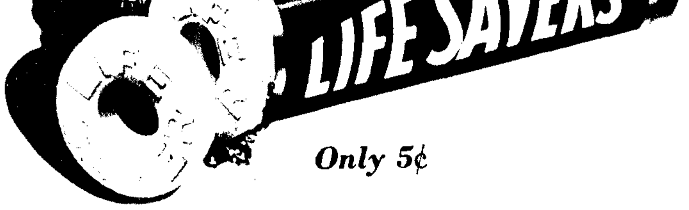
MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath — after eating, drinking, and smoking.*



Only 5¢

Sailors Ashore

Continued from page 26

better get along. If you don't, we'll take you in and prefer charges against you."

The four sailors started down the street, and when they thought they were out of earshot they lifted their voices in words no one can ignore.

"Take 'em!" said the lieutenant.

In the next ten seconds the patrol showed that this was no job for amateurs—and that it knew its stuff. The struggling quartet was slammed aboard the wagon, and the loaded wagon started ahead. From it came profane outbursts. Then sounded the voice of the specialist who was as big as Chris. He was the wagonmaster and up until then had been quiet all evening.

"Fight?" His voice lifted in scorn. "You guys couldn't lick a postage stamp. If you got in a ring you wouldn't draw flies."

Outraged cries arose. The wagonmaster answered and in a bewilderingly short time had talked the late combatants dumb. "And I'll bet you can't sing any better than you can fight," he concluded.

"The hell we can't!" came the roar.

So it was that fifty people, all trying to storm aboard one taxicab in front of the St. Francis Hotel, had their minds taken off their worries as the mixed strains of Down By The Old Mill Stream and Seeing Nellie Home welled from the wagon as it toiled up Powell Street.

At the barracks, the four sailors were marched up to the booking counter. Patrolmen divested them of all their personal gear, which was put into numbered blue bags along with their money after the money had been counted—and checked—by the Duty Chief and the Watch Officer. Then they were taken topside.

"We'll break them out around four o'clock," said the commander. "Then they can get back to their ships or stations in time so they won't overstay their liberty. There won't be any charges against them. If they had altered their I.D. cards, or if they were AOL or AWOL or were deserters or had disturbed the peace, that would be different. They'd be sent to their ships or stations in custody, and would stand trial before their commanding officers. We don't try anybody. We're just the Patrol."

One of the chiefs came up. His hash marks showed that he'd been in the Navy all of thirty years.

"It's a different sort of Shore Patrol than the last war," we said.

The chief nodded. He stood there for a moment, eyes puckered, thinking back. "We didn't have any really organized Patrol then. It was handled by men off the ships and stations. In that war, even though the Navy had grown big, it was built around men of the old Navy. The Navy was their life. Whenever they put on the Patrol brassard and hauled another sailor in, they knew that in a couple nights he might have on the brassard and be hauling them in. So they overlooked a lot of little things. Other things they didn't overlook."

The chief shook his head emphatically. "If you'd talked the way some of these boys talk, you'd have had a night stick played over your head like it was a drum." Then the chief spread his big hands wide. "But nowadays you've got to realize it's different. When the boys hit port, they're still kids from down at the corner drugstore. Some of them have more money than they ever heard of—and everybody's laying for them with a gimmick."

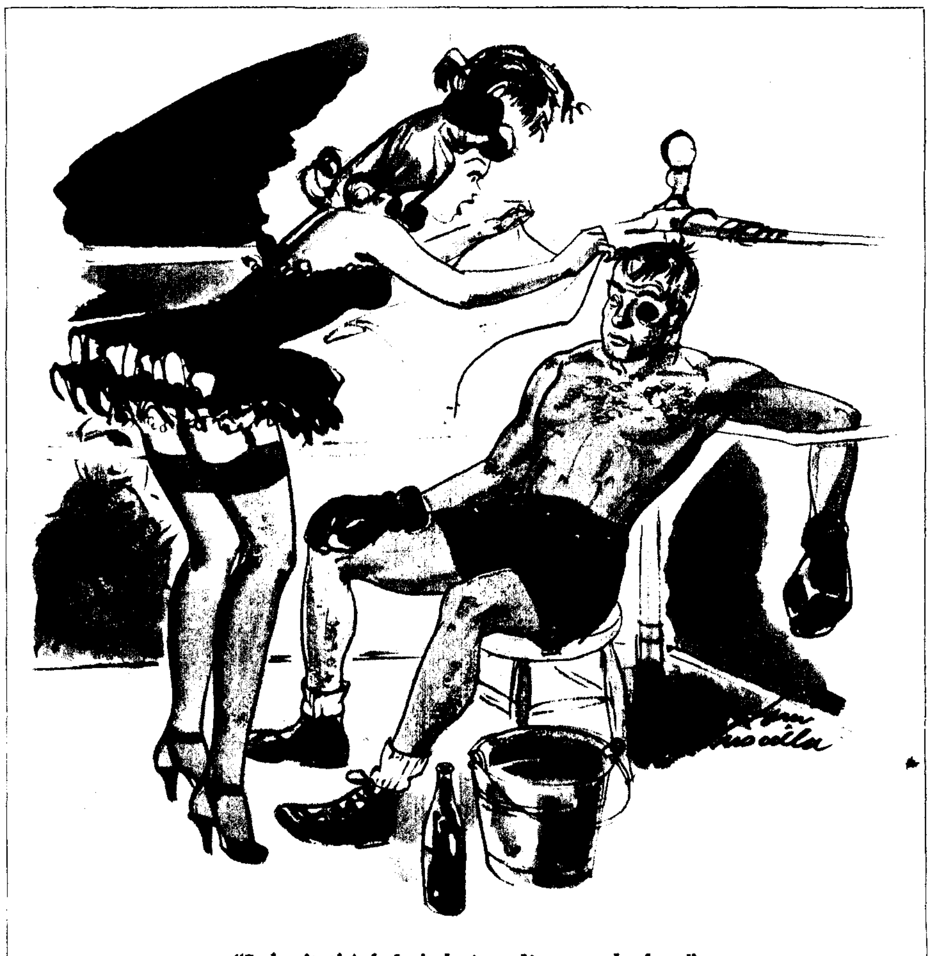
"What was the most money that any of them carried?"

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

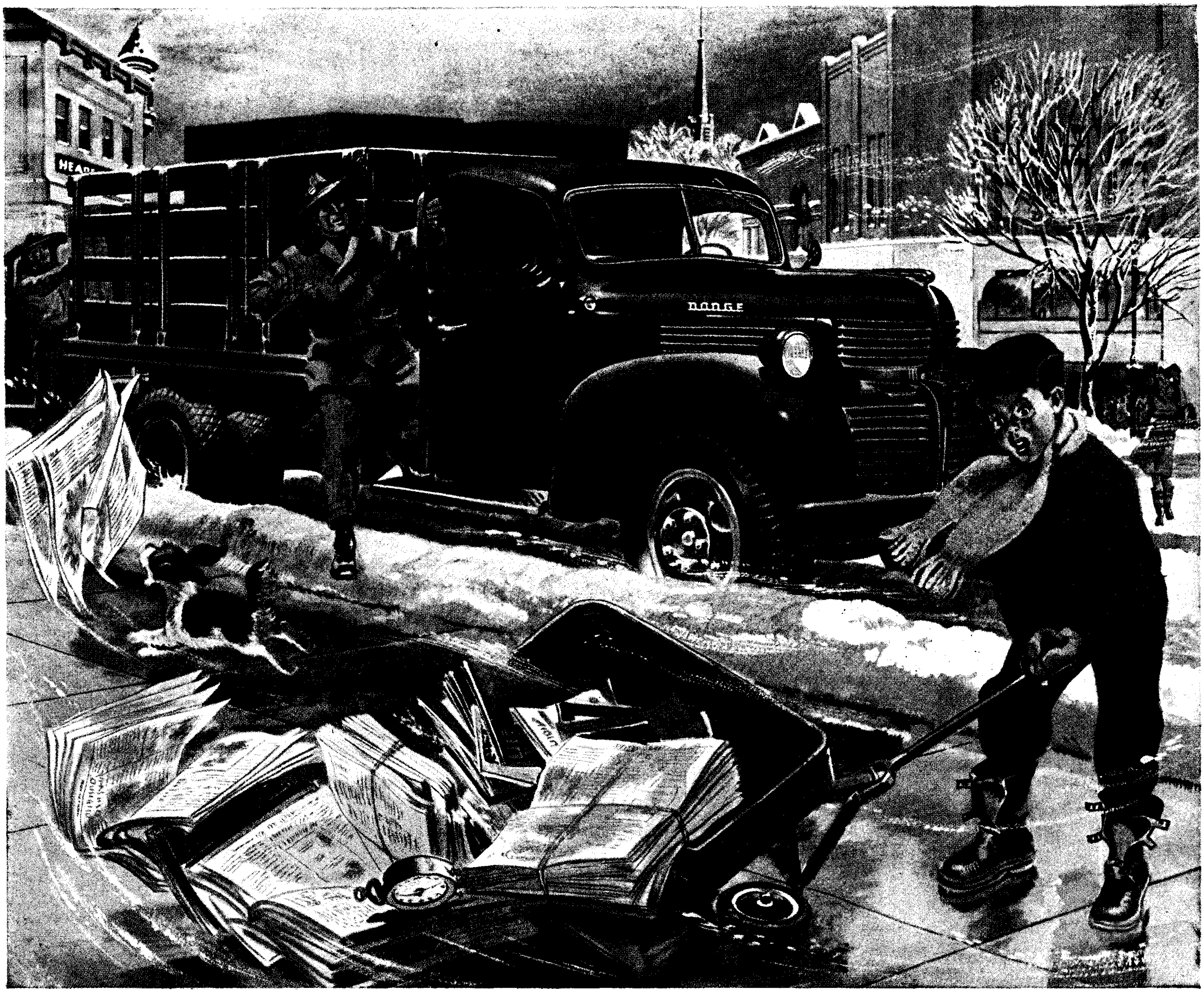
Protection by Radio

The wagon headed back toward the lighted part of the city. All during the evening, the short-wave radio had been receiving the calls coming from the central control at police headquarters where they'd come in from roundsmen at police boxes all over the city, and from members of the foot patrol of the Shore Patrol working in pairs. The voice had droningly relayed these calls to patrol cars, highway police and the shore patrol wagons, depending on the nature of the call:

"KGPD. KGPD. Car Twenty-eight go to . . . Eddy Street. 418. KGPD." ("That's a civilian fist fight," Chris explained.) "KGPD. A casualty on Broadway. A casualty . . ." "KGPD. Shore Patrol Fourteen, go to . . . Market. 909." ("That's interview a man," said Chris.) "KGPD. Attention all cars. A holdup at . . . A parking lot. Be on the look-



COLLIER'S "I don't think he's being distracted, dear" LOUIS PRISCILLA



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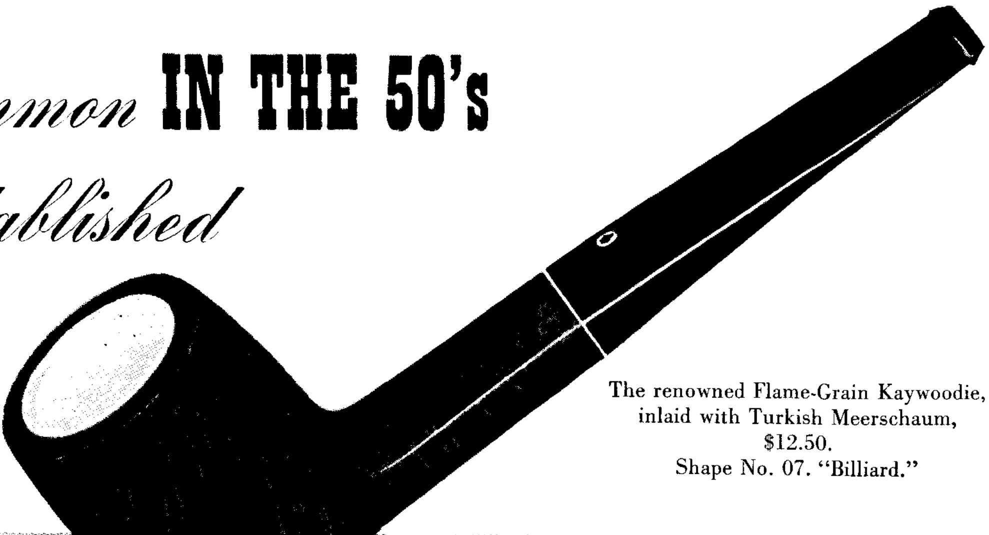

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out for a 1932 Chevrolet with wire wheels. KGPD."

We were nearing downtown and the sidewalks were crowded. Sailors were going by with girls. They were in pairs and each pair was paying no attention to the rest of the milling world. They had their arms around each other, they were talking and they were walking right along.

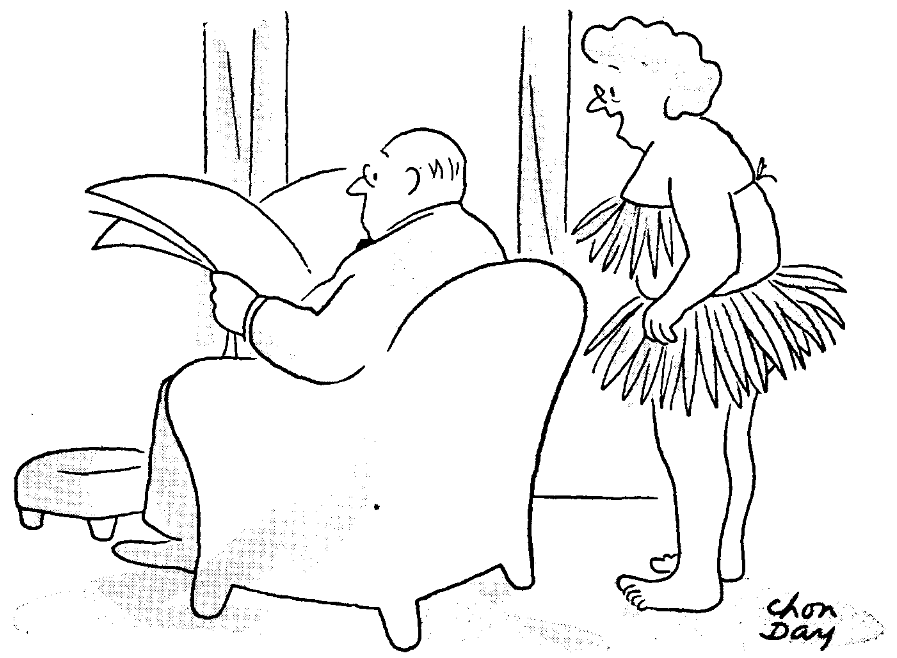
"See," said Chris. "Those sailors have got what they want. Last thing on earth they're looking for is trouble. But you take a sailor that hasn't got a girl and he sees a guy that's got one—and boom!"

No one ever better described the eternal triangle.

Wagon Fifteen began gathering in the sheaves.

It picked up two sailors with altered I.D. cards in a bar and the wrath that their feminine companions bestowed on the Wagon would have etched copper plates. Now they would have to start hustling all over again. It picked up two sailors in dungarees who'd stepped across the Embarcadero from their ship for a quick one and then had wandered uptown. Out of uniform.

It settled the wrangle between three sailors and a taxi driver over fares, after the driver had all but gotten a collective punch in the snoot for manifesting a desire to overcharge. It played Solomon to two sailors arguing over the companionship of a young lady, and at the height of the argument the young lady walked off with a third sailor. It gathered in a sailor shadowboxing his reflection in a shiny parked sedan, picked up two slumberers in doorways and halted the activities of a pair of gunners who were seeing which could knock over ash cans the loudest.



"Guess what was in the package Junior sent from the South Pacific"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

It came up to the barracks heavy-laden and as noisy as a treeful of magpies. And it quieted down at the sight of a sailor being carried in bleeding and unconscious on a stretcher with his head split open, where he'd been slugged before being robbed.

Voices rose again at the booking counter—guests of the night and the Patrol. "You count every penny of that there money of mine.". . . "Break these two out early; their ship's sailing at five.". . . "Everybody's against me.". . . "Nobody's against you if you'd keep your mouth shut.". . . "You can't do this to me; I'll have you broken to Seaman Third Class when I get out!". . . "I just brought that knife ashore for my fingernails.". . . "Oh, yeah, and it with a three-inch blade. Tell that to your C.O. tomorrow."

The commander beckoned. "Here's something I want you to see."

A Marine and two sailors stood in a back room, and a yeoman was taking their statements. None of the three was over nineteen. They looked like farm boys who'd come in to the village store on Saturday night. Yet each wore campaign ribbons that were bright with battle stars, and the Marine had the Purple Heart.

On the desk was a stack of mounted photographs.

"Con game," said the commander, indicating the pictures. He told the tale. The boys had come ashore on their first liberty in the city and had stopped at a photographer's arcade, intending to get a group picture. Just as the photographer was going to snap it, three girls in long, filmy party dresses, who'd been standing at one side, stepped swiftly in front of them, each girl grabbing a boy's arms and flinging them around her.

When the swiftly printed and mounted pictures were handed the boys, they found themselves in possession of half a dozen each. "That'll be seven dollars apiece for you," said the photographer.

The boys protested that they'd asked for only one picture each.

"Then what'd you grab the girls for?" demanded the photographer. "They don't pose with sailors and Marines for less than half a dozen pictures. Seven dollars. Pay up."

The boys had paid. Down the street, a man who'd sold them a few things in his little store, told them to go to the Shore Patrol.

The commander's face was grim. "There's nothing we can do about getting the money back. But we can stop that game. This report will be placed before the Army-Navy Disciplinary Board in the morning."

(It was, with the result that the arcade was put out of bounds to all servicemen. And the owner of the arcade came in splay-footed haste to the District Shore Patrol Officer. "You can't do this!" he squawked. "Think of my rent!" To which the District Officer bitingly said: "You think of your rent. I'll think of the American boys in this city.")

Once more we were in the wagon. . . .

We came to a group of lighted buildings and moved on, and it was then that a bareheaded sailor came stumbling across the sidewalk out of the darkness. He waved and shouted. The wagon stopped. The sailor saw the lieutenant, and he spoke and his words came with the desperate, thick-tongued earnestness of a man who'd got to make himself understood.

"Sir, my pal's inna jam."

"Spill it," said the lieutenant.

The sailor spilled it. They'd been in a bar. He indicated up the street. A girl and a couple of civilians had found out that his pal had just gotten paid off—five hundred dollars. They'd got his pal to go with them where they could get some different kind of drinks. He'd tried to stop them, but his pal wouldn't listen and . . .

"Which way?" said the lieutenant.

The sailor pointed. "Down around the corner."

The lieutenant broke into a run, and the rest of us ran with him. "They'll take him to a place that's their hangout," said the lieutenant. "Then they'll slip him something. Or they'll crack him on the head. Then they'll roll him."

We turned the corner into a dimly lit street. It was empty. We ran faster. We came to a lighted building—a bar. But the lieutenant was looking for a rooming house.

Halfway down the block another light shone. It was a drab rooming house. We went into the little lobby on the run. A man in a grimed sweater sat drowsing behind the desk. He awoke with a start.

The lieutenant said, "Did a sailor just come in here?"

The man blinked at him. "Sailor? No, there ain't been no sailor in here."

The lieutenant's chin came forward. "Are you sure a sailor didn't come in here with a girl and two men?"

"Didn't I tell you?" demanded the man.

"We'll just have a look around," said the lieutenant, and his voice had sharpened.

"Suit yourself," said the man sullenly.

The lieutenant strode down the narrow hallway. He opened a door and we looked up a flight of stairs. Just topping the stairs was a sailor, supported by a girl and a man. Following them was another man, and his hands were going over the sailor.

"Wait a minute!" yelled the lieutenant.

The men and girl whipped their heads around—then flung the sailor aside and ran. We raced up the stairs in time to see a door slam shut and hear a lock click.

"They'll make their getaway by a fire escape," said the lieutenant. "Chris, go down and head 'em off. Mac, phone the civilian police."

But by the time the Patrol got down and around by an alley, their quarry had gone.

"We'll tend to you later," the lieutenant told the clerk. "Bring the wagon," he said to Chris.

The lieutenant studied the unconscious sailor, who'd been carried down the stairs. "Can't tell whether they gave him drops or sapped him."

Lady Luck Smiles on Navy

The sailor's pal dived fingers into the back of the other's collar, groped, and brought out a leather wallet. He drew out five one-hundred-dollar bills. "They didn't get it," he said.

"They would have in another minute," said the lieutenant.

The wagon came . . . and it howled its way toward the barracks. The sailor was carried in, and the pharmacist's mate went to work on him. "They gave him drops," said the pharmacist's mate. "But he'll be all right."

The lieutenant said, "The rooming-house clerk said he hadn't seen him. The police will have an eye on that place from now on. But I only wish we could have a strong-arm squad in there for five minutes."

Once more the wagon was going up Market Street. It was after midnight. Now the blue-and-white tide was flowing down Market toward the Terminal and the boat landing. The wagon threaded its way along streets to the north. The Patrol watched the moving throngs, always with an eye for a chance straggler who might eventually fall afoul of the camp followers of the city. Slowly the wagon filled.

It had stopped at a cross street where a sailor had taken upon himself the directing of traffic, and after the tangle had been straightened out and the self-appointed traffic director had been hauled on board, the wagon got ready to start again. It was then that a sailor, standing on the corner on wide-braced, uncertain legs, caught sight of the wagon. He had been beseechingly waving at every car that appeared, crying "Taxi! Taxi!" and the filled taxis had continued to go right by. Now he beckoned and cried out once more, "Taxi!"

The lieutenant turned. He fought down a smile and put a hand on the sailor's arm. "Get right aboard," he said.

It wasn't until the passenger was seated that he realized where he was. His voice rose in protest.

Then the lieutenant's voice could be heard coming in answer: "You wanted a taxi—and the Patrol has never yet turned down a fare."

THE END

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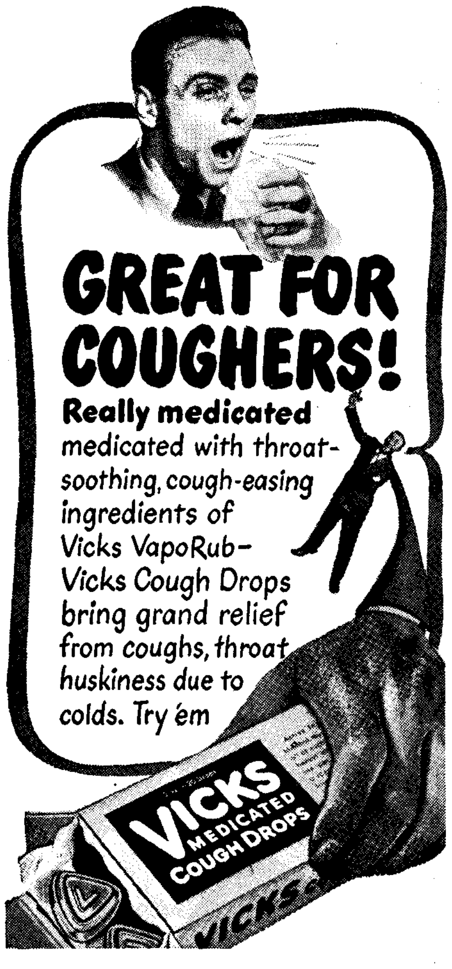
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Small Town Does Big Job

Continued from page 19

warned. "This is cutover country, and we don't raise the right grain feed for hogs. But how about a dairy farm? We've got good brushlands and wild grasses for feeding, and Brainerd will take all of the butter you can make."

Cummins piled Will Deschaine into his flivver, and they drove through the sparkling blue-water lake country of Crow Wing County (it has 600 lakes) in which Brainerd lies, in search of the right farm. Cummins, the country's Farm Security Administration representative, knows the country's farmlands, their yield, their equipment, their mortgages, like a cop knows his beat. He and Will Deschaine burned up many a gallon of rationed gasoline in three weeks of leisurely visits to the cutover timberland farms. They found Will his farm, just big enough for 50 head of cattle, just small enough for Will to carry.

Cummins took Will to the Loan Group of the Veterans' Aid Committee. Banker Clarence Berge was undismayed to learn that Will Deschaine's only financial asset was his $30 monthly disability pension—which cannot be attached. Will obtained a thousand-dollar loan, secured by a chattel mortgage on the cows and machinery which he bought with it. The farm was leased for a year. Without collateral, Will has been set up in the farming business with more than an even chance to succeed.

Will Deschaine got his farm, but Bill Cummins is just as busy discouraging some other vets from going into farming. A returned soldier with $1,700 savings found a farm he liked and began negotiating for it. Bill Cummins argued him out of it because it would have taken all his money to clear the land and nothing would have been left for stock and equipment. Two other vets had the idea of going in partners on a farm which could hardly support one. There'll be few such expensive mistakes and heartaches for veterans if Cummins and his farm specialists group have anything to do with it.

Brainerd began life as a rail shop town on the Mississippi River, when the Northern Pacific established repair facilities there in 1871.

In the Paul Bunyan Country

Lying in the great lumber country where Paul Bunyan and his blue ox, Babe (seven ax handles and a plug of tobacco wide between the eyes), stomped out the tracks which later filled up to become Minnesota's 10,000 clear blue lakes, Brainerd had a spell as a roaring lumbering town. When the lumberjacks moved away, the town got up and moved away, too—about a mile or so from the Mississippi where it was originally located. It all happened, as local wits tell you, because "when the timber was cut, the lumberjacks moved away, and when the lumberjacks moved away their fancy ladies moved away. And when the fancy ladies moved away, the town moved away."

Today Brainerd makes its living from the rail shops, a thriving tourist business in the neighboring lake country and from the trade of the farmer folk in and around Crow Wing County. It's a comfortable living. And now that some 1,200 of its boys are coming back, Brainerd is determined to give them jobs without displacing the family heads who are holding jobs in its stores, offices, rail shops, resorts or outlying farms.

In Carl Zapffe, the town had a Minnesota Adam Smith to compile a local Wealth of Nations. Brainerd's long winters make going to meeting a major pastime and the town is unusually well stocked with Elks, Lions and Rotary clubs, a Civic Association, a Committee for Economic Development, professional associations, and a host of church and veterans' groups and their women's auxiliaries. The town's water and power works gives occasion for meetings since it is town-owned. Zapffe, lean and vigorous at sixty-five, has been the chairman of most of these. Ever since 1909 when he brought his bride to Brainerd and noted without enthusiasm the down-at-heel appearance of the town, Carl Zapffe has been prodding it to better things.

Back in 1943 when the air was full of talk about postwar planning, Zapffe had an idea. "Let's stop talking what the world can do and the nation can do after the war," he told fellow Rotarians and Civic Association members. "Let's start with our own home town."

But Zapffe didn't quite know how to go about it until he met Paul Hoffman, president of Studebaker Corporation and chairman of the C.E.D., at an international Rotary meeting in St. Louis a few months later. Hoffman told Zapffe how to set up a local C.E.D. "Find out what the people in your town can do," Hoffman said. "Get up an inventory of local talents; make a list of all the skills and professions and put the local folks to work studying Brainerd's job prospects."

It sounded good to Zapffe. He recruited nine committees, set them to work listing every business and profession in Crow Wing County, their employees and prospects for growth.

Listed, too, were the businesses and services needed by the town and not yet available. Brainerd makes part of its living as a summer resort town. How about its possibilities for a year-round resort center? Zapffe and the C.E.D. planners projected a community cultural and sports center with meeting halls, gymnasium, bowling alleys, boxing arenas. It was to be a living memorial to the Brainerd men who died at Bataan. The country's agricultural prospects were put on the table. Not so good for hogs, ducks, horses. Fine for grains, sheep, dairying and beekeeping.

The report urged bigger rail shops, hospitals to make the town a regional medical center, market facilities to make it a produce and poultry processing center. The report ran to 50,000 words, as long as a novel, and to the town of Brainerd it was just as interesting. To Zapffe's satisfaction, not everybody agreed with him or with his facts. When critics picked on him, Zapffe happily helped them compose protest letters to the editor. It stirred town discussion.

When the survey was finished, Zapffe and his census takers invited the Brainerd townsfolk to come and hear an "inventory of community prospects." The town found out how badly it needed the community center when the citizenry, church elders and all, had to troop over to a gaudy night club on the outskirts of town because it was the only big meeting place available.

For three hours they listened to the report with complete absorption. For them it was a better show than any night club could put on. In the middle of his report on the need for a hospital, young Doctor John Thabes, Jr., Doctor John to Brainerd, excused himself and went off to deliver Mrs. Clark's baby ten miles out of town.

It was a simple step to transform the program into a veterans' aid project. And when Governor Edward J. Thye of Minnesota sent a representative to Brainerd and other towns to suggest local veterans' aid committees, Brainerd was already well along on the plan.

The Brainerd V.A.C. is made up of six working groups which draw on every talent in the town that can be of use to the returning veteran. The first group concerns itself with the veterans' claims and welfare problems and includes among its 60-odd members every lawyer, clergyman, veterans' organization and social work official in town.

Group two, covering veterans' education matters, headed by Chalberg, includes teachers and the town's newspaper editors. A third group is made up of the town's skilled mechanics and rail shop foremen who talk to the veteran interested in training for a trade or becoming an apprentice to the town's industries. A fourth group on agriculture draws on farmers and Agriculture Department agents in the county. In a fifth committee, the town's bankers and building and loan association officers help the veteran get a loan, while a sixth group serves as a jobs clearinghouse.

There is no formal veterans' information service or "referral center." When the veteran checks out at the local Selective Service office, Al Mraz, its head, makes sure that he connects up with the townsman in the Welfare Group who can take care of his disability pension, educational grant and straighten out his prewar debts. The Welfare Committee then passes the vet on to the group that will take care of his other needs.

Brainerd's veterans know the help that's available to them, too, because the V.A.C. sent every family in town a description of the plan and wrote its veterans of the help that awaited them.

Brainerd's economic stocktaking and the crusade to bring new peacetime business activity to the town to provide jobs for veterans are paying big dividends. The Northern Pacific was persuaded to choose Brainerd as the site for $1,500,000 additional shops to make rail freight cars. They will employ 500 additional workers. The Northwest Pulp and Paper Mill is spending $250,000 on a plant to produce more wallpaper and newsprint. Impressed with the town's determination to go places, the Northwest Telephone Company has bought a quarter of a block on Front Street to build a new $350,000 regional toll exchange. The Greyhound Bus Company was sold the idea of taking another quarter of a block to build an $80,000 bus depot, which will enliven Sixth Street somewhat for it is to be in the form of a gigantic bus. The town has bought 800 acres to build a Class 4 airport, has long-range plans to develop it into a Class 1 field.

Brainerd's rival American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars are vying to build the new meeting hall, and the two hostelries, the New Brainerd and the Ransford, not to be outdone, are calling in carpenters and decorators to modernize their outdated charms. The town's lone hospital is spending $400,000 for new facilities.

Mayor Johnson, Carl Zapffe and the town's three bankers are putting the finishing touches on plans for a bond issue that will pay for the new community cultural and sports center. The town's 300-odd Veterans' Aid planners believe that the busy clatter of hammers with its promise of jobs will be more pleasant music to returning G.I.s' ears than the strains of a welcoming band.

Unwinding the Red Tape

Helping the veterans hasn't been clear sailing even in a town that planned it for three years. Obtaining loans for the veteran, for example, has been a headache. The boys are surprised to find that the loan isn't a government handout. Clarence Boteler, president of the First National Bank, explains as kindly as he can that Uncle Sam isn't handing out $2,000 bonuses, that he's not even lending the money. A sound business plan is needed, and collateral for the loan and a careful check by the Veterans' Administration of the soundness of the proposed business. Unwinding the red tape involved in all this is so time-consuming that many a Brainerd vet has seen his opportunity slip while a civilian, with ready funds, grabbed it.

"You have to pump up your spirits when you see a vet coming," Banker Clarence Berge says wearily, "because you doubt if he'll ever be able to survive the red tape."

Then there is the problem of the shocked, unstable veteran. For these the Welfare Group of the V.A.C. tries to find congenial, easy work with employers who are counseled about the understanding that will be necessary to restore the veteran to normal health and spirits.

Brainerd's success in coping with its biggest problem is a success, too, in grass roots democracy and in the melting pot idea. Brainerd boasts no best families with a claim on preferred citizenship because ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Being Minnesota, the town has a generous sprinkling of Sundbergs and Norquists and Petersons. But it also has its Doborviches and Prusheks, its Cohens, its Waldmanns and Herzogs and Sullivans, Coles and Tomlinsons.

All are working as neighbors to help their returning sons. It is, as Mayor Frank Johnson says, "the daily way of living in Brainerd"—and one way of life for a home town.

THE END

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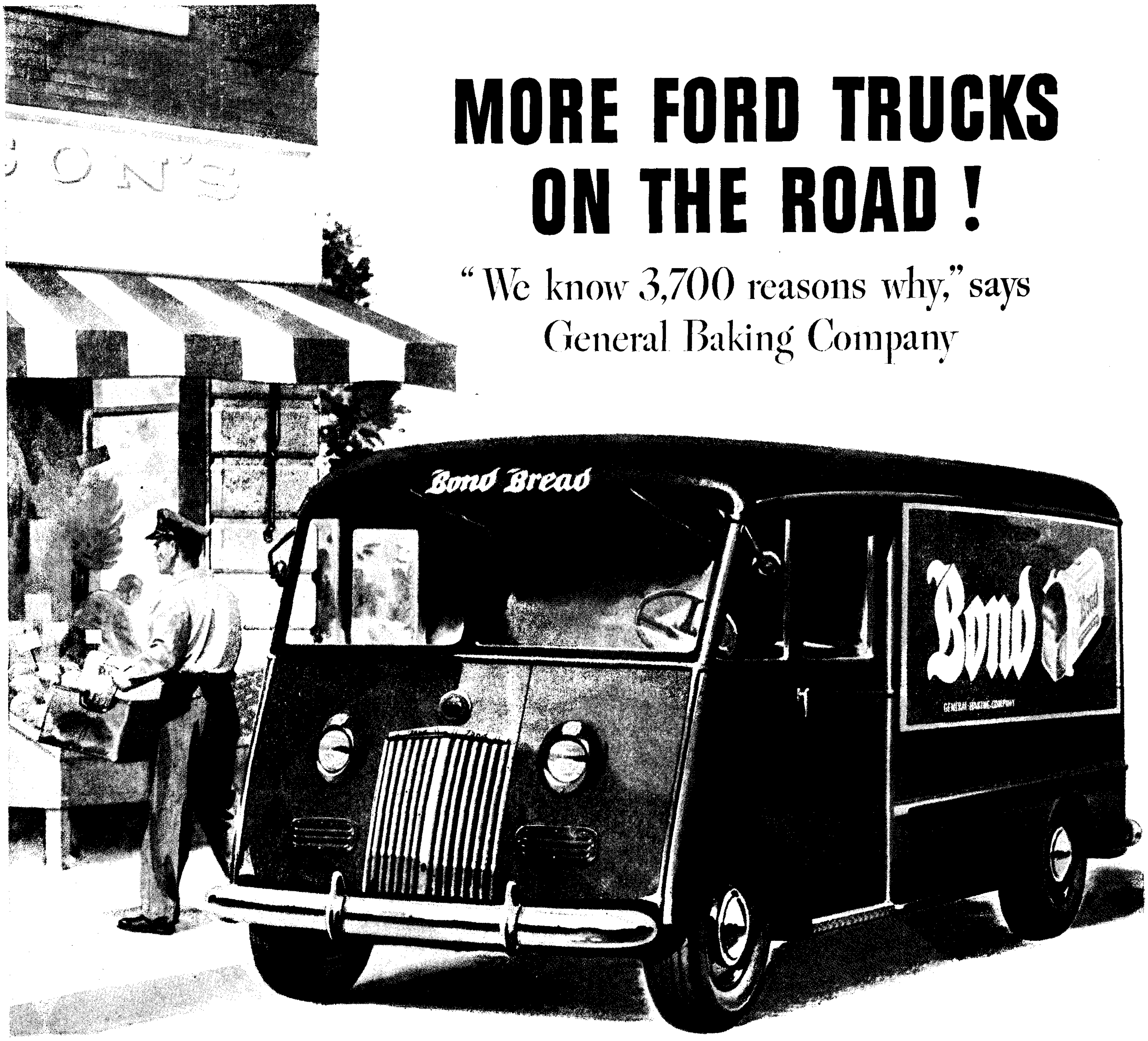

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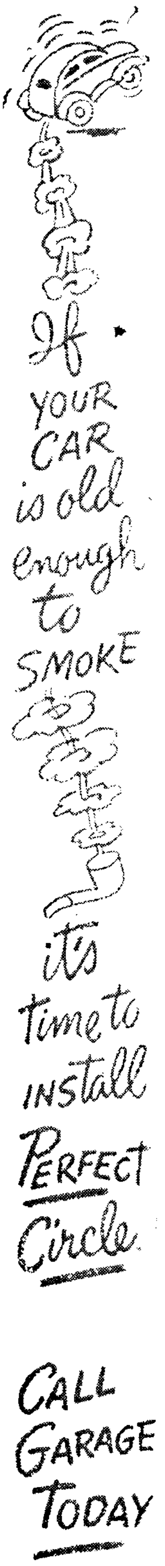
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CHICKEN BUSINESS

BY HYATT DOWNING

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

Mother stormed at Father for indulging his interest in gamecocks and gambling—but there were moments when she was envious, too

THERE was something inextinguishably boyish about Father. I think I understood this that morning when he came into the pen where I was stroking the brilliant plumage of Reddy's neck, marveling at the baleful look in his little yellow-rimmed eyes and examining his needle-pointed spurs. "Well, Jeff," I heard Father's voice say behind me, "what in time have you got there?"

I jumped and dropped Reddy to the ground. The gamecock landed all set, ready for battle, arched his neck and crowed. "Well, Father," I said, "it's—it's a game rooster."

Outside in the yard Mr. Micawber, Mother's pompous old Buff Cochin, flapped his wings and shouted at the top of his lungs.

Father squatted down and looked Reddy over with almost professional regard. "A Black-Breasted Red," he said critically. "He looks like one I had when I was on the farm back in Illinois. Where'd you get him, Jeff?"

"Mr. Allen sold him to me for a dollar."

"A dollar, eh?" Father said. "Well, that's cheap enough."

"That's what Mr. Allen said, sir. He said he was really worth ten dollars."

Father nodded wisely. "Yes, a good Black-Breasted Red is worth that much." Then he added severely: "Listen, Jeff. Don't let him get out in the pen with the others. He'd murder Mr. Micawber."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I called mine Lightning," Father went on musingly. "That's just what he was—lightning. The way he'd swarm over another rooster was a caution. I used to take him around the neighborhood under my coat, drop him and away he'd go like a cyclone." He paused and a remembering smile came over his face. Then he said brusquely: "But I don't want *you* to do that, Jeff. I'll not have you running around with a fighting rooster. It—it isn't good for boys. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"That Lightning was a corker," Father went on in a kind of dreamy voice. "I used to sharpen his spurs with a piece of glass." He paused and stared keenly at Reddy. "Jeff, you been sharpening his spurs?"

"Yes, sir."

"What with?"

"A—a piece of glass."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Father said, under his breath. Then he rose and dusted his knees. "I used to put boxing gloves on Lightning," he added.

"What are boxing gloves, Father?" I asked, filled with admiration at his fund of information.

"Oh, I'd wrap bits of cloth about his spurs so they couldn't do any great damage. It didn't make any difference to Lightning. He was a holy terror."

"Maybe we could put boxing gloves on Reddy," I said hopefully. "Then he wouldn't hurt Mr. Micawber."

"Now listen, Jeff," Father said sternly. "Don't you try any tricks with Mr. Micawber. Your mother would give us fits."

"Yes, sir," I said.

Father turned then and left the chicken yard. At the gate he paused and glanced back and winked. I smiled happily, and it was then that I understood how young Father really was. Why, in some ways he wasn't any older than I.

THAT day at school I was reprimanded by the teacher for gazing out of the window and not paying attention to my lessons. But I was thinking of Reddy and the look of an eagle in his eye, and of his proud, untrammeled spirit. I was thinking, too, of Mother's comment when I had brought him home. "Jeffrey," she said, "I *can't imagine* why you want that nasty thing. You're not a cruel boy."

This was true enough. It wasn't that I delighted in fighting. I avoided trouble with youngsters my own age whenever I could, and I didn't succeed too well when trouble was forced upon me. But there was something about the game chicken that fascinated me. It was as if he embodied in his beautiful slenderness all the combative qualities that I lacked. He was courage, he was audacity, and he was wonderful.

That night, cutting across lots on my way home, I paused at the hen run behind Mrs. Bascombe's house. Mrs. Bascombe was president of the Clarendon W.C.T.U., head of the Ladies' Aid, and always introduced the Chautauqua speakers who came to our town. She raised White Brahmas and sold them, Mother said a little tartly, for the most absurd prices. Mrs. Bascombe was stout and aggressively officious, with bulging blue eyes which always made me feel uncomfortable.

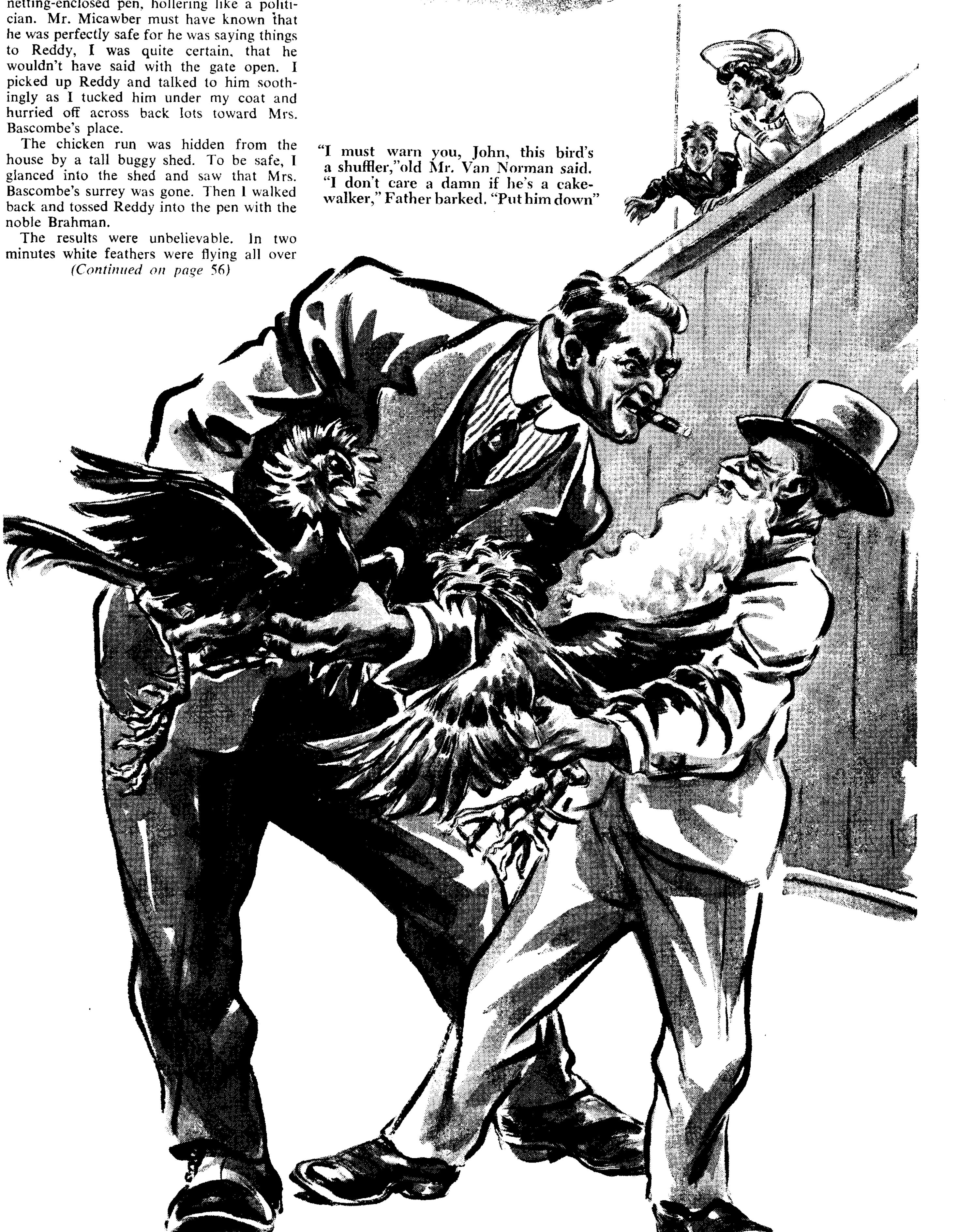
I stood a long time gazing at the lordly rooster stalking like a patriarch among the obsequious hens. It seemed to me that he was the very essence of insolence and selfishness. He would find a morsel of food on the ground and make such a fuss over it that you'd think he had discovered diamonds. Then, just before the credulous hens reached him, he'd gobble it himself.

When I got home I was still thinking about Mrs. Bascombe's rooster. Mr. Micawber was strutting up and down in front of Reddy's netting-enclosed pen, hollering like a politician. Mr. Micawber must have known that he was perfectly safe for he was saying things to Reddy, I was quite certain, that he wouldn't have said with the gate open. I picked up Reddy and talked to him soothingly as I tucked him under my coat and hurried off across back lots toward Mrs. Bascombe's place.

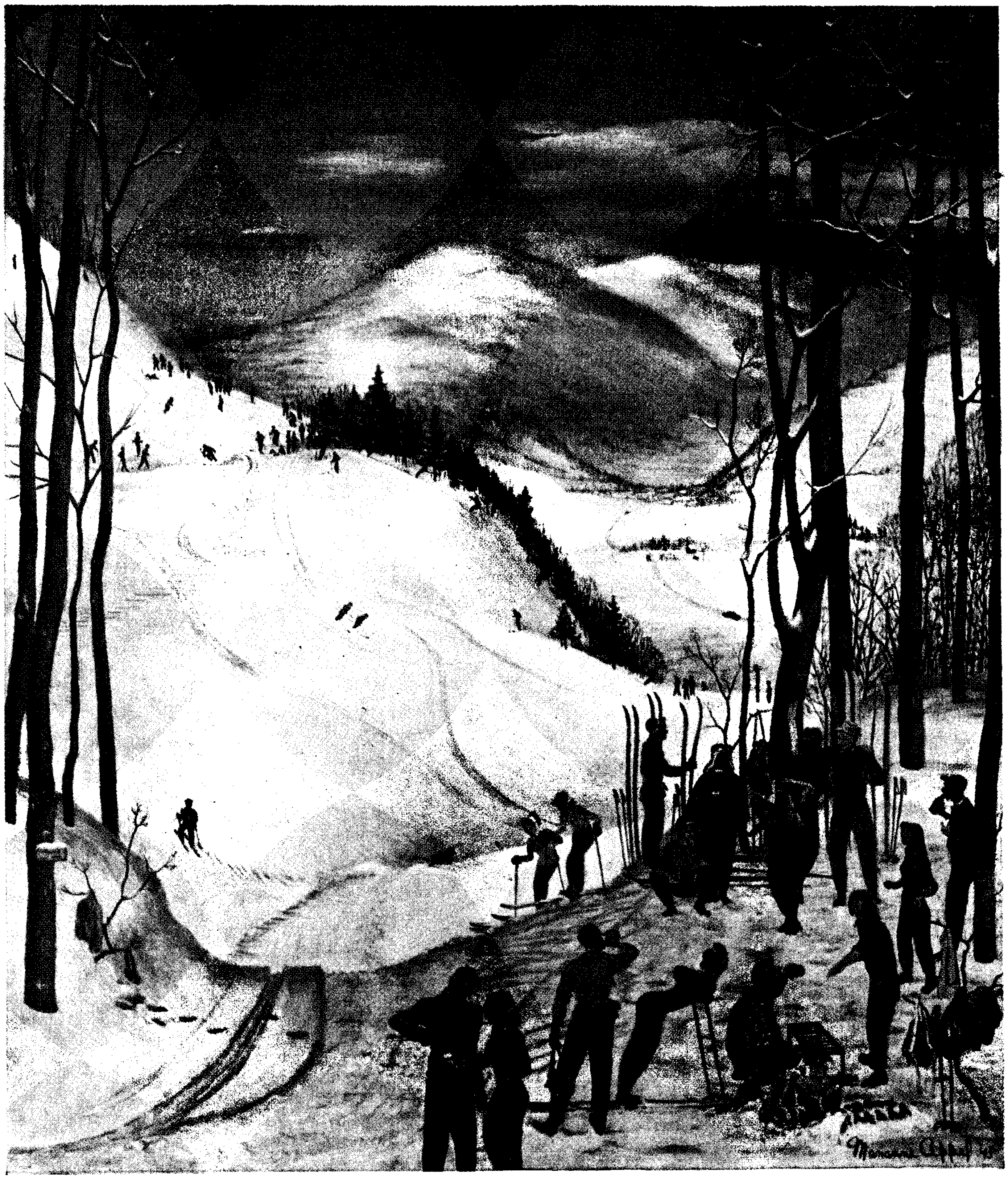
The chicken run was hidden from the house by a tall buggy shed. To be safe, I glanced into the shed and saw that Mrs. Bascombe's surrey was gone. Then I walked back and tossed Reddy into the pen with the noble Brahman.

The results were unbelievable. In two minutes white feathers were flying all over

(Continued on page 56)



"I must warn you, John, this bird's a shuffler," old Mr. Van Norman said. "I don't care a damn if he's a cakewalker," Father barked. "Put him down"



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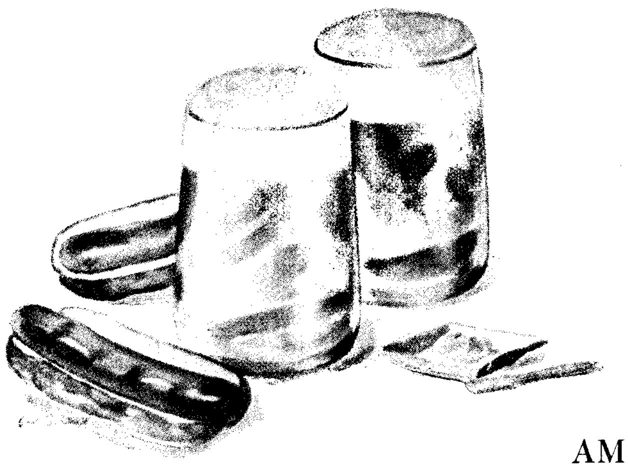

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"MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS"
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Bitter Harvest

Continued from page 12

a broken game of solitaire. A little pile of automatic clips lay in the midst of the cards, beside an overflowing ash tray. The room smelled of old cigarette butts.

"Why don't you open the windows?" she asked.

"I like sunlight in its place—outside." He bent down beside the hearth. "I'll light a fire, though, or we'll end up in a pair of oxygen tents." He threw a piñon log on top of the bricks and ashes. Crumpling a newspaper beneath it, he set fire to it with his lighter. The flame licked quickly through the papers and fastened in the dry piñon. Fire shadows began to leap against the parlor walls.

When Benedict turned back to her, he found Paula emptying the brimming ash trays into the largest one. He went over to the sofa and sat down, watching her. When she was finished, she threw the contents of the last tray into the fireplace and began to pick up the newspapers from the floor. Eddie smiled. He did not speak until she collected the scattered solitaire game and fitted the cards into their box. She touched a pile of automatic clips.

"Those are loaders," he said.

She glanced at him. "I know it."

"I thought you might put them in the fireplace too."

She picked up one of the clips. "You carry a gun?" she asked.

He put his arm over the back of the sofa. "The carpet sweeper is in the kitchen closet, if you want it."

She smiled, put down the clip and came over to sit beside him. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right." His arm circled her shoulders. "You're a funny combination," he said. "You look about fifteen. You talk like thirty. You can recognize an automatic clip and you play house like you meant it."

SHE rested her head on his shoulder and ran her fingers lightly around his wrist. What is happening to me, she thought. What makes me feel like this— Paula Haller, the *smart* kid. Smart enough to walk right into a meat grinder and not care. Well, anyhow, *I'm* running this show—not Fritzi.

He laughed, almost as if he could read her mind. It was a short, quiet laugh which she could feel in his chest. "You're a strange kid," he repeated. "You looked kind of nice emptying those ash trays." He tousled her hair with his hand and returned his wrist to her fingers. "It's funny about women—they never really creep up on you until you get them in your house where you can watch them tick."

She moved her head and he looked down at her. For a moment, his eyes were dark and he tightened his hand on her arm. Then, suddenly, he loosed her and moved away. "Johnny'll be back pretty quick," he said.

"I know."

"Well, remember it." He gazed at the flashing, eccentric fire-shadows on the opposite wall. The fragrance of the piñon wood blazing in the grate filled the room now. "There'll be other days."

She reached across the space between them and Eddie took her hand in his. They sat there for awhile, just looking at the fire.

"Eddie," she said at last.

In answer, he pressed her hand slightly with his.

"Eddie, what were you before I met you?"

He smiled. "A tough guy."

"No. I mean a long time ago, before Johnny met you even."

"Just a kid. Like anybody else."

"Where did you live when you were a kid?"

"Brooklyn. Ninth Ward."

"What were you like?"

"I don't know," he said. "The same as all the other kids. No," he smiled. "There was a difference. I was the only Protestant on the block. They gave me hell."

"What did your family do?"

"My father ran a saloon on Washington Avenue. Harry Benedict, his name was. He was a pretty tough guy himself." He stopped.

"What else?"

"There isn't anything else."

There was a long silence.

"When did you meet Johnny?"

"When I was about nineteen or twenty. It was in the Automat off Times Square, at two o'clock in the morning. On a Saturday. I was broke. He had a couple of dollars. We got to talking. He ended up paying for my ham and eggs."

"And then?"

"I went home with him that night. I'd just been locked out of my room and didn't have a place to stay. His old lady kept a boardinghouse in the Bronx and there were a couple of rooms vacant. We were together from then on."

"How did you—" She paused.

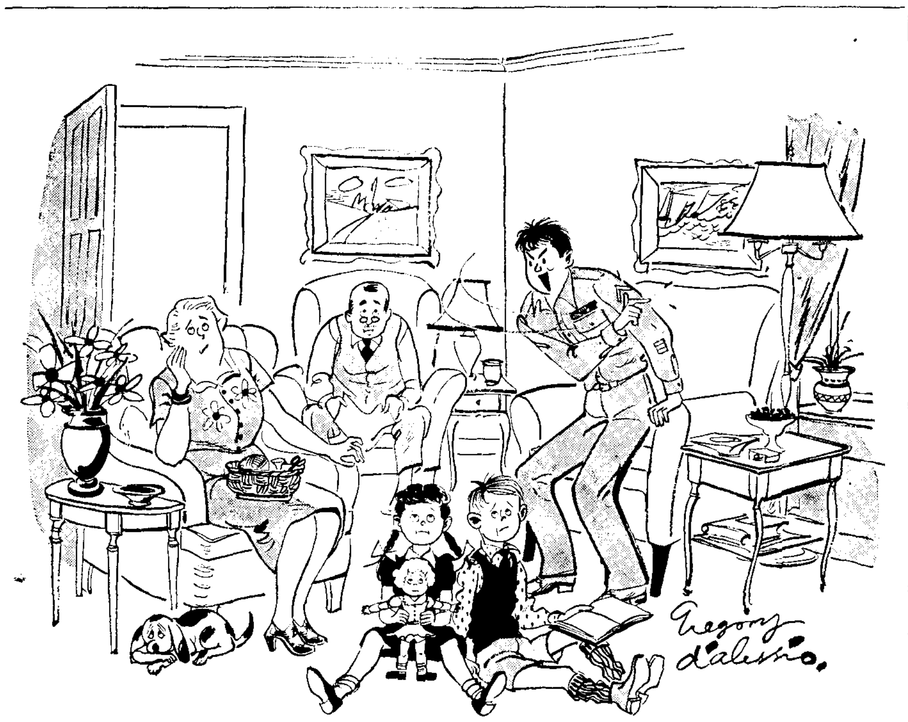
"How did I get in the racket?"

She nodded.

"What difference does it make? Through Johnny. New York—then Nevada. We've been together a long time. A long, long time."

He stopped talking. His eyes clouded over with reverie and Paula saw that he had drifted far beyond her into the opaque mists of the living past.

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Eureka! I knew there was something I've been missing! My traps, my drums—where are they?"

COLLIER'S

"Where did you meet her, Eddie?" she asked softly. "New York or Nevada?"

Eddie stirred. His eyes were still dreamy but he moved restlessly. "Angela? I met her in Las Vegas—" He stopped. "What's it to you?"

"Nothing."

He looked at her curiously. "If I were you I'd keep it that way."

Here was dangerous ground. She retreated from it. "All right."

"There's too damned much pushing in my life as it is."

"I wasn't—"

"I didn't mean you this time," he said.

"Johnny?" she asked. "He doesn't like me."

"It's not his business to like you." He paused. "And it's not his business to pick my friends." He seemed to be talking more to himself than to her.

At that moment, the front door opened and they heard Johnny come into the hall. He saw the reflected firelight on the wall and walked into the parlor. He stood there looking down at them, his arms full of bundles, his square face expressionless. "Hello, Eddie," he said. His voice was cold.

Casually, Benedict released Paula's hand. He made no attempt to hide the gesture. "So you're back."

"Yeh." He looked over at Paula. "Maybe I was gone too long."

There was hostility in the cherry-brown eyes now. There was no mistaking it. You don't want me here, Paula thought. And I'm not leaving—not now. Not with things going like this. She stood up, looking straight at Johnny. "Not for me, you weren't."

She pressed Benedict's shoulder with her hand as Johnny watched. Deliberately, she bent down and touched his hair with her lips. "I'll leave now," she said. "But I'll be seeing you later."

"Fine," Benedict said. "Do you want Johnny to drive you home?"

"I have my car."

She went out into the hallway and though Johnny's eyes followed her all the way, she did not hurry.

THE red flames guttering in the lantern markers before and behind the wrecked car that night were the only light on the deserted highway. A bone-piercing wind, howling along the empty road, carried with it an intermittent curtain of dust.

Luke Sheldon still stood in the middle of the highway, contemplating the wreck. The ambulance, the injured, the other patrolman, had sirened off toward town, and he was left alone. The Highway Division men would remove the ruin next morning.

Luke took his leather gloves from his hip pocket and slapped them against his red, cold-numbed fingers. Then, shaking his head, he walked back to his own car.

A powerful rushing tide of futility and compassionate sadness washed over him. The sensation was not a new one; in the past several years it had torn at him unexpectedly with increasing force and at more frequent intervals. Usually it came to him at night, as he stood guard over the wreckage of bent and crushed steel, watching the distorted bodies of the dead and injured, with cries of pain and bewilderment ringing in his ears. But sometimes it came to him as he wrestled drunks, photographed the bodies of suicides, bound up the wounds of accident victims. It was a swift violent current which tore against him, carrying with it all the rest of humanity, bearing them toward pain and joy and love and destruction. Irresistibly sweeping them onward to a thousand futures. To the rest of their lives.

The dragging, sorrowful reverie sucked his thoughts so that when he leaned forward to turn on the ignition, he was unconscious of the movement. Suddenly, a pair of headlights blazed into his eyes as a long black limousine rounded a bend in the road and bore down upon the wreck. Approaching the red flares, the driver slowed to a stop, hesitated for a moment as if undecided whether to go on or to inspect the accident. He pulled off the road and stopped his motor.

As Luke watched, a short stocky figure opened the door of the car and walked back to the wreck. For several minutes, the new-

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comer stood there, motionless and intent. The wind tore at his black overcoat, lifting the hem of its divided skirt so that the illusion was of a squat dark moth, preparing for flight. Without taking his eyes from the crumpled car, he peeled off his gloves and buttoned his coat slowly up the front, securing it against the wind. Then some instinct seemed to warn him that he was not alone. Deliberately, he turned and searching the darkness looked for his observer. The patrol car's white side was hidden by moon shadows and the road's bend, which curved outside the direct line of the limousine's headlights. However, now that he was seeking it, he found the machine without difficulty.

Luke opened his door and sauntered slowly across the road.

He recognized the limousine from town, but he did not know the man standing immobile above the flickering red oil flares.

"Sightseeing?" Luke asked.

Johnny Ryan smiled. "Hello, copper." His hair was stirring fitfully in the wind, but his head, tilted slightly to one side, gave him an air of reserved watchfulness. "How's business?"

"Pretty steady. Year in and year out."

"I passed by here an hour ago. When did this happen?"

"Half hour."

"Anybody hurt?"

"One. An old man."

"Much?"

"He died before the ambulance came."

RYAN'S square face was impassive, weirdly lit by the red flares at his feet. "Bad bend, ain't it?"

"All the desert country is bad. No matter how you try, you can't keep people from having accidents."

"If you did, you might cut yourself out of a good racket." Johnny looked again at the wreck. "I wish I'd turned back sooner. It's the nearest I been to excitement since I been buried in this graveyard."

"Have you tried the movies?" Luke asked dryly.

"Yeh. The movie house smells like an old cowboy."

"That's tough," Luke said. As he turned slightly away, his eyes glanced past the glistening limousine, and then, his attention caught, he glanced back at it. On its radiator cap, a shining silver bird strained its wings upward in transfigured ecstasy. Its long sharp beak was slightly parted, its throat bent cruelly back by some unescapable demand. It was not an ornament which came with the make of any car. It had been specially purchased, perhaps molded to order. Luke wondered if the mask-faced man beside him had designed it. Then he remembered that it was Benedict's car and realized that Benedict himself had probably ordered it made.

The lines in his forehead deepened as he thought of Paula's visit to the Hambly ranch the previous night. He forced his gaze away from the twisted beauty of the silver bird and back to Ryan.

"So you don't like the desert?" he asked.

Ryan laughed oddly. The night, the wreck and the wavering eerie light of the flares intensified the illusion of evil set up by his laugh. "I'd be gone tomorrow, if I could get rid of the extra baggage."

"Traveling heavy?"

Ryan's red-brown eyes stared flatly into space. "Just a temporary arrangement." He looked sharply at Luke. "Not that it's any of your damned business."

Before Luke could answer, he turned with mannered abruptness and went back to his car. He drove off behind the flashing black hood and the silver bird expiring in such exquisite agony on the cap. As he passed Luke, he tapped the horn twice in flippant salute.

For several minutes after he had gone, Luke stood in the middle of the road, Johnny's parting remark jarring him. Again he thought of Paula. As clearly as if she were before him now, he pictured her—lonely, disturbed, rebellious against the old authority, but acting always with simple candor. He measured her candor against the subtle evil of the silver bird. Moved by impulse, he strode to his car and headed toward town.

A blast of juke-box music struck Luke as he pushed through the door which opened from the back alleyway into the Purple Sage. At the other end of the corridor, he caught a glimpse of lights and people. The air seemed foul and steamy after the cold black purity of the desert, the music too loud, the people's laughter too hectic. He paused for a moment before the door to Fritzi's office. The bouncer standing outside the gambling room started toward him, but before he could reach him, Luke knocked briefly and turned Fritzi's doorknob.

The three of them were there—Pat, Lindquist and Fritzi. As Luke entered, the justice of the peace half rose in nervous response. Pat merely shifted his cigar from one side of his lined face to the other and his green eyes grew wary.

Only Fritzi showed no reaction. She was seated far back in her swivel chair, her feet resting on the corner of the desk before her. She was wearing a Kelly green slack suit which emphasized her white skin and crimsoned lips. As Luke entered, she had been fitting a cigarette into her jade holder. She groped on the desk now for a lighter. Flame spurted from it and she lit her cigarette before leaning back in her chair. She waved her hand and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Well, if it isn't the Eagle Scout," she smiled. She nodded at the bouncer who was standing in the doorway behind him. "It's all right, Jack."

Jack left, closing the door behind him and Fritzi flicked her fingernails against the chromium and glass decanter of whisky on the desk. "Well, Luke?" she asked.

Lindquist moved on the calfskin divan. "Really, Fritzi," he said. "You must excuse me. It's been very pleasant dropping in on you like this—"

"Don't be a fool, Berle," Fritzi said. "If you're caught talking business to me, you're caught. Stop squirming."

Pat shoved his red-leather chair back and stood up. "I don't aim to be caught by nobody, Luke. Nor spied on. If you want to settle it now, all right."

Luke stood looking at them before he spoke. "A nice pack of jackals," he said finally. "I won't keep you." He turned to Fritzi so that his back was to the men. "Fritzi, you'd be smart to pay a little less attention to fast-dealing the local citizens and a little more to your daughter."

Fritzi frowned. "Careful, there, Luke. I don't like that tone of voice."

He ignored her interruption. "Because if you don't, she's likely to get fast-shuffled. And good."

"Meaning what?"

Luke had taken off his cap when he entered. Now he set it back on his head and pulled on his visor. "Suppose *you* find that out, Fritzi. If you've got the time."

He walked to the door and opened it. "Good night, everybody," he said. "Sorry to break up the conference." He left, closing the door behind him.

"Now what do you suppose that was all about?" Fritzi asked, breaking the silence which followed his exit.

PAT sat back in his chair again and relit his cigar. "Drunk, maybe. Desert country sends 'em that way sometimes."

"He wasn't drunk," Fritzi said. Suddenly, she smiled. "I wonder . . . Maybe he's finally maneuvering to accept my offer."

Berle's eyes sharpened. "What offer?"

Fritzi looked at him. "None of your business."

Pat shrugged. "Well, if it's somethin' important, you'll know soon enough. I think we might be ready to crack down on O'Riley up by Ruby Mountain."

Fritzi raised her eyebrows. "So soon? Only last night you said—"

"Today one of the boys took a run up there. O'Riley ain't botherin' to bring in no more gamblers. He's ready to sell."

Fritzi smiled. "To me?"

"To anybody." Pat chuckled. "I told you it'd work—runnin' his gamblers down to the county jail as fast as he could hire 'em. He can't operate—nobody could."

Paula was forgotten. . . .

The next morning, as Paula approached the Hambly ranch private road, she saw Luke's patrol car in her rearview mirror. For a second, she slowed down. It was an automatic reaction. But almost immediately she tightened her fingers on the wheel and picked up speed again.

"Luke," she said aloud. "I've quit playing manger to your dog. If you want a showdown about it, we might as well have it right now."

Deliberately, she made the turn into the Hambly cutoff.

She idled along for the next fifty yards, waiting for the sound of the patrol car's tires hitting the washboard road behind her but all she heard was the purr of her own motor.

Looking into her mirror again, she saw that Luke was driving slowly by the cutoff. He had neither slackened nor increased his speed. He did not even bother to turn his head. To her surprise, Paula felt a small flicker of disappointment. She stepped hard on the accelerator.

"Don't run away."

Johnny moved back from the inside of the opened hood of the limousine, and wiped the grease from his hands with an oil-stained cloth. When Paula had come up, he had been standing in the driveway beside the ranch's garage, adjusting the timing of the shining black monster, touching the blade of a screwdriver gently against the spark plugs, teasing from them sputtering showers of blue sparks.

"Is Eddie up yet?"

"He's still asleep."

"I thought he might be back here." She moved off slightly.

Johnny smiled and nodded at the tool-filled crate beside the car. "Sit down."

She hesitated, but then she shrugged and sat down on the edge of the box. He went back to his work beneath the raised engine hood.

The sunlight, glancing past the garage roof, fell over his left side. In spite of the early morning cold, he had rolled up his shirt sleeves. The yellow light illuminated his upper arm, catching each motion of the muscles which swelled beneath the smooth white flesh and rippled away into the thick rubbery shoulders. Watching him work, Paula had a recurrent sense of his power, a slow-moving force which would grind its way toward his needs with inevitable sureness.

She reached a brass rod from the tool box and, putting her elbows on her knees, drew a circle between her feet in the dirt. Knowing that he had told her to sit down as part of a maneuver to discover her motives with Benedict, she decided to speak first and beat him to the blow.

"What do you want out of life, Johnny?" she asked. She spoke slowly, as if each word surprised her to hear it aloud. It was a western speech trick she had unconsciously learned from Pat Johnson.

He turned toward her with curiosity, waiting for her to explain.

"Everybody wants something," she said. "What do you want? Money? Love? Travel? Your own business? What?"

"Why do you want to know?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. I found myself wondering. Have you always been with Eddie? There must be some of you apart from him. What do you want for yourself?"

"Why should there be some of me apart from Eddie?"

She gazed up at him. His burly figure was silhouetted by the sun so that she could not see his face.

"Two people can't fit into one life," she said.

He did not answer but she had the impression that he was smiling. He turned back to the engine and a spark crackled at the screwdriver. There was contempt in the gesture. She was suddenly racked by an instinctive repulsion against the square face set with its button eyes. She carved a hollow into the dirt with the heel of her boot.

"What if he retires, if he marries? When he has his own family. That's what I meant, Johnny. What do you want for that time—when all this is over with?"

He moved his shoulders. "I haven't thought much about it," he said. "He won't retire. . . . He won't marry."

"He married once."

"It didn't turn out so good."

THEY were silent, listening to the racing of the engine.

"Did you know her—Angela?"

"Sure. I knew everything about her." Unexpectedly, he chuckled. The scorn in the sound was like wind rattling over a loose board roof. Paula felt her face redden.

"I knew Eddie a long time before he met Angela. . . . And I'll know him a long time after." He paused. "I'll know him a long time after he leaves here, too, leaves the desert." He switched off the motor and moved about slowly so that he faced her.

"Look at it straight—Eddie Benedict out here in the desert. Eddie Benedict, who could have anything the biggest city has to offer, living out here in this"—his hand waved casually toward the house—"this second-rate outhouse! Wasting his time in a cactus graveyard."

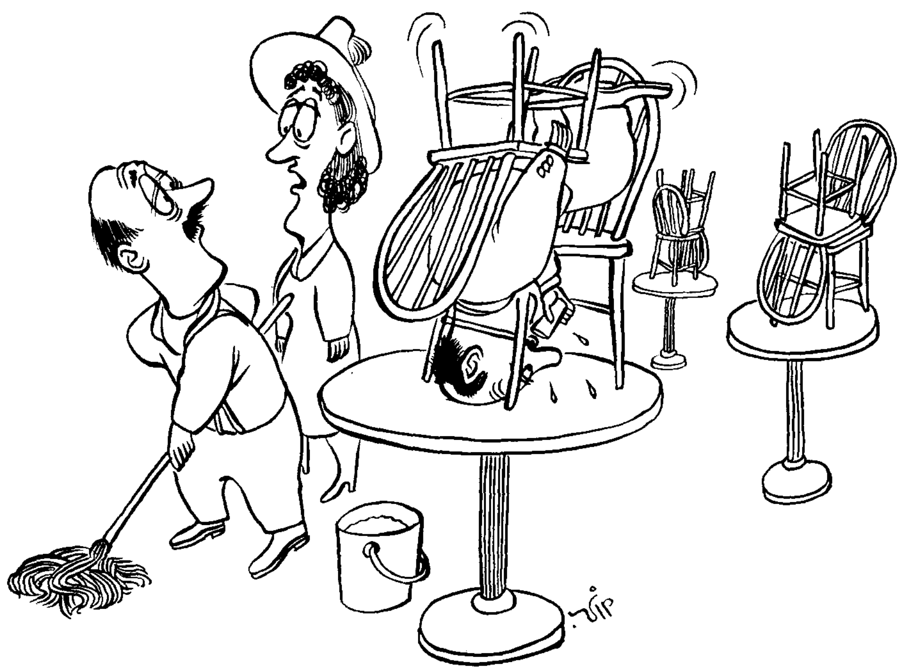
"If he didn't want to be here, why did he come?"

"Sometimes men don't know what they want. They go a little crazy for a while. But they get over it."

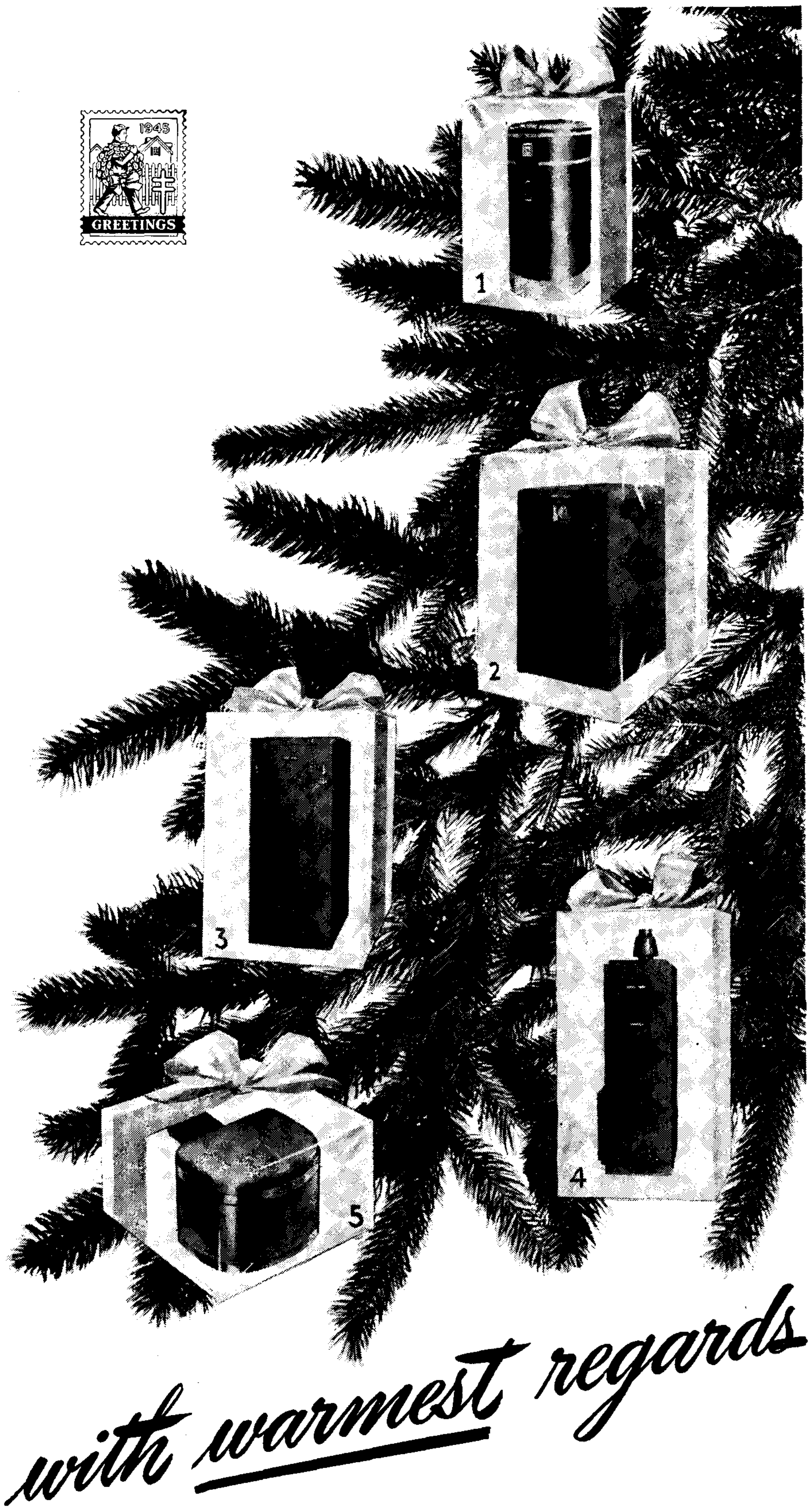
She stood up and put her hands behind her back. "And sometimes they don't, Johnny. Sometimes they go on living in—cactus graveyards for the rest of their lives."

He threw the screwdriver into the crate where it crashed against metal tools. "Yeah? Well, if I was you I wouldn't burn any bridges because of it."

With angry frustration, she saw that he had trapped her into the admission he had been seeking. She had an instinctive reaction



COLLIER'S "I'm looking for my husband" VIRGIL PARTCH



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to lash back at him. "Someday he'll leave you, Johnny. You know it."

He smiled and wiped off his hands. "Don't be too sure." But behind the smile, she knew he had been stung. "He won't leave me because I come in too handy."

There was something definite behind his words. Something clinching. It gave her a sense of unease. "What do you mean?"

He looked at her. "I'll—" Suddenly, he turned toward the kitchen porch. Eddie Benedict was standing there, watching them, his hands in his dressing robe pockets. His dark face was frozen with annoyance.

He advanced slowly down the kitchen steps, letting the screen door slam closed behind him.

"What's been going on here?" he asked quietly. He stopped in front of Paula and waited for her to answer.

She did not reply and he shifted his attention to Ryan.

"It's no use asking you what it's all about, either, I suppose."

There was something in Benedict's monotone which increased the importance of his words.

Johnny frowned. "Nothing's been going on, Eddie. What are you talking about?"

Benedict swung away from him impatiently. "Put a table out in back for breakfast, will you? I want some air."

"It's too cold to sit outside. You'll catch pneumonia."

"That's my privilege. Come on, Paula. We'll wait out here on the stoop." He paused. "Or are you worried about my health, too?"

She looked at him. Finally she smiled and he sighed. "I didn't mean to get sore at you, kid. But I'm tired of being pushed all the time. I get the feeling that I don't have anything to do with my own life—that it won't be long before I'll be pushed out of that, too."

HE SAT down on the kitchen steps and pulled the edges of his robe together over his knees. He extended his hand and guided her down beside him.

There on the step below him, with her side pressed against his leg, Paula gradually lost the uneasy sense of insecurity with which her talk with Johnny had left her. Benedict's body heat crept through her flannel shirt and slowly her blood warmed itself to his blood. She looked up and found him gazing off into the blue distance, unconscious of her eyes upon him. His dark face had relaxed, the corners of his full lips had lost their tightness. His anger was draining away into the endless absorbency of the desert.

She closed her eyes and let her face turn upward toward the sun.

She did not remember when it was, but sometime when she was a child, Fritzi had taken her to ride on a subway in New York. She could not recall what station it had been or where they had been going. She had found herself in a cave beneath the surface of the earth where there was no sun, where a damp, cold, musty wind shifted in the brown light. When the tracks had rumbled and the walls of the cement cave shook and trembled at the approach of the beast, she had been afraid, blind afraid, so that Fritzi had had to hold her tight against her with Paula's face buried in her skirt, her hand pressed against the shivering child's shoulder. The train came closer, the noise grew louder. A great draft swept by them, clutching at their ankles, dragging at them as if it were trying to suck them over the side of the platform into the path of the roaring, grinding horror. A last fearful jar—the last convulsive shudder of the walls and floor—and it had stopped before them. Fritzi laughed.

"See, Paula—it's nothing but a train. You've seen trains before."

Paula looked up slowly. It was indeed a train. She was not afraid of trains.

"Well, Paula? Aren't you ashamed of being such a baby?"

Suddenly, Paula pushed her face against Fritzi's skirt and began to cry. Fritzi frowned impatiently.

"For Pete's sake, Paula. It's just an ordinary train."

Paula continued to cry; she could not stop. She knew she was not afraid of most trains and really she was not afraid of this one. But there was something else—at that time she could not put it into words. Later, when she was years older, it came to her what it had been that had so terrified her. It was the very essence of the scene itself. It was the wind, the chilling wet wind of underground which moved restlessly, changeably, between the half-tiled walls and whistled along the tracks where the platform dropped away. It was like the breath of a thousand lizards. There was something in that wind that was apart from what she had ever known before. Something inhumanly evil.

All this came back to her as she sat in the sun at Benedict's side. And she realized that what she felt toward Johnny was much the same as what she had felt toward the wind in the subway. It was fear. And it was a little more. It was a sense that somewhere within Johnny's mind was a chamber where the light was dark like the light in the subway and where a wind blew that was inhuman.

She stirred and looked back at Benedict. He had taken his eyes from the desert and had been watching her.

"What's the matter, kid?"

"I think you know."

"Tell me anyway."

"Johnny hates me. I don't know why, but he does."

He looked at her pensively. She had thought that he might deny the statement but he did not. After a while, he nodded. "Yes. I suppose he does."

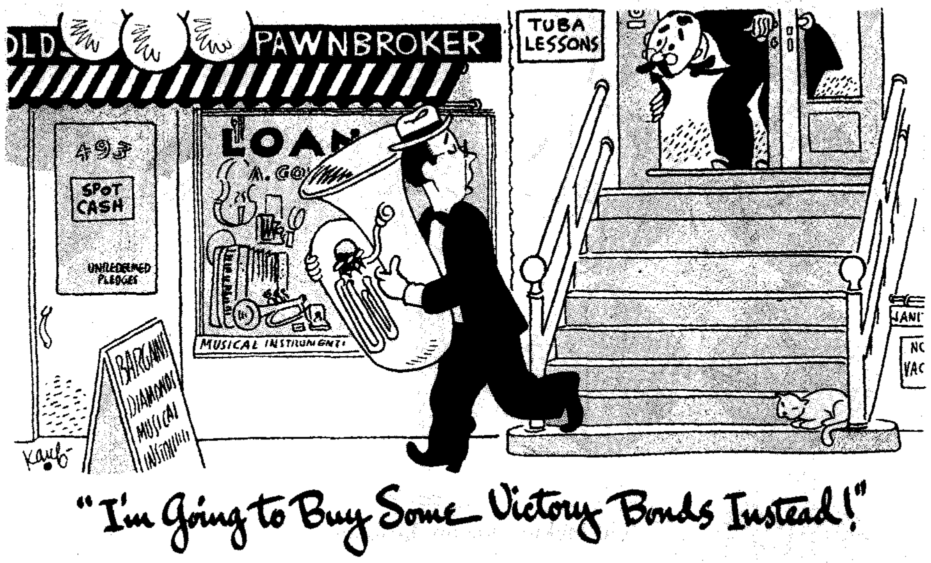
"He hates me and he wishes me harm. He's an evil man."

Eddie smiled slightly. "I think there is a little werewolf along the line somewhere," he agreed.

"You're laughing at me," she said. "And it's nothing to laugh at. Do you know what I'm trying to say?"

"I don't know about this evil stuff. But if you mean he's getting to be a damn' nuisance I'll agree with you. I think he's going a little nuts. He's beginning to forget who's boss."

She put her hand on his knee suddenly and he placed his own over it. "Eddie," she said. "Do you love me?"



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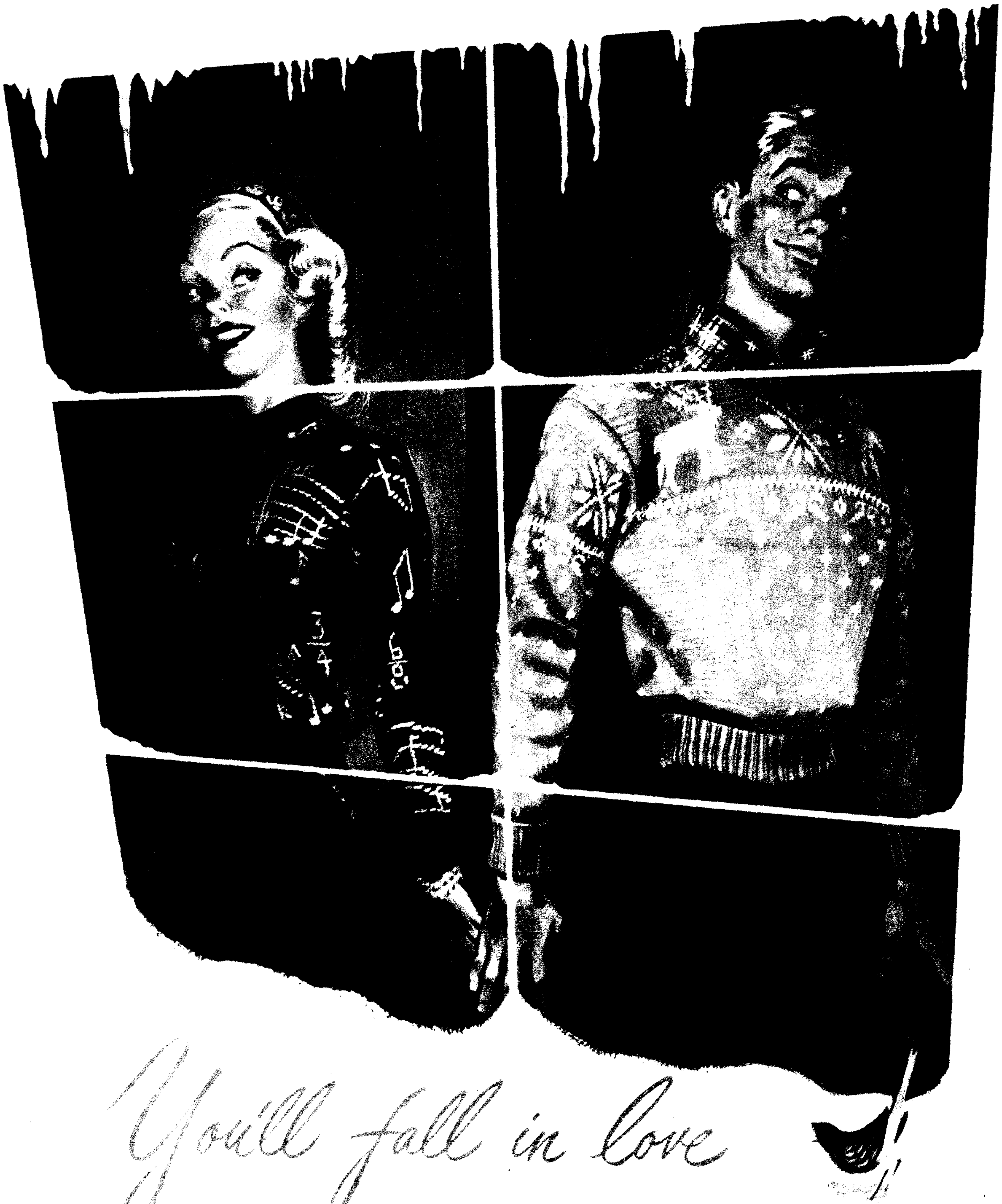

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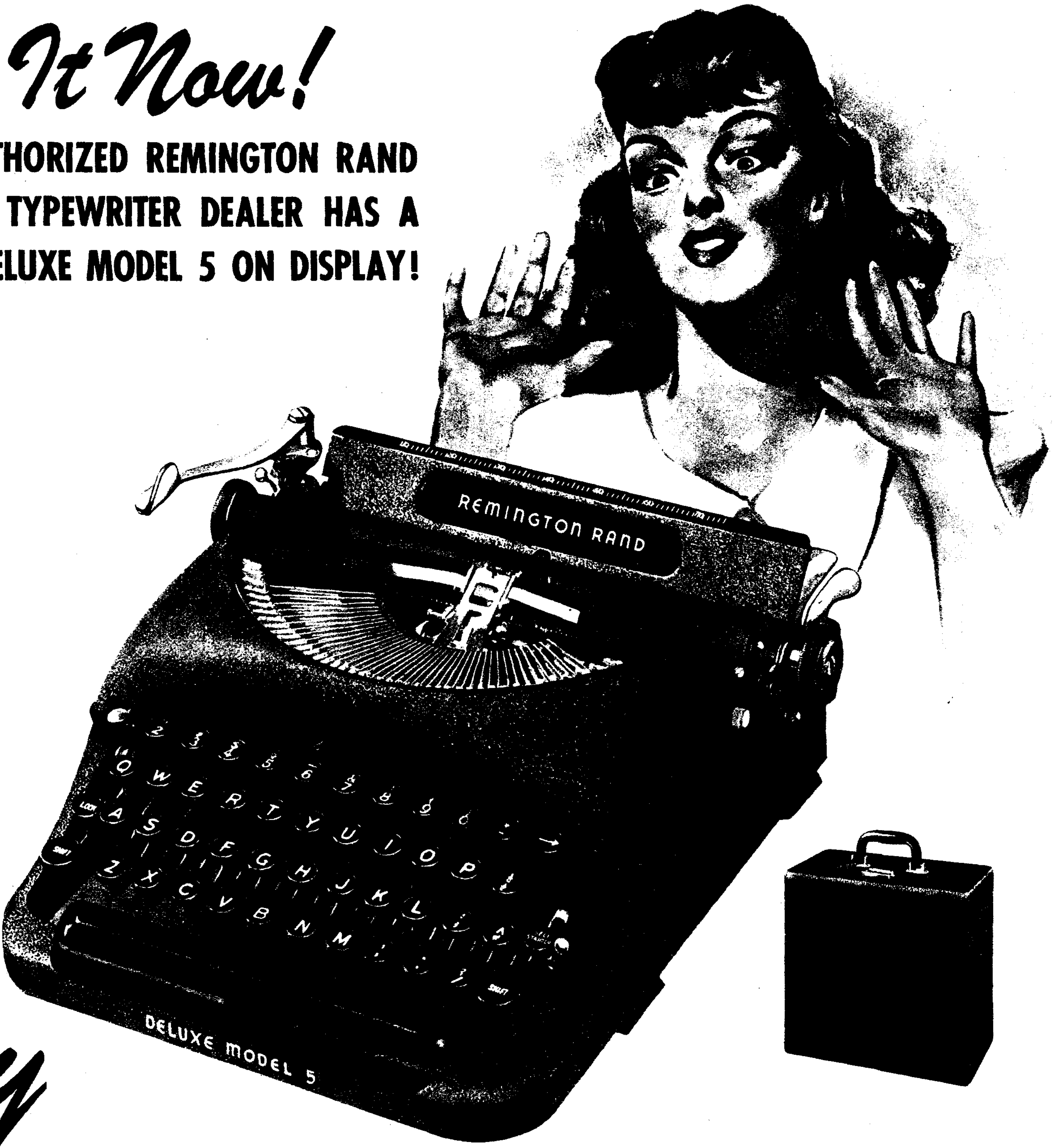

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He glanced at her quickly. "What happened? You two had a fight before I came out, didn't you?"

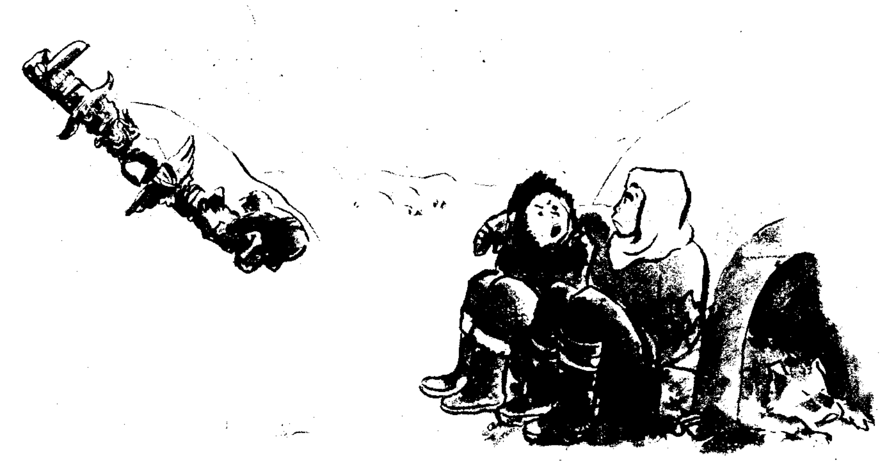
She shook her head impatiently. "No. Not a fight. He said you'd be leaving the desert soon—just the two of you."

He frowned. "The squeeze play, eh? It's one of his bad habits." He paused. "He's got a lot of bad habits. Too many. He doesn't belong here."

"What about you?"

"I'm beginning to like the desert." He smiled. "I like everything about it."

◆



"I was afraid of this. Here comes Mother with the family album"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

THEY breakfasted under a tamarind tree at the side of the barn. The sun, filtering through the delicate green leaves, traced intricate shadows on the checkered cloth and on the hard rolls in the woven wicker basket, the halves of grapefruit. Leaves and clouds were reflected in the smooth surface of the coffee.

For the greatest part of the meal, they ate in silence.

Benedict maintained a bland calm. Occasionally glancing across at him, Paula found him observing Johnny Ryan with measured interest but beyond this he did not commit himself.

Johnny was as quick to notice Benedict's strange detachment as Paula had been. He withdrew even more into his own circle of preoccupation by turning his whole attention to breaking and buttering the rolls before him.

But though each of them seemed to be absorbed in the physical details about him, everyone at the table was sensitively conscious of his companions and the consciousness grew more taut as the meal progressed.

All at once, Johnny Ryan leaned back and pushed his breakfast plate to the middle of the table. A package of Benedict's cigarettes lay across from him. He picked it up and fished out a cigarette. He lighted it and blew out a great white cloud of smoke.

"When are we leaving the desert, Eddie?" he asked.

It was an unexpected attack. Paula looked quickly at Benedict and saw that he had been taken off guard as completely as she.

"What's on your mind?" Benedict asked.

"A couple of days is all right. Even a few weeks, if you want. But if we don't go back soon we'll have trouble getting into the swing of things. Your name still means something, Eddie. But people forget names sooner than you think. Especially if you drop out after a run of bad luck—"

Benedict drew a line in the tablecloth with his fingernail. His forehead creased thoughtfully.

"You and me, we know you wasn't scared out," Johnny continued. "A bad deal like you got in the Nevada cleanup might happen to anyone. It's one of the risks of the business. It's nothing to scare guys like us. But even some of your own boys, if they got too restless waiting around in Los Angeles, might get to thinking things—like maybe you're nervous about starting over again."

Benedict smiled slowly. "But like you say—you and me—we know that isn't true."

"Sure, Eddie. I just mention it because I want to remind you how we got to be careful of your reputation. We been building it for fifteen years—since we been together. We don't want to lose all that now that you're going to need it most—now you're ready for the big time."

Benedict's eyebrows lifted. "I haven't exactly been peddling from a peanut stand as it is."

"I know, Eddie. Sure. I know. You've been a big guy. A plenty big guy. But in the West, that's been. Local." He waved his hands. "And it's a big country."

Benedict continued to look at him questioningly.

"You've got everything to do it with. Looks, personality, a good business sense, ambition, the contacts—we can't miss, Eddie. You'll be a big guy—a really big guy, in a couple of years if we play our cards right."

BENEDICT moved restlessly in his chair and sensing that his attention was wandering, Johnny continued quickly: "The first thing, we'll pick up the boys in L.A. Then we'll start to branch out. Put capital in a big joint in the East. We'll take the offers you've had from Chicago—"

Benedict smiled. "Johnny—"

"All over the nation. In a couple of years we'll be the biggest gambling racket all over the nation."

Benedict's smile grew. He shook his head slowly. "It's out. All of it is out, Johnny. I'm quitting the racket."

Johnny looked up sharply. A slight tint appeared over his cheekbones as he saw he had been tricked. "You're what?"

"I said I'm quitting the racket. I'm going to stay out here in the desert."

Johnny stared at him with disbelief. "Out here—in the middle of nothing?"

Benedict spread his fingers on the tablecloth. "Well, it depends on what you call nothing. Out here you've got air and mountains, a lot of sage and greasewood bushes. In the city, you've got noise and gas fumes, a lot of buildings—it's a matter of taste."

"You're afraid to go back, Eddie," Johnny said softly. "Aren't you?"

The black eyes flickered. "No. I'm not."

"You're not that crazy about fresh air."

"I have enough money."

"You can always make more. Anyway, it's not a question of money."

"To me it is," Benedict said. His voice still low but his words were sharper, closer together. "To me it's a question of money. And I've got enough."

Johnny took a firm hold on himself. He leaned forward with his wrists on the table. As he stared at the smoke rising in white and yellow spirals from the cigarette between his fingers, Paula noticed for the first time how small and white his hands were. She wondered why her mind fastened on such a detail.

"I see. . . . And what's to become of me then?" Johnny asked. "What are you planning to do with me?"

Benedict gazed at him calmly. "I suppose you'll get a job somewhere else. There are a lot of people who would take you on if I got in touch with them. Don't worry. You'll be all right. You'll be taken care of."

"I've been with you fifteen years," Johnny said. His voice was suddenly louder. "What are you going to do? Give me a gold watch and say 'So nice to have known you?' Is that what you're going to do?"

As the two men looked at each other, an expression of decision took shape in Benedict's eyes. Johnny saw it but he could not look away or speak swiftly enough to prevent Benedict from putting the decision into words.

"The watch is a nice touch," Benedict said dryly. "I hadn't thought of it."

"Eddie—"

It was too late. He could not stop it now.

"I'll give you your share of the money. You can leave whenever you like."

The small white fingers jerked.

"You'll leave any time you like. Between now and tomorrow. I'll see that you get set in the business again if you want. But you'll have enough to retire without that."

"All right, Eddie. Whatever you want. But I won't leave. I'll retire too. I'll stay on here with you in the desert—"

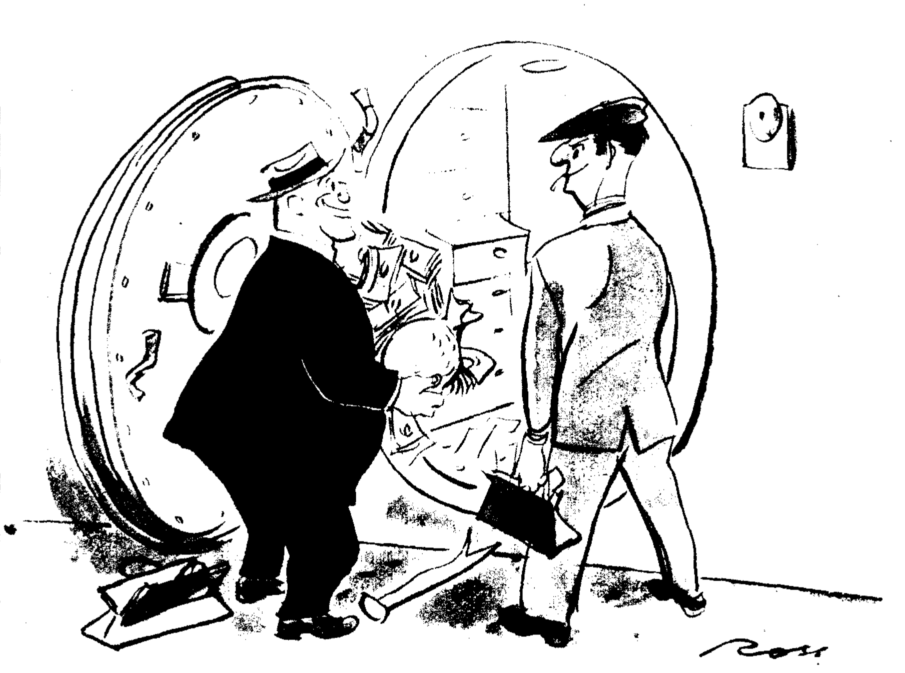
BENEDICT did not bother to answer. He merely shook his head again.

Ryan clenched his hand on the table. He seemed about to burst into a torrent of words. Then suddenly he stared straight at Paula.

There was unalloyed hatred in the cherry depths of his little brown eyes.

He left the table and went into the house without looking back.

Inside, in the hallway, Johnny Ryan stood still for a moment, looking about him. Then,



"I consider this me life's savings. I been plannin' th' job for thirty years!"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

PIONEER GIFTS for "HIM"

He'll "go for" this welt-crowned Belt in multi-tone Pigskin! Three-quarter inch width.

MATCHING BELT and WALLET IN FINE GENUINE PIGSKIN

This "Invisi-bill" Wallet with its secret section for larger bills is a most welcome gift.

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THE SYMBOL OF SAVINGS

America knows that Chevrolet for '46—the *first* new Chevrolet produced in years—is also the *finest* Chevrolet ever presented to the motoring public.

That is saying a great deal, particularly when you remember that men and women the country over have voted Chevrolet *the first car of the land*, in sales and in value, during 10 of the last 11 car-production years!

New Beauty-Leader styling—a new radiator grille—new colors—new exterior and interior ornamentation—all combine to make Chevrolet for '46 the most *beautiful* motor car in its price range.

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IS FIRST AGAIN!"

at Low Prices

ride and positive-action hydraulic brakes will bring you motoring enjoyment usually associated only with much higher priced cars.

*All in all, if you are looking for *highest quality at low prices*, we invite you to look to Chevrolet for '46, confident that you will join with other wise buyers in saying, "Chevrolet is first again!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

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TRADE MARK

PAZO WILL RELIEVE THOSE PAINFUL SIMPLE PILES
LATER
MOTHER, PAZO CERTAINLY BROUGHT PROMPT RELIEF

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts, helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check minor bleeding. 4. Provides quick and easy method of application.

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BURGESS MEREDITH, as the beloved ERNIE PYLE with his ever faithful ZIPPO in Lester Cowan's United Artists Production "The Story of G. I. Joe"—watch for it at your local theatre.

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ZIPPO — the windproof companion that has made the world lighter conscious, is now back on dealers' shelves, after four years of service on the firing lines.

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ZIPPO *Windproof* **LIGHTER**

slowly, he went to the telephone which stood on a dark wood table beside the stairs.

Picking it up, he spoke quietly into the receiver. "Give me the Purple Sage." . . .

That night after dinner, Fritzi pushed away her coffee cup sharply. She flicked the ash of her cigarette into her saucer, forgetting the glass tray at her side. Paula glanced at the mantelpiece clock.

"You're later than usual, aren't you?" Paula asked.

Instead of answering, Fritzi got up and went into the living room.

When Paula followed her several minutes later, she found her lying on the brocaded sofa, leafing through the pages of a fashion magazine. She was still wearing her buttercup-color hostess gown and her maribou bedroom slippers.

Paula took a deck of cards from the secretary and laid out a game of solitaire on the coffee table. They could hear Mary washing the dishes in the kitchen and the gilded porcelain clock ticking loudly on the cream and gold mantelpiece.

At last, Paula collected the cards and fitted them back in their carved ivory container.

"Aren't you going down to the Sage tonight?" she asked.

Fritzi did not look up from her magazine. "No."

"Aren't you feeling well?"

"I feel fine."

Paula walked over to the window and stood looking out. "I think I'll take a run down to the village."

Fritzi laid her magazine on the sofa beside her. "I don't think you will," she said slowly.

Paula turned and met the level gaze of the glittering black eyes. They were not amused now; they were angry and determined.

As Paula looked into them, she realized that Fritzi knew about Benedict.

LEAVING the window, she sat down in the chair opposite the sofa and folded her hands in her lap, waiting. Fritzi lighted a cigarette, inhaled deeply and blew a heavy stream of smoke from her nostrils.

When she spoke, her words fell with soft, considered distinctness upon the expected air.

"You little tramp," she said.

Paula's clearly carved features seemed to grow finer, more delicate, with shock. She did not speak.

"Eddie Benedict—you know how to pick them, don't you?"

Paula remained silent.

"I spoke to you, Paula."

"I heard you, Fritzi."

"Well, answer me."

"Yes, Fritzi," she repeated quietly. "I know how to pick them."

Fritzi's scarlet mouth twisted with anger. "Is that all you're going to say?"

Paula sprang to her feet. The motion seemed partially to relieve her feelings, for she stood motionless, her hands in the pockets of her suède jacket, her sandals wide apart.

"Is that all you're going to say?"

"Fritzi!" she cried. "Stop it, Fritzi! What is there for me to say? What can we possibly say to each other? I've been seeing him. There's been nothing between us, but I've been seeing him, yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. I'm in love with him."

"You can't be in love with him. You don't know anything about love."

Paula looked at her. "All right," she said slowly. "I don't know anything about love. Let's let it go at that."

"How could you be in love with him?" Fritzi continued. "Eddie Benedict—that cheap, crooked—"

"Please, Fritzi—"

"Don't whine to me!"

"I'm not whining," Paula said. "I just said there isn't anything for us to talk about. You don't like Eddie Benedict. All right. That's all there is to it." She paused. "Who told you, though? I'd like to know that."

Fritzi did not answer, and after a moment, Paula nodded. "He's turning into a regular old gossip, isn't he?"

"Who?"

"Luke."

Fritzi sat up and stamped out her newly lighted cigarette in an onyx tray. "So Luke knew about it too? That's fine. Listen to me, Paula. You are never going to see Eddie Benedict again. He is never going to see you. I'm going to keep you in this house day and night and I'm going to stay here with you until he gets out of town. Have you got that straight?"

Paula frowned. Then she moved toward the door. Fritzi did not stop her.

Outside, the night was cold. The wind wrapped around Paula like a wet sheet but she knew she could not go back for a coat. She got into her car which was parked in the gravel driveway, turned on the motor and roared out toward the street.

At the end of the driveway, she slammed on her brakes. The sheriff's car was parked there, blocking her off. Pat Johnson looked out the car window. "Where do you think you're goin'?" he asked dryly.

Now she knew why Fritzi had not bothered to stop her at the door.

"Get out of my way, Pat," she said.

He tilted his big hat back on his head. "Go back in the house, Paula. You're not goin' nowhere, so you might as well."

She sat staring into the darkness at him for a second. Suddenly, she backed up and swung out of the driveway onto the grass to go around him. Throwing the sheriff's car in gear, he blocked her off again. Then he got out and she could hear his footsteps crunching the gravel as he came to the driver's window.

"Let's not have no trouble, Paula," he told her lazily. He put his hand inside his jacket and drew out a folded paper. By the reflected dashboard light, she recognized the form.

"Don't tell me you've got a warrant for me," she said. Fritzi was playing it hard, she saw now. It was going to be tough.

Pat smiled. "Nope. Not yet." He shoved the paper toward her so that she could see the name on its face.

Paula frowned. "For Benedict? What's he done?"

"If you're sensible, there ain't no reason to have to use it."

"What's the warrant for?"

Pat's smile grew. As she reached for the warrant, he put it back in his pocket. "Now, Paula," he said reasonably. "You had ought to know better than that. What real difference does it make in desert country?"

She looked at him for a long minute. If Fritzi was willing to pull a frame, she was licked. And Fritzi was angry enough now for murder. She continued to look at Pat for a while more, but she knew she had lost.

Finally, she switched off her ignition and got out of her car. Leaving it where it was on the grass, she walked back to the house. Slowly, she let herself in the open door.

Fritzi was still sitting on the brocaded sofa, leafing through a fashion magazine. As Paula entered, she lowered the magazine and gazed at her. "Some day, Paula, you're going to learn you can't disobey me. I'll see you in hell first."

Paula stared at her oddly. "Yes, Fritzi," she said. "I think you would." She sat down at the coffee table and laid out a game of solitaire.

A waiting silence fell over the room.

THE Hambly ranch lay in the middle of the wilderness like a black shadow. No stir of life broke the silent grimness of the sprawling wings, the empty veranda, the brown shutters drawn tight against the desert night. It was the blindness, the silence of the desert itself reflected back upon the wasteland.

Inside, the atmosphere of the littered parlor was charged with silent tension. In the pool of light thrown by the card-table lamp, Benedict was oiling a revolver. Johnny was leafing through a crime magazine.

As Benedict put down the revolver and pulled back his shirt cuff to glance at his wrist watch, Johnny looked up. "She ain't coming, Eddie. Not this late. I told you that."

Benedict frowned. "Shut up."

Johnny shrugged. "Okay. Have it your way." He returned to his magazine.

For half an hour, the room's stillness was disturbed by nothing more than the click of a trigger or the rustle of a page. His cleaning finished, Benedict reloaded the gun and, laying it on the table before him, swept up the playing cards which were strewn there. The muffled, tearing sound of the deck of cards being shuffled ended the silence harshly.

"I wonder what's happened to her," he said.

JOHNNY closed his magazine. "I told you. She was only using you. She wanted to get away from the desert and you were the easiest way she could find."

Benedict spilled the cards across the table with an impatient gesture.

"You don't think she wanted to marry you, do you?" Johnny asked.

Benedict did not answer.

"Did you really think she would?" Johnny smiled. "Why, when you made the big decision today to stay in the desert, she was so scared she couldn't get away quick enough."

"She had to go home sometime," Benedict said.

Johnny laughed. "You'll never see her again. She's a smart kid. Leave the desert—sure. She'd have gone with the devil for that. But stay here for the peaceful family life with a washed-up racketeer who do you think you are? Don Juan?" He paused and when he spoke again the mockery had left his voice. "Listen, Eddie. Listen to me. Quit thinking about her. You're just making a fool out of yourself. You've got a job in Nevada—a big job. If you're smart you'll go back there. Now. That's the important thing."

"Yeah?" Benedict pushed the card table away from him and stood up. "You think that's what I ought to do?"

Johnny nodded.

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure."

"Well, I'm not doing it," Benedict said. "I'm going into town and I'm going to find out just what the kid is pulling."

"Into town?" Johnny said blankly. "Are you crazy?"

Benedict straightened his tie and ran his fingers through his hair. "Maybe. But nobody plays me for a sucker—for very long."

Johnny got up hastily. "Look, Eddie," he said. "Forget it, like I told you. Let it go."

Benedict brushed past him and started for the hallway.

"Wait a minute, Eddie!" Johnny's voice was sharp. Benedict turned.

"You can't go into town now. The kid's mother *runs* this part of the country. It'd be like walking into a buzz saw." He was excited now. He had underestimated Eddie once more and his dismay clouded his caution.

Benedict stood looking at him curiously. "Go on," he said. There was a strange note in his voice.

Johnny did not continue.

Slowly, Benedict turned. He went up the stairs. Johnny could hear his footsteps going along the corridor above. Then they returned. Eddie came down the stairs again and back into the hallway.

Johnny stood quietly watching him. His thick face was rigid with suspense.

"No, Johnny," Benedict said slowly. "You're not giving it to me straight."

"What do you mean?"

"I just looked in your room. You haven't even started to pack. For a man who had his walking papers for tomorrow, you're pretty careless."

Johnny's eyes shifted quickly. "Look, Eddie—"

"You never had any intention of leaving. You had something else in mind."

"You're crazy."

"I'm not crazy. What did you do to make Paula stay away?"

"I tell you—"

Benedict's face blazed with sudden fury. "Tell me, goddammit!"

He made a quick move forward and Johnny stepped into the shadows of the hall. "I'm only trying to protect you, Eddie."

Like a snake striking, Benedict's hand flashed out. Twice, he hit Ryan across the eyes, so that the other man fell backward against the coat rack covering his eyes with his palms.

Without speaking, Benedict wheeled and went out of the house. He strode toward the garages and in another moment, the roaring motor of the black limousine blotted out the silence of the desert night.

PAT JOHNSON was cruising at the bottom of Fritzi's hill when a shining black car swung around the bend with a wail of its brakes and bucked across the railroad tracks. Picking up speed again, it climbed the hill toward town.

Pat moved noiselessly around the corner of a dark alleyway and fell in behind it. As the limousine snarled past the church, the sheriff's car moaned a warning. The limousine continued its climb. The moan increased in volume and a red flasher began to wink in the limousine's rearview mirror, but the black car did not stop.

The pursuit car screamed wrathfully and hurtled up beside its quarry, forcing it to the side of the steep grade.

Benedict turned off his ignition and looked out his window with annoyance. Pat left the

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Zoologist, British Museum	**Bears never use the "bear hug" in a fight—they hit out with their fore limbs.**
Ichthyologist, Britannica Staff	**Flying fish never "play," in spite of Kipling. They fly in order to escape capture by marine enemies.**
Physiologist, Columbia University	**Cats do not prefer cream—they eat it only when they can get no other food.**
Member of Parliament, London	**Scots are not a hardy race—their life expectancy is four years shorter than that of the average Englishman's.**
Government Official, Washington	**Indians actually never reclaim any presents they give away**
Philosophy Professor, College of the City of New York	**The boy who stood on the burning deck in Mrs. Hemans' poem was not a hero but a moron who didn't have the intelligence to adapt himself to a changed situation.**

—W. E. Farbstein

Here's Your Hat... What's Your Hurry?
NOT SO FAST, SMALL-FRY! I JUST GOT HERE!
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE DONNIE! SIS IS ALL FED UP WITH DATES THAT HAVE BAD BREATH!
WOW! THAT'S LETTING ME HAVE IT, KID!
AN' YOU KNOW SOMETHING, DONNIE? THE RADIO SAID PEOPLE WITH BAD BREATH HAD OUGHTA SEE THEIR DENTIST! SO WHY DON'T YOU?
DON SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH - HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES - STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS - REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
BYE NOW, JOANIE! DON AND I ARE OFF FOR SOME RHYTHM ROCKING!
SO GIVE WITH THE HAT, HONEYCHILE! THIS TIME - I AM IN A HURRY!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

Some guys (and gals) have all the luck!

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS... his one-and-only in his arms... and to top it off she's about to hand him the finest gift in the world, a new Remington Electric Shaver.

There's luck for you!

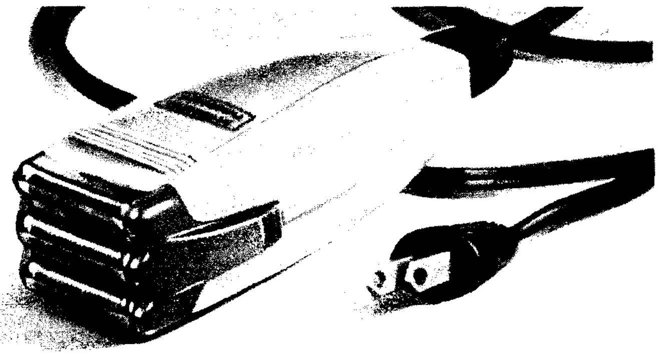
Remington Shavers are mighty scarce this year. Production is still limited, and when you consider the millions of men who want them—well, only the extra-lucky can count on having one *this* Christmas.

Another reason why there are so few Remington Electric Shavers in the stores is that a large share of our production still goes to the Army and Navy on priority orders. Wounded servicemen in Government hospitals and airmen whose faces are susceptible to frostbite appreciate the extra comfort and convenience of a good electric shaver.

But here's a suggestion. Should your dealer be sold out, ask him for one of his gift priority certificates.* This will reserve a Remington for you from his next shipment. That's the next best thing for a man who has his heart set on a Remington Electric Shaver.

***DEALERS:** *If you do not have your own gift certificates to use, wire to our factory for a supply of special Remington Shaver Gift and Priority Certificates.*

Illustrated—The famous Remington Threesome—$17.50. Also available in limited quantities, the new, streamlined Remington Dual—$15.75.



REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS

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If you are fortunate enough to own a Remington, let us help you keep it in good condition. There are Remington Shaver service stations at Remington Rand stores in 77 cities. If you cannot locate one near you, write to Remington Rand, Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn. In Canada, Remington Rand, Ltd., Toronto.

driver's seat of the sheriff's car and ambled around to look in at Benedict.

"Well?" Benedict asked impatiently.

"Hello, Mr. Benedict," Pat said. He lifted his ten-gallon hat by its curling brim. He set it back farther on his head and put his hands on Benedict's rolled down window. "You got your mind set on trouble, ain't you?"

Benedict frowned. "I'm in a hurry. Just give me the ticket and I'll be on my way."

"Get out," Pat said softly.

"Wait a minute. I said I'd take the ticket. What else do you want—my autograph?"

"Get out," Pat repeated.

"Take your hands off my car."

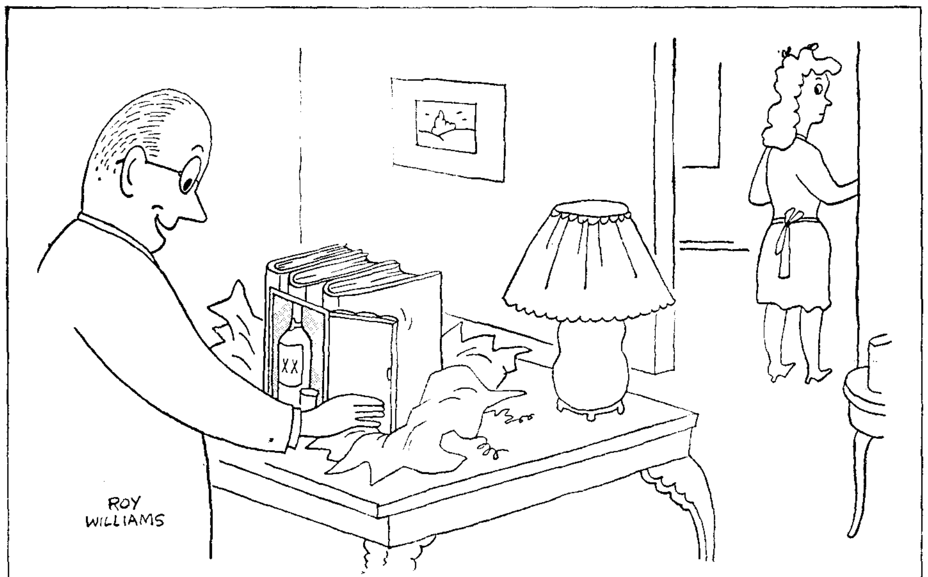
WITHOUT speaking, Pat jerked the car door open and grasping Benedict's shirt front, pulled him into the street. Caught by surprise, Benedict had no chance to resist. He stumbled, righted himself and whirled on Pat, white with rage.

"What the hell—"

"What you need to learn, son, is a little respect for the law. You're liable to get in trouble, the way you act. You don't think nothin' of hurtin' our feelin's." Pat took his arm and pushed him along in front of him. "The sheriff's office is over there across the street. Suppose you and me go in and talk it over."

Benedict jerked his arm loose.

"Listen, you—"



"Honey, look what the book-of-the-month club sent us this time"

COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

Pat's expression did not change. But his hand descended quickly, lightly, and a weighted sap met bone beneath Benedict's ear. Benedict reeled and Pat thrust out his arm to support him.

When the mists dissolved from Benedict's eyes, he found himself slumped in a folding chair against the wall of the sheriff's office. The overhead light was still swinging back and forth on its green cord, washing the room with shadow-waves. Benedict's head ached. He moved and found that the motion of the light was making him sick. Pat was sitting opposite him, paring his nails with a penknife. As Benedict looked up, he set the penknife carefully beside him on the desk and swept the nail parings neatly into the wastepaper basket.

"Cooled off a little?" he asked comfortably.

Benedict frowned. The action shot his brain through with a network of red-hot wires. He wet his lips.

"What's it all about?" he mumbled.

Pat smiled. He shifted his weight in the swivel chair so that his knees were on a level with the desk, and clasped his hands behind his head. "I don't like to have trouble with you guys. But when I ask you to get out of your car I expect you to do it politely. I make allowances when you're drunk, but not too many allowances. I don't like for you to lose respect for the law."

"Drunk? I'm not drunk."

"You been drinkin'."

"I have not. And you know it."

Pat smiled, pleasantly disbelieving.

"I tell you, I'm not drunk." Benedict stood up, pressing his fingernails into his palms to keep the room steady about him. "I've got to get out of here. What do you want? Money? I'll give it to you, but let me go."

Pat unwound his long legs from the desk and stood up in leisurely fashion. He walked over to Benedict and shoved him back into his chair. "That sounded almost like you was offerin' to bribe an officer of the law."

"What do you want?"

Pat pulled him to his feet. "You think you're a big shot, don't you, Mr. Benedict? You can drive through town in a big car, breakin' all the rules, refuse to stop, talk back to an officer. Then you can bribe your way out just like that." Suiting his action to his words, he flung Benedict back, sending him crashing against the chair so that he carried it with him to the floor.

Benedict sat crouched over, gazing stupidly at the boards of the floor. Three slow, welling spots of blood stained the boards. He put his hand up to his cheek and found the ragged gash the metal corner of the chair had carved in his face.

Pat's voice continued, low and measured in his ear. "You guys interest me. You think you can just take out a bank roll, and a poor old desert character like me is goin' to lick your feet, don't you?" He jabbed Benedict's ribs with the toe of his boot. "Don't you?" he prompted. "You can be real airy when we tell you to stop—you just brush us off. You figure you can pay us off when you get good and ready, don't you?" He kicked harder with his boot. "I like to meet up with big shots. I think it does 'em a lot of good to find out how the other half lives."

He bent down and jerked Benedict up by the front of his shirt. "So now maybe, I think we'll have a good long talk. Just you and me."

The door clicked softly behind him and Luke Sheldon came in. He ambled over slowly and laid a large hand on Pat's arm.

"What do you think you're doing?" he asked.

Pat pulled his arm loose from Luke's grasp and let Eddie fall back against the wall. His green eyes shone with anger and excitement.

"Hello, Luke. Sit down. I'm havin' a little chat with the big shot here."

"Yeah," Luke said. "So I heard. I saw his car across the street. I thought I'd better take a run in here and see what it was all about." His eyes took in the bleeding gash, the blood-stained ripped shirt. "What's he done?"

"Drivin' around town, drunk."

Luke nodded. "Sure he's drunk?"

"Don't he look it?"

Luke bent forward and grasping Benedict's jawbone turned his head gently to one side so that the red spot behind his ear was picked up by the light. He extended Benedict his hand and helped him to his feet.

"He looks like he's gotten a load of somebody's blackjack," he said quietly, "if that's what you mean."

"He talked back."

"Yeah. I can imagine." He looked at Benedict. "Can you make it out of here under your own power?"

Benedict nodded.

"Well, I think that's what you better do."

Pat's eyes flickered. "Wait a minute, Luke. I told you he was drunk. He's goin' to get booked and thrown in the can."

"I don't think so."

"I was goin' to take him up to Doc and have him certified first."

"Get on your way, Benedict."

Pat retreated so that he stood with his strong body blocking the doorway. "We had to stop him," he said.

Luke's arm went out, pushing Pat aside. "You can't stop people that way."

As Benedict walked out unsteadily and crossed the street toward his car, Pat's eyes grew shrewd. "Now what do you figure to happen to Paula?"

He had planned it as a surprise, but Luke only shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "That's up to her. It's got to be. It's this strong-arm way of doing things that set her up for Benedict in the first place."

Pat was still staring after Benedict. He had sprung Paula's name only as part of an argument. Since it had failed, he forgot her. "You can't let that guy go," he said. "He can make a hell of a lot of trouble—bein' questioned rough and then let go."

"He won't make trouble. But I will."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to make so much trouble you'll retire from sheriffing. Right now. As soon as you can wind up your business."

"The judge—"

"And the judge will withdraw from the next election. When your ship sinks he'll know his is next."

"You can't do it."

"I can do it. I've got you good with this, Pat. And you know it."

"You go to a lot of trouble to get a racketeer out of a jam, don't you?" Pat's smile insinuated something more.

Luke pulled up his holster. He ignored the double meaning.

"What's your pay-off, Luke?"

Luke paused. He seemed to consider the matter thoughtfully. "I don't know," he said at last. "I guess it must be seeing guys walk out of a peace office with the same faces they wore in."

He went out without looking back.

BERLE LINDQUIST arrived at Fritzi's house in a flurry of nervous excitement. Fritzi let him in the door and he scurried breathlessly ahead of her into the parlor. "My dear, they have him. Pat has him. He must have come into town—" Seeing Paula at the coffee table, he stopped speaking.

Fritzi ambled into the parlor and sat down on the sofa. "Go on, Berle. Who do they have?"

Berle glanced meaningfully at Paula.

Fritzi nodded. "Paula and I understand each other. You can tell me in front of her. So they have Benedict."

Paula let the cards slip from her hands. She sat very still, scarcely bothering to breathe. Oh my God, no. Oh my God no, she thought—If you can keep saying that hard enough you can't hear any of it, any of what they're saying.

"Well, that is—I was passing the sheriff's office. Just now. That flashy big car of his was parked outside. Next to Pat's."

"Stop it!" Paula got up and walked to the window where she stood with her back to the room. "Leave him alone, Fritzi," she said. Her voice was dead. "I'll do whatever you tell me to. Just let him go and you've won."

Fritzi watched her. "You're damn' right, I've won already."

"Let him go without hurting him."

"I'll do what I see fit, Paula—" Suddenly, her voice died away.

A car was roaring into the driveway.

Fritzi turned her head toward the window. "Who's that?"

Judge Lindquist stood up. "Maybe it's Pat."

Footsteps pounded on the porch. Before Fritzi could reach the front door, it swung open. In another moment, Eddie Benedict stood in the hall archway, looking at them. He was still bleeding from Pat's beating. His face was violent and deadly.

(To be concluded next week)

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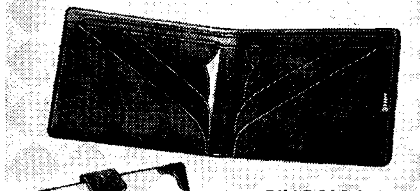

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The Case of the Cut-Rate Dream

Continued from page 17

faith in the Center and the clear understanding that, come what may, they will continue to work for the theater. Even Newbold Morris, who has tied his fortunes so closely with Mayor La Guardia that at times he appears to be the mayor's *alter* (suave-side) *ego*, says he will stick his chin and his good right hand 'way out to help the new administration continue the Center's operations.

By the end of the first year and a half, more than a million people had piled in to see the plays, the opera, the orchestra and the ballet. Windbreakers and ear muffs set the first nights apart from the usual Broadway opening, but even so, an ermine wrap turned up now and again. Whole families marched in together to see the operas. Secretaries dropped by on their way home from work to catch the Symphonies at Six—Leopold Stokowski's prize gift to the commuter who doesn't want to linger in town until 8:40 for his entertainment. There were thousands of single seats sold, a sure-fire estimate of how many people really wanted to come, and there was an equally large number of 100-seat blocks ordered by unions, schools and similarly organized groups.

The homey, happy quality of the audience brought out a new enthusiasm from both sides of the footlights. Stokowski, who is not noted for his on-stage pleasantries, told his first-night audience, "I like you," and since then, he has never bothered the latecomers, although when he was head of the Philadelphia Orchestra, he frequently stopped the music cold if anyone came in late.

"I know that they try here," he said. "I can feel it. They come to hear the music."

The Center's music, under Stokowski, hit a higher standard than its stage productions. Susan and God was described by one critic as a "five-year-old box-office gimcrack." And while such plays as The Patriots, Our Town, and Carmen Jones struck a higher level dramatically, they, too, were not as young as they used to be—or old enough to be classic.

Genius Goes to Work Again

Stokowski's programs, on the other hand, brought the very best in music, and with his usual genius for transmuting a group of musicians into a first-class orchestra, the halo-haired maestro made the Center symphony into an important musical group.

He opened it to any professional of any race or sex, and fixed it so that any war veteran could walk in and get an audition and a frank discussion of his talents tomorrow. His three-day series of Christmas concerts was a notable contribution, and his special programs for high-school students threatened to rival Artie Shaw, the King of Swing, in popularity.

Perhaps it was with one eye on these youngsters that Stokowski's successor was picked this fall—handsome Leonard Bernstein, who, at 27, has not only conducted the New York Philharmonic Symphony but has also composed the musical score for a hit Broadway show On the Town. Bernstein, a Harvard graduate and a former pupil of Sergei Koussevitsky, will, like Stokowski, work for free.

Eventually, the Center hopes to have its own repertory theater, with its own players, its own authors, its own theatrical director, just as it now has its own symphony. How soon this extra dream will come into being depends on several things, notable among which is talent, and not, as you might think, money.

While the Center is admittedly hampered by insufficient funds, there is a feeling that there is always more money where the first came from, if there is sufficient confidence that the Center has the personnel to spend it properly.

The Center expects to take its case to the rank and file of the citizenry and solicit promises of annual donations. So far, it has made money on all shows it booked in, but it has lost on its own ventures—the orchestra and the opera. Unless it wants to take a cheap-John role as a second-run playhouse, it must continue to encourage its own productions and it must insure its future with a fan following that is not unwilling to invest in its hopes. There was, for instance, a deficit of $35,908 last spring. Of this, $25,235 was the orchestra's deficit. La Guardia said it was the union; critics said it was the orchestra's ambitious choice of music.

The major portion of the rest of the deficit was the opera's deficit—after, mind you, the highly profitable tour of The Gypsy Baron. And there we run into Mr. Morris' own private dream. Mr. Morris is not content with merely one city center—he wants dozens all over the country—for a very sound reason. Only through a circuit of city centers, he says, can any of them hope to succeed. A circuit can guarantee larger audiences, wider support, more incentive to young talent and can provide a more fertile field for experimentation.

On the purely dollar side of his reasoning, he cites the case of The Gypsy Baron, the opera which took to the road last winter and came back with a profit of $20,000. This may be peanuts to the producer of a Broadway hit, but note what the City Center opera's losses would have been without it. If, Morris says, a better-known opera, or perhaps a more highly publicized one, were sent on the road, there is no telling what it could do—especially if a circuit of theaters was already set up to welcome it with open arms, and, of course, an advance sale.

Such a circuit, he believes, may come about in two ways: (1) The city governments themselves may start them. Mayor La Guardia talked to countless mayors in New York State and found a wide enthusiasm. (2) The people—led by a group of civic-minded individuals—may start their own centers in the same way they have started symphony orchestras in the past.

INTERNATIONAL

Traffic cop Ian Cosman made the grade as Turiddu in Cavalleria

The Center now has another dream—its own building. If encouraged, Mr. Morris may give away a minor state secret. He'll tell you that somehow the Center has got it in its head that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wants to build it a building. Mr. Morris will confess that now and again the board of directors just pushes the business of the day to one side and talks about that building. They have the site all picked out, and they've even cleared a parking lot across the street and planted maples on the corners. In the building there's to be a theater, rooms for a theatrical school, a place downstairs for a supper club, and a garden out in back for beer drinking.

It gets down to specific details then, this dreaming, and envisions a big house with fine acoustics, and all the time it hasn't cost Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., a penny, any more than it cost the city a penny to dream of the Center which finally took its birthright from the people's own hands to become a reality. And that's how centers anywhere are born.

THE END

Seventy Million Problem Children

Continued from page 23

The current political situation in Japan baffles and disgusts him. To his mind all politicians are in the same class with the military gang who tricked his country into a war it didn't want—they're thieves and swindlers. He can't understand why every man who held an official position during the war years hasn't been thrown out on his ear. That goes for the current stopgap civil brass hats. Look at the showing the Higashi-Kuni cabinet made during the first month of occupation. When Prince Higashi-Kuni, Emperor Hirohito's cousin, was named Premier, he promised his people that his new government would work night and day to help them get out of the mess they had been plunged into by the war. It was a large, extravagant promise full of sanguine but vague reforms.

What happened? This cabinet accomplished nothing constructive. Instead of relieving the critical food shortage this group of "reformers" sat on its hands and allowed the black market to exact new, fabulous prices. A pound of rice costs eighty times as much this fall as the price set by the government last spring. The price of wheat increased three thousand per cent; potatoes jumped almost as high.

The common people of Japan couldn't understand that kind of reform. And they held little hope for improvement when a new cabinet, headed by Baron Shidehara, took over. True, Shidehara was a liberal who had been forced by militarists to retire from public life, but he was too old at 73 to handle such a job. Even the ministers he picked weren't optimistic about the immediate future of their country. For one thing, they didn't expect the food situation to improve. Ten days after taking office, Kemzo Matsumura, the new Minister of Agriculture, said bluntly that he expected food riots during the coming winter, and if the people of Japan wanted to avoid mass starvation, they had better include grasshoppers and acorns in their daily meals.

Shuto Kawahata, who operates a hairpin factory with three employees in Shimotakaido, a Tokyo suburb, had his own comments on the minister's announcement. Kawahata, a noncom in the Japanese army, ate very well, but since demobilization he's had to scrape to get enough food for his wife and two children.

"If our rations are cut much further," he said, "we'll all starve. But I'm sure the Americans will not let that happen. They seem to want us to take up democracy, but if that means people dying in the streets, we won't have anything to do with it. Anyway, I don't believe they hate us that much."

The outlook is pretty black and getting blacker. The current rice crop, damaged by typhoons, will be the poorest in thirty-six years. While the soaring cost of living took more and more yen out of the Jap workingman's pocket, he got additional bad news. The wages he had been getting while the war was on were abnormally high, he was told, and now that the emergency was over, they would return to the prewar rate. Day laborers, for example, had their wages cut twenty per cent. Jobs aren't easy to get, either.

People in Japan's industrial cities and towns face the worst hand-to-mouth problem. With more than two million bombed out of their homes, many of them will huddle together through bleak winter months in the crude, corrugated metal shacks thrown up hastily in the ruined areas.

Farmers Didn't Fare Too Badly

They will have plenty of time then to wonder why Japan wasn't content to remain an agricultural country instead of attempting abortively to become a mighty industrial and military empire. These urban Japs envy and resent their countrymen who were sane enough to stick to the land. As a class, the farmers survived the war better than most, and some of them even prospered because of it. Through those lean war years they usually had ample food, their lives and homes weren't endangered by enemy air raids, and in addition to their legitimate income, many farmers found a new lucrative sideline in the Yami, Japan's black market.

The routine was very simple for any Jap farmer who had no conscience to bother him. After he had planted, cultivated and reaped his regular crops, a specific quota—between seventy and eighty per cent—of his produce was supposed to be turned over to the government to feed the military and for rationing to civilians. The remainder he could keep for his own family's needs. This last item was the keystone of the Yami food trade, for, by planting more than he reported to the government, he could hide out the excess yield and sell it at fancy black-market prices.

Practically every person in Japan operated in the black market, stating frankly that he had to because the amount of food doled out monthly by the government was enough to last only three weeks. Technically there were strict laws and dire penalties prescribed for anyone who ignored ceiling prices. Enforcement, however, was farcical. An occasional arrest was made, and the Yami goods were confiscated, but this was window dressing, for everybody knows that the Japanese army authorities sponsored black marketing and that the police found a way to be cut in on it. Within recent months, however, the willing customers of Yami have been facing a new crisis. Farmers and other black-market operators often refuse to make cash sales, but demand clothing and other equally scarce commodities in exchange for their food products. The reason? Yami merchants have piled up more cash reserves than they need, and besides, there is precious little merchandise to buy with folding yen.

The perplexed city worker is stoical about it. You can read this stoicism in the deadpan expressions of Jap men and women waiting in long lines for hours to draw their meager rations of rice, a handful of potatoes or a few dabs of soya paste. There is no recognizable suggestion of a master race in the shabby figures you see pouring through the bomb debris of Tokyo or Yokohama or Osaka to salvage charred sticks of wood, chunks of partially burned coal, broken tiles, apparently useless strips of twisted metal, most of which a professional scavenger would pass by.

When he is busying himself with such chores, ask him a few pertinent questions on current Allied occupation events. An interpreter bridges the gap in languages. Ask him what form of democracy he believes will be best for his people. What government leaders does he intend to vote for in the elections scheduled for January? Does he think it's wise to let the women vote? Has he any suggestions on reforming the education system of Japan? How long does he estimate it will take to get the nation back on its

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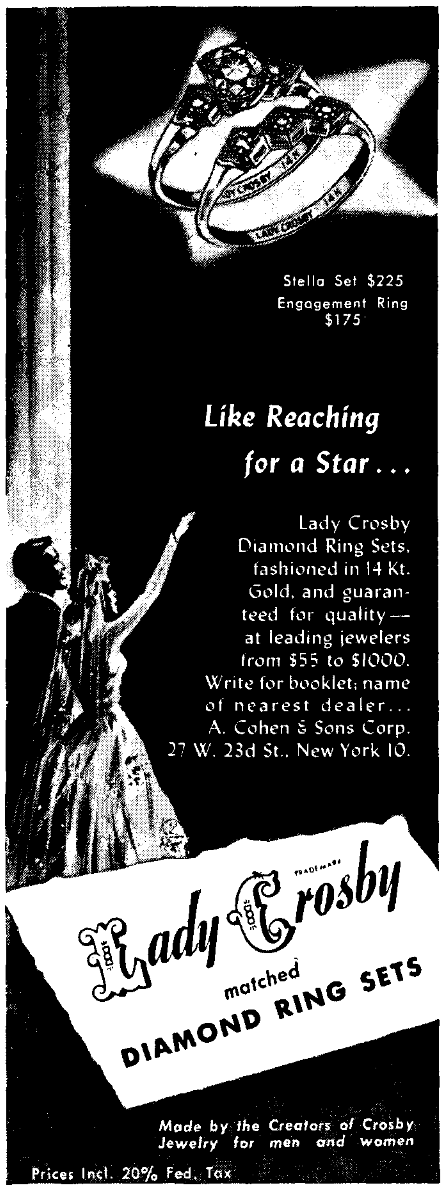
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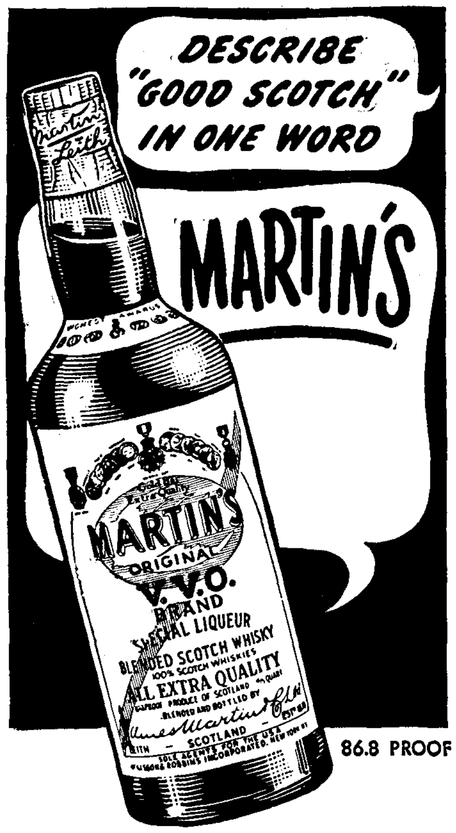
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feet and be capable of conducting its own affairs without benefit of an occupation force?

The composite answers to these questions are enlightening and startling. He admits he has no clear conception of what any brand of democratic government could do to help him individually, because all his lifetime he's had so little opportunity to govern his personal affairs. Vaguely and cautiously he agrees that a sound democracy, administered by capable, honest officials, would probably solve many of his problems but he'd want to know much more about such a revolutionary change before committing himself.

About the choice of new leaders, he is equally at loss for ideas. His suggestions on this are preponderantly negative and of a pattern: "Get rid of those political crooks in office now. They're doing us no good; in fact, they're slowing up our recovery with their antiquated, grasping methods. Replace them with young, aggressive leaders who know the real meaning of patriotism—men we can trust."

Try to pin down your outraged citizen to name his favorite reform candidate and again he reverts to Oriental generalities. No, he hasn't any specific saviors in mind, but there must be plenty of good material among the rising generation, liberal-minded youngsters eager to run for office on a progressive platform. But, he warns you, the old-time politicians are not going to give up any of their power without a struggle, and they probably will try to operate behind the scenes, using their own hand-picked candidates as stooges. Let's have none of that trickery. The man in the street is emphatic about this.

Throughout these relayed conversations your briefest questions get a long, wordy Japanese reply punctuated by much gesturing of the hands and head-nodding. To get a simple "yes" or "no" from the Jap you must wait until he warms up to his subject and carries on what sounds like a debate between the interpreter and himself. You must be patient, remembering his rigid Oriental rule not to use one word or sentence when he can add several more to clear up the issue.

A Subject No One Discusses

Most of the females, young and old, are dressed in *mompei*, a ski suit style which they decided was more practical in wartime than the traditional kimono. Their reaction to that stock query, "Do you believe in equal rights for women, the right to vote, the right to run for public office?" is usually a giggle from the teen-age bobby-soxer, no reaction at all or a diffident shrug of the shoulders from the older women. The men pretend they didn't understand the question.

By probing more deeply you can find a logical reason for each of these attitudes. From her childhood days the Japanese female has been taught by the superior male that her place in the social scheme is a narrow groove which allows her to grow up and marry the male her family picks for her, entertain and cook for him, make his home livable and bear his children. She also is family treasurer and is expected to spend each sen wisely, and there, in the old pre-surrender, predemocracy days, her job ended. The master of the household was its official spokesman and decided the family policy—after, of course, he had been told by his old feudal superiors how to think and talk and act.

The older generation of Japanese women have become as accustomed to this mode of living as they are to their rice and tea. Respecting and pampering their menfolk has become such a deep-rooted habit that the thought of a Japanese housewife filling out a ballot or pulling a voting machine lever seems more preposterous to her than entering a shrine in a one-piece bathing suit. No, at 25 or 30 or 40, Mama-san has decided it's too late for an old she dog to learn new tricks; besides, she hasn't time now to think seriously about it.

Consulted privately, Mama-san's 16-year-old daughter might express a little interest in voting, provided someone explained what it was all about. If she's a city girl, she still remembers the Hollywood movies she saw a few years back. With a secret thrill, she recalls the daring costumes and the spiked heels. She has heard vaguely about attempts to emancipate her sex in Japan, to let her wear American clothes all the time, go dancing with the boys to swing music, select her husband personally and get a permanent wave. If those are the benefits of woman suffrage maybe she'll be ready to try it—in a few years. That's about as much enthusiasm as you can stir up in the average Jap female on her right to vote.

The cheers, however, are slightly louder for the proposed reform of Japan's educational system. Students and ex-students are heard condemning their schools. Their main objection is that Japanese schools teach them to use their minds for mechanical memorizing, and not for reasoning or understanding. A middle-school pupil, for example, might cram day and night for an examination and pass it with excellent marks, but if you were to ask him some of the same exam questions a week later, he would draw a blank.

They insist that every plank in the entire educational structure, from the Ministry of Education in Tokyo down to the smallest country school, is archaic and rotten. Teachers are poorly trained and so poorly paid that the job isn't attractive to competent talent. To illustrate how low the scholastic standard has dropped, they point out that during the war the widow of a man killed in action was eligible to take a six-months course in teaching and be assigned to a school, although she may have had no previous training.

In mid-October, school strikes began popping up all over the Tokyo area and as far north as the island of Hokkaido. Principals and teachers were accused, not only of falling down on their professional jobs, but also of appropriating student-grown vegetables to sell on the black market and pocket the proceeds. At the Shimane Prefectural Agricultural and Forestry School, 180 third-year students submitted a petition, dramatically signed in blood, demanding abolishment of military subjects.

Today Jap school bigwigs glance over their shoulders at the tall gentleman in O.D. uniform making an official visit and think wistfully of the good old strong-arm days. Then they resume the lengthy conferences held every day to discuss the new educational program which the Supreme Allied Commander insists that the Japs themselves put into effect.

Meanwhile, some 70,000,000 Japs, young and old, are waiting to be modernized by that program. Instruction will not be limited to schools and books. Via Japanese newspapers, magazines and radio, stage and screen shows, the advantages of living in a democratic state will be revealed to the eyes and ears of Emperor Hirohito's subjects, regardless of age or social position.

Here is the world's biggest kindergarten—Japan, with millions of pupils, all problem children who now promise to behave if we can show them how. They confess having been bad boys and girls, "but please don't blame us so much as the militarists and governmental crooks who led us astray. Punish the war criminals, boil them in oil, and Japan will be a more desirable place to live in."

Poor Material for Democracy

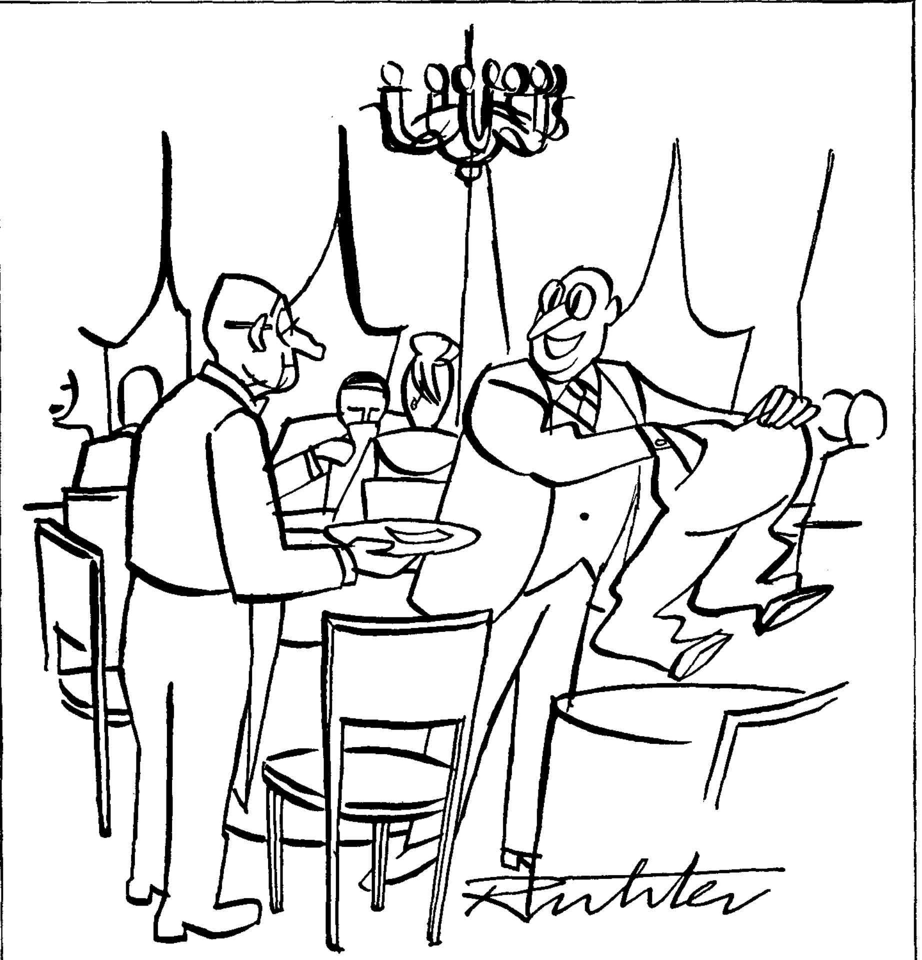
The experts sent out by Washington to launch this mass instruction program are also going to enhance their own education by observing the habits and mental make-up of their pupils. The old Japan hands among them will not be baffled by the Japs' devious methods or the endless paradoxes in everyday Japanese life, because these veterans have seen the show before. The newcomers, however, may feel that no matter how much they try to understand the Japanese or how diligently they work to convert these people into Occidental-type democratic citizens, the results of both are fruitless, discouraging and they may want to give up and go home.

Hardheaded realists out here in Japan will not take such a gloomy attitude. They will appreciate the job they're tackling which may take 25 to 50 years to complete, and the rest of the world will benefit if we push it through.

As to our understanding the Jap mentality, it isn't unusual for a Jap to admit he doesn't understand himself or his people. One of these, an intelligent young artist who had lived and studied abroad, offers the following analysis of his countrymen, the race we are setting out to re-educate:

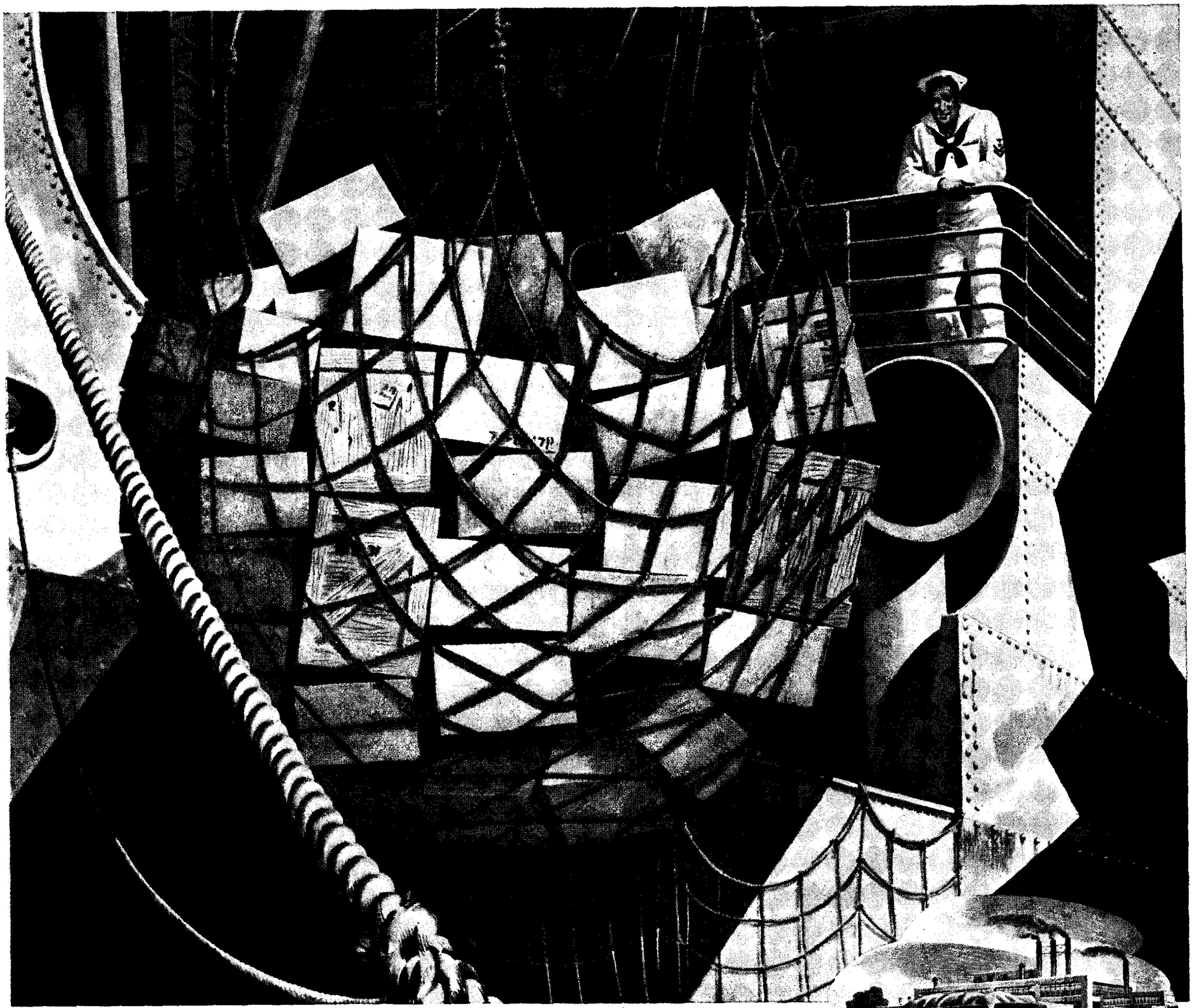
"The Japanese are ceremonious but not mannerly, school graduates but not educated, conventional but not moral, servile but not loyal, tentatively patriotic but not public spirited, obstinate but not determined, vain but not self-respecting, gregarious but not social, polite but not considerate, cowed but not disciplined, vindictive but not just, propitiatory but not generous, sentimental but not kind."

THE END



COLLIER'S "I'm always leaving my wallet in my other trousers" MISCHA RICHTER

Keeping a Date with a Sailor



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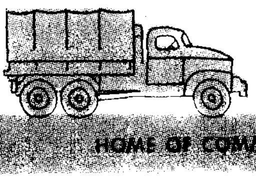

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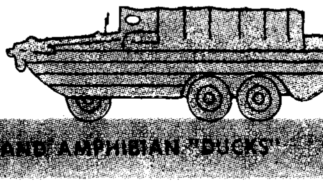

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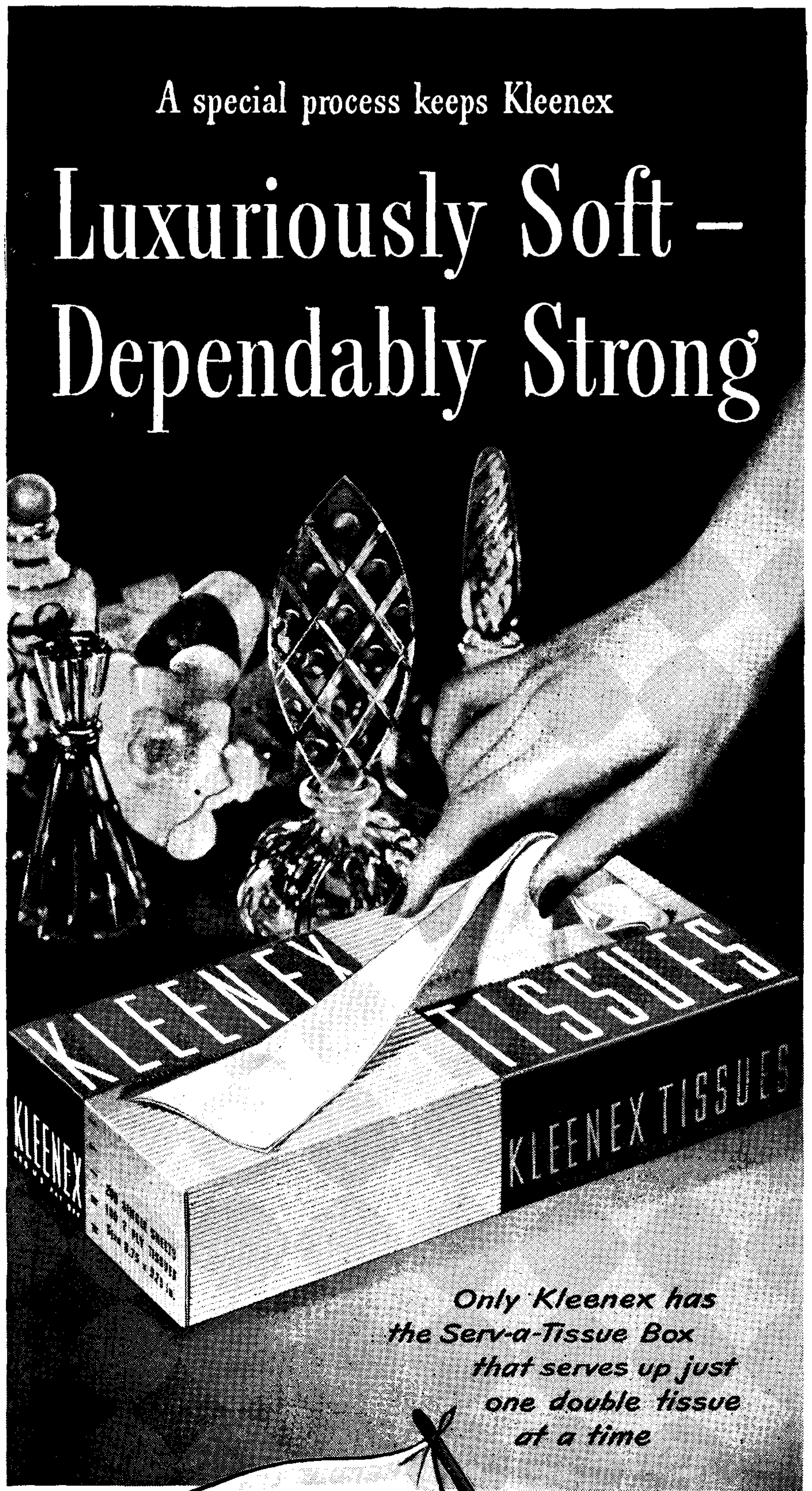

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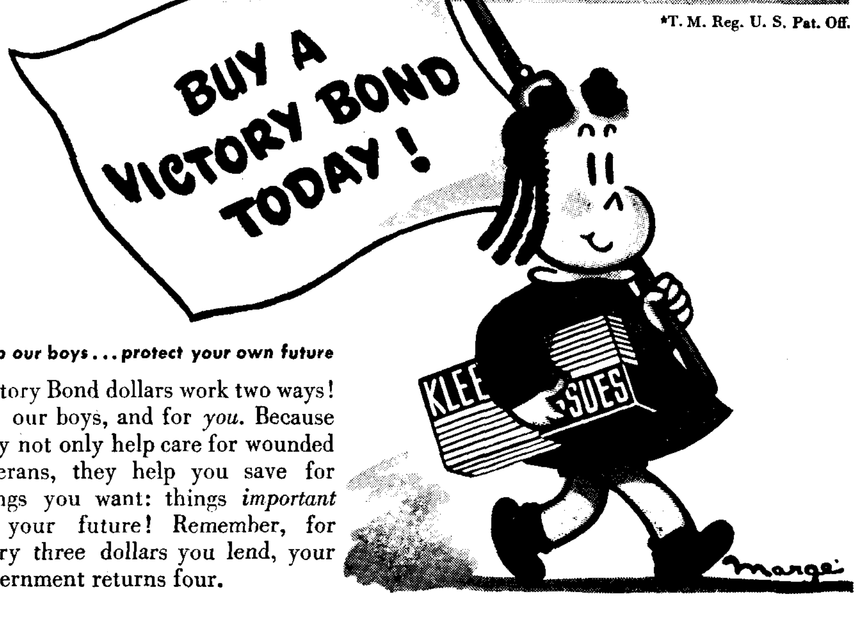
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Chicken Business

Continued from page 37

that small enclosure and in another minute the Brahman had had enough. He was bleeding from his luxurious comb and wattles, and something seemed wrong with one of his wings. He squawked in a paroxysm of terror and fled in the wildest abandon about the pen while the hens shrieked with amazement.

Alarmed at the uproar I ran into the hen yard, tucked the victorious and still yelling Reddy under my arm, and was streaking homeward across the Van Norman back lot when Mr. Van Norman hailed me: "Wait a moment, Jeff. What have you got there?" he called.

I hadn't seen Mr. Van Norman since the time he lost two hundred dollars to Father in the race between his black mare and our fast-stepping carriage horse, Dick. Mr. Van Norman was an elderly man with a long white beard which reached to his waist, and in some queer way I thought he must look almost exactly like God. Now I halted and said evasively, "It's just a chicken."

Mr. Van Norman came up and peered at Reddy closely. His faded old eyes twinkled. "Just a chicken, eh?" he said softly. "That's not just a chicken. It's a Black-Breasted Red fighting cock. Do you know what I think, Jeffie?"

"N-no, sir."

Mr. Van Norman was laughing so that his beard shook. "I think you're just a chip off the old block. Well, well, Jeffie. You tell your father that we might arrange to have a little fun."

Then he turned and walked away, still laughing.

THE following day was Saturday and I spent most of it grooming Reddy, sharpening his spurs until they were like sewing needles and feeding him bits of raw beefsteak which I found in Mother's icebox. I had always heard that raw meat made dogs more combative and I reasoned that it ought to affect a fighting cock in the same manner. It was mid-afternoon when I glanced through the meshed wire of our chicken run to see Mrs. Bascombe striding like a grenadier up our front walk.

Numb with apprehension, I dashed into the kitchen and was listening at the door which led into the living room when Mrs. Bascombe came in. She and Mother talked for a while about the activities of the W.C.T.U. Then suddenly I heard Mrs. Bascombe say: "Lucy, the most amazing thing has happened. I shall never again believe in the innate gentleness of our sex."

Mother must have looked her surprise for Mrs. Bascombe rushed on excitedly: "Lucy, it was the most astonishing thing. Those hens of mine, those lovely White Brahmas, turned on my old rooster and simply tore him to pieces. I am seriously considering calling the veterinary. The poor old thing just stands in the corner and mopes. And his beautiful red comb—it's absolutely *shredded*. I have never been so shocked in my life. I think I shall write a paper touching on the abuse of power by females when they find themselves in the majority. Of course, Lucy, it's well known that there are more women in the world than men. It's something to consider."

Even through the screening door I could hear Mother gasp. "Why, why," she stuttered, "I've never heard of such a thing. Do you mean to say those hens *attacked* the rooster?"

"Precisely," Mrs. Bascombe replied. "Doubtless due to some strange frustration. I shall study the matter."

I had heard enough. I fled.

That night Father came into the house chuckling. "Old Van Norman still takes the long road home with that fancy mare of his," he said. "He doesn't come our way any more since we showed him what was what about trotting stock."

But Mother wasn't listening. She was gazing out of the window where the late afternoon sunlight lay thick as yellow cream on the lawn. I held my breath. Down at the neighborhood pasture a few blocks away, where he had gone for the family cow, I could hear Frank Greiner calling "Coo boss, coo boss," and somewhere a dog was barking. I knew Mother's eyes were on me during supper, but we were nearly finished when she said abruptly: "John, a very curious thing has happened to Mrs. Bascombe's rooster."

Father stared. "What about her rooster? Did he burst from self-esteem like I expect her to do any day?"

"No," Mother said gravely. "It seems that the hens attacked and almost killed him. Mrs. Bascombe was here this afternoon and she told me about it. She's going to write a paper on 'The Female of The Species.' She was very upset."

Father was suddenly seized by a fit of coughing. He grabbed his napkin and held it up to his face, and when he took it away his eyes were watery and his face was very red. He drank a glass of water and over its rim I could see him watching me. "Well, Lou," he said, "that just goes to show that the female is more savage than the male. Look at what the women of this town did to that pretty little Mrs. McManus, just because she was young and liked a good time and—"

"John," Mother said, "we were talking about Mrs. Bascombe's rooster."

Father gulped. "Oh, yes," he murmured. "Well, maybe they just naturally imitated Mrs. Bascombe. Now you take a man and his dog. Nine times out of ten the dog will be—"

"John," Mother said exasperatedly, "it seems to me that this is a time to be serious. I do wish you'd try to grow up."

"Why, Lou," Father said, "I was never more serious in my life. Thought transference—that's what it is just as sure as you're alive."

He pushed back his chair then and looked at me. "Well, Jeff, I'll bet you haven't got your kindling in for morning yet, have you? Guess we'd better go do it."

Getting kindling for the morning fire had always been my job and never before had Father offered to help me with it. In the back yard I was still waiting for the blow to fall when he said, "Funny about Mrs. Bascombe's rooster, wasn't it, Jeff?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose those hens just got tired of having it lorded over them by that old windbag of a rooster. You reckon that was it, Jeff?"

"I—I don't know, sir," I said, watching him closely out of the corner of my eye.

"Well," Father went on blandly, "I bet that's just what happened. But I don't think they'll do it again, do you?"

"No, sir," I said eagerly, "I guess they won't."

"That's all right, then. Only I hope the other hens in this neighborhood don't go on a rampage, too. They'd probably get so excited they'd quit laying eggs. You understand how it is?"

"Yes, sir."

Father put his hand on my shoulder and gave it a little squeeze and was turning back toward the house when he was overcome again by a bad spasm of coughing. He was still coughing when he went into the kitchen.

IT WAS two or three mornings after this when a perfect hullabaloo of crowing broke out in our neighborhood. Besides Mr. Micawber and Reddy, roosters in every hen run seemed to be yelling their heads off. But the most strident cry of all came from Van Norman's. It was a piercing, sustained, hysterical screaming, and Father threw his napkin down on the breakfast table and said peevishly, "Lou, what the devil is this neighborhood coming to? Those blasted roosters woke me up at dawn with their infernal crowing."

"I'm sure I don't know," Mother said. "Mr. Micawber never made any noise until Jeffrey brought that awful fighting cock home. It does seem to me, John—"

But Father had his ear cocked in the direction of the Van Norman house. "I didn't know Van kept chickens," he said.

"He doesn't," Mother said. "But I think

he keeps *a* chicken. John. I won't have Jeffrey—"

"Now, Lou," Father said soothingly, "you're just imagining things. I'll stroll over to Van Norman's tonight when I come home from the office.". . .

That evening Father and I went slowly along the plank sidewalk which led to Mr. Van Norman's house. It made me feel proud to walk beside Father. He was tall, prematurely gray and, I thought, very handsome. The smoke from his cigar trailed back over his shoulder in a long plume and mingled with the pungent odor of ragweed and goldenrod which grew all along the street's edge. Father was thoughtful. Once I heard him murmur: "That old blatherskite. Now I wonder—"

MR. VAN NORMAN came out on the porch when we stepped up on it. "Well, well, John," he said. "Just out for a walk?"

"Yes," Father said, "just out for a walk."

They sparred for a while and suddenly they were interrupted by a burst of wild and furious crowing. Father stared hard at Mr. Van Norman who was smiling broadly behind his thick, white beard. "You gone into the chicken business?" Father asked carelessly.

"Oh, no," Mr. Van Norman said. "It's just a cock I picked up. Beautiful bird. Like to see him, John?"

"Van, why in hell should I want to see him?" Father asked. "I'm not interested in chickens."

"Oh, I thought you were, judging from the noise I've heard coming from your place lately."

"What kind of rooster is it?" Father asked with assumed indifference.

"A Kearney Ginger Red," Mr. Van Norman said. "The finest fighting cock ever bred."

"Nonsense," Father snorted. "The Black-Breasted Red is the best cock in the world."

"Just take a look at him," Mr. Van Norman suggested. "Won't hurt you to see something that isn't a dunghill."

He led the way to the rear of his house where, in a small, newly constructed pen, the most beautiful rooster I had ever seen stared at us challengingly through the wire with his bright, wicked eyes. He was solid red in color and he stood as if he spurned the very ground that sustained him. He was smaller than Reddy but he looked as if he were possessed by demons.

"Now, there's a rooster," Mr. Van Norman said enthusiastically. "Not a crossbred dunghill. Go in close and take a good look, John."

Father went through the small gate and was advancing cautiously when something happened. There was a rush of wings and a thump, and Father leaped back, grasping his leg with both hands. "Ouch," he yelled, "the damned thing stabbed me!"

Mr. Van Norman was bent over with laughter. "That's a cock," he gasped. "Fight a man, fight a mule, fight a buzz saw."

Father glared at him. "Dammit, Van Norman," he shouted, "I believe you deliberately planned this."

"Now, John," Mr. Van Norman said, "you know I wouldn't do a thing like that. I guess he just doesn't like strangers. I'll show you how gentle he is."

He went into the pen and lifted the gamecock in his arms. "Here's a cock, John, that could lick his weight in wildcats. Look at that body. Built like a beautiful machine."

"I know nothing about wildcats," Father said grumpily, "but he couldn't lick a Black-Breasted Red."

"You wouldn't like to risk a little money on it, would you, John?" Mr. Van Norman asked tauntingly.

"Certainly not," Father snapped. "When I sink that low I'll let you know. Come along, Jeff."

As we walked homeward, Father kept muttering to himself. I heard him mention "blatherskite" and "humbug." Suddenly he turned to me: "Jeff, you keep away from the Van Norman place with that rooster of yours. I'll not have you running around the neighborhood fighting chickens. You hear me?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Do you think he could lick Reddy?"

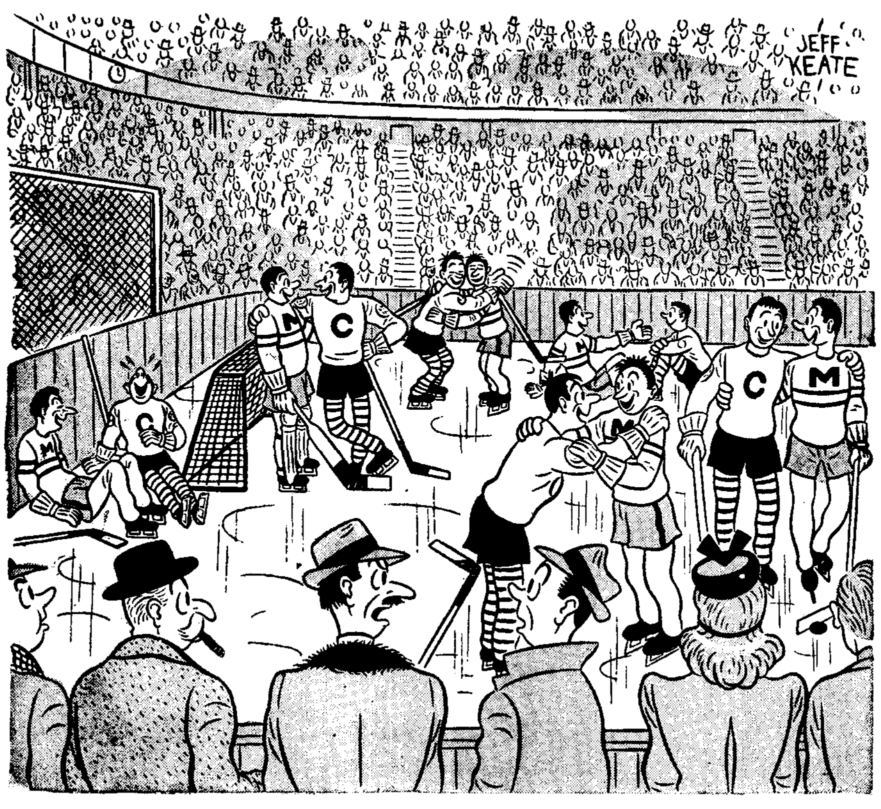
Father didn't reply at once. He was gazing off dreamily toward the low hills which followed the course of the Sioux River. At last he said, "No, of course not. Nothing could lick a Black-Breasted Red."

NEWS about Reddy spread among the boys in our neighborhood, and every day after school two or three of them were in our chicken yard admiring him. The pompous old rooster, Mr. Micawber, stalked about importantly swearing in chicken talk at Reddy and acting as if he were the center of attraction.

One afternoon Frank Greiner appeared with a stalwart Plymouth Rock under his arm. He's Mom's," he said anxiously. "And if he's hurt, I'll get a licking."

"We'll put gloves on Reddy," I said out of the depths of my newly acquired wisdom.

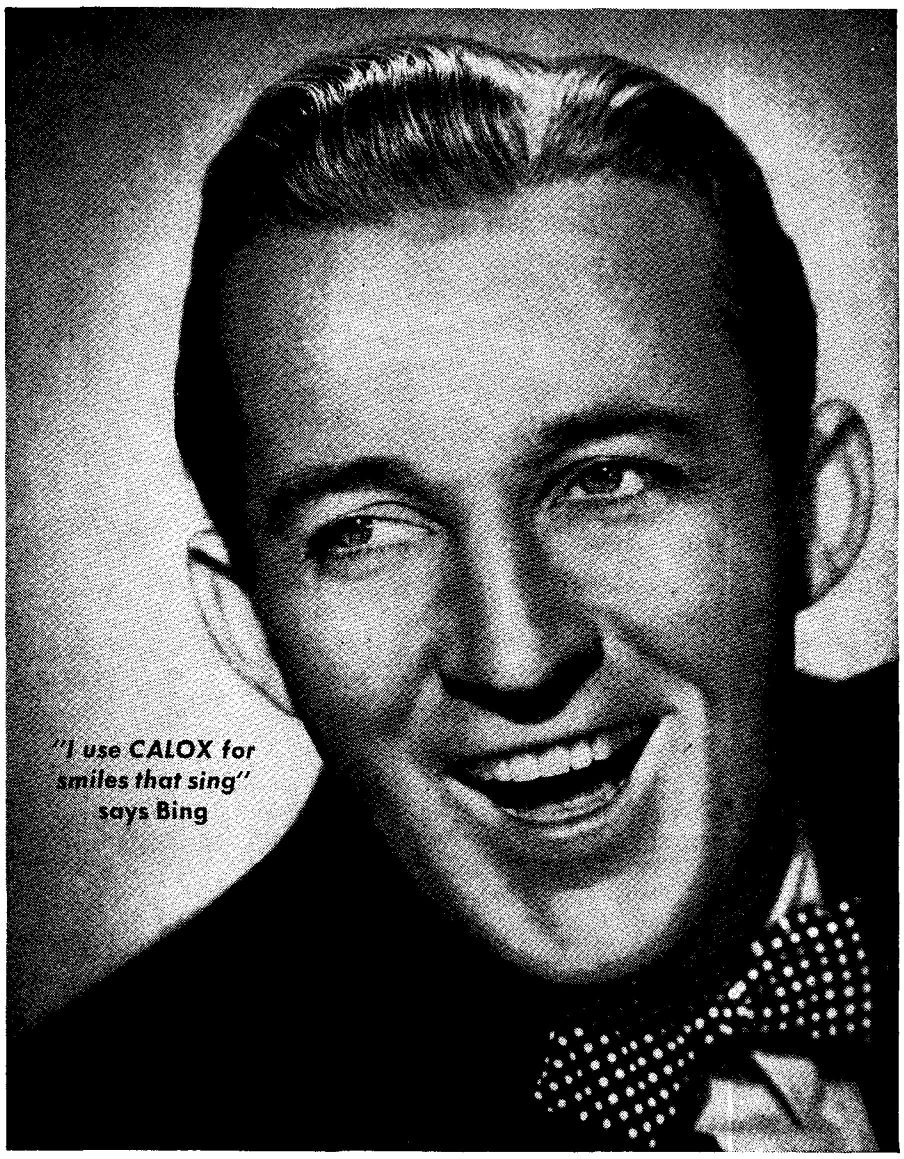
We found some strips of cloth in the buggy shed and were wrapping them around Reddy's spurs when I heard Frank gasp, and swiveling my head around, I saw Mother coming into the chicken yard, an egg basket



"This'll be a lousy game—a lot of them discovered they stormed the beaches of Normandy together"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

BING CROSBY, Starring in "Road to Utopia," a Paramount Picture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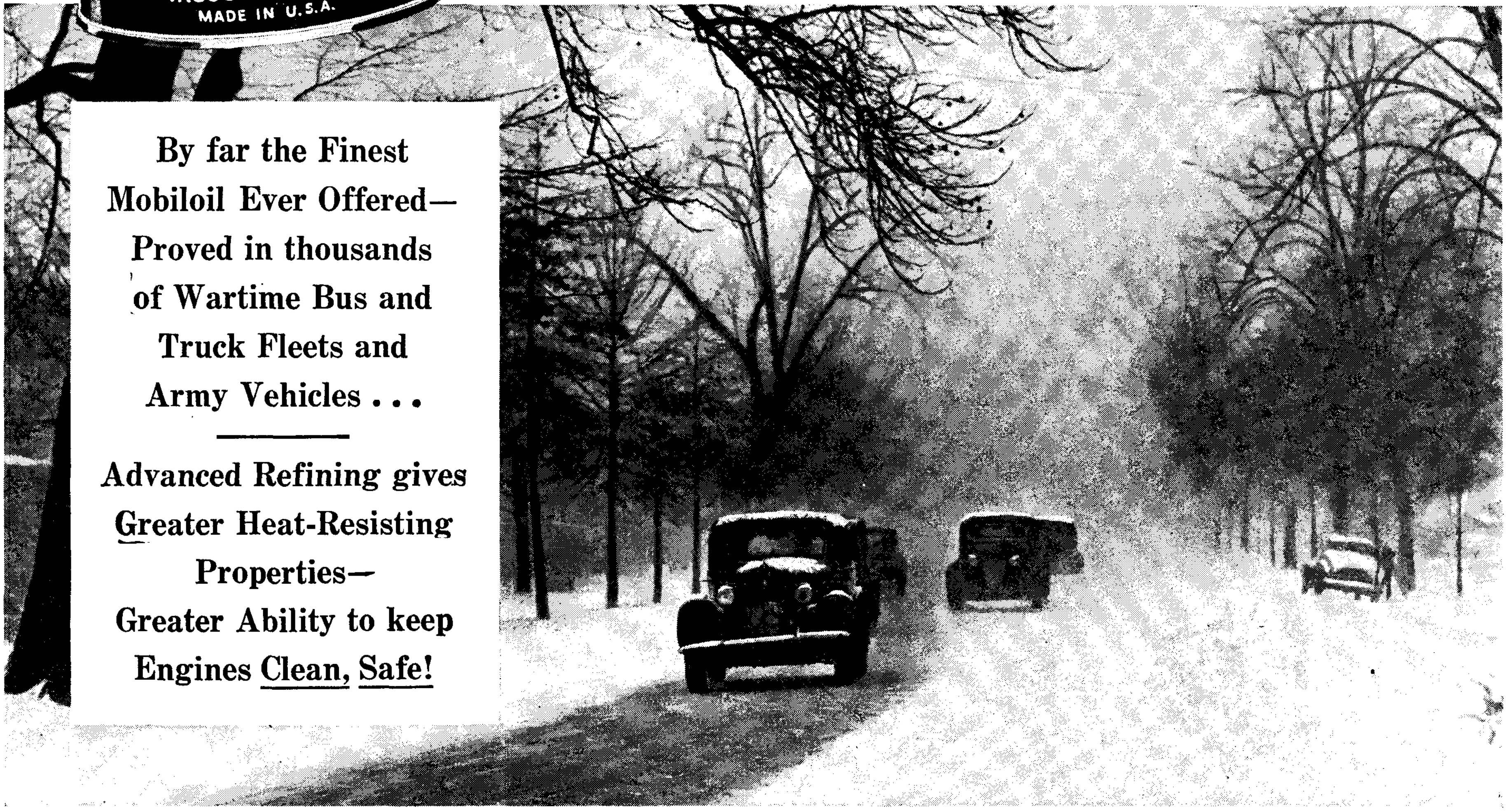

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over her arm. She looked at us a moment and then said: "Frank, don't you think you better take your nice old rooster home?"

"Yes'm," Frank gulped.

When he had scurried out of the yard, his Plymouth Rock clutched under his arm, Mother said, "You can help me gather the eggs."

Later, after we had finished and gone into the kitchen, Mother put the eggs on the table and said gently, "Jeffrey, you know what fair play is, don't you?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, do you think it's quite fair to let Reddy fight a tame old chicken that doesn't know anything about fighting?"

"We were just going to let 'em jump a few times with boxing gloves on."

"Boxing gloves?"

"Father used to put 'em on his rooster back on the farm in Illinois. He told me so."

"Merciful heavens!" Mother murmured. She gazed at me thoughtfully and then went on, "That Reddy is just a bully, Jeffrey. It's easy enough for him to thrash a poor, innocent old rooster. There are some boys like that, too, and I don't want you to idealize bullies. Sooner or later someone always makes them look small and mean. When they meet a person stronger than they, usually they're not so brave. Besides, fighting chickens aren't for boys. Will you sell me that rooster, Jeffrey?"

I shook my head, envisioning Reddy's fate in Mother's hands. She sighed, "Well, I shall have to speak to your father about it. I'll not allow you to get the wrong kind of ideas."

"Mr. Van Norman's got a gamecock, too," I said, "and last night he stuck Father in the leg with one of his spurs."

"My soul and body!" Mother murmured. In spite of herself her lips twitched. "So that's why he was rummaging in the medicine chest," she said. "Jeffrey, were they talking about a—a wager or anything like that?"

"Well, Mr. Van Norman said his Ginger Red could lick a Black-Breasted Red but Father wouldn't bet."

Mother looked thoughtful. "He must be ill," she murmured.

Just then Enga, our hired girl, came into the kitchen to start supper and I escaped.

THAT night I sat on our front porch watching the stars come out and thinking about Mr. Van Norman's Ginger Red. I was a little disappointed in Father. Mr. Van Norman had offered a challenge and Father hadn't accepted it. I was building up a big dream in my mind about how Father's faith in Black-Breasted Reds could be vindicated when I heard Mother's voice coming clearly down the front hall. "John," she was saying, "I want you to get rid of that awful fighting rooster. It's all Jeffrey thinks about, and it's time you did something about it."

"Why, Lou," Father replied in his easy, comfortable voice, "a little sporting blood won't hurt the boy. Makes him aggressive and self-confident. Why, back on the farm in Illinois—"

"Yes, I know," Mother said crisply. "Jeffrey told me about it—how you put boxing gloves on a rooster you had. You haven't any right to give him such ideas."

Father laughed. "Did Jeff tell you about that? Well, he's my own son. Dammit all, Lou, I'm glad he's not a namby-pamby."

"Namby-pamby, fiddlesticks!" Mother snapped. "John, I want you to get rid of that gamecock. You know perfectly well what happened to Mrs. Bascombe's rooster."

Father's booming laugh came clearly. "Lord, lord, I'd like to have seen her face."

"You wouldn't like to see her face if she finds out the truth," Mother said tartly.

In the days that followed, Mother's aversion toward Reddy seemed to increase rather than diminish, and she kept insisting that little could be expected of me with my own father refusing to accept his full duty as a parent. Father merely smiled tolerantly and said it was a wonder that she didn't put lace collars on my shirts. How the matter would have ended at last I do not know, but it was my own carelessness that brought it to a sharp and dramatic climax.

Returning home from school one afternoon, I heard the sounds of pandemonium emerging from the chicken yard. I rushed through the gate and saw Mother, her face red with exertion, hair hanging in wisps over her forehead, dashing frantically about the narrow space as she attempted to seize Reddy who was shrieking like a demented thing. Staring at this alarming scene, I saw a crumpled bundle of bloodstained brown feathers lying prone upon the ground, and suddenly and bitterly I realized what had happened. That morning after putting feed in Reddy's pan, I had neglected to fasten the latch. Sometime during the day, the gamecock, probably infuriated by Mr. Micawber's unchecked abuse, had pushed the small gate open. It had been Mr. Micawber's last mistake and he had paid for it with his life.

But it was the look on Mother's face which held me rooted in my tracks. I had never before seen her as angry as she was at that moment. She stared at me as if I were a stranger and then she said in a voice which sent a spurt of fear racing up my spine: "Jeffrey, put that thing in its pen. Then you may come into the house."

Later, in the living room, I sat on the edge of a chair and watched Mother's face closely for some small, revealing sign of softness. But I saw none. I tried an experimental remark or two but my words fell dead in that numb silence. Mother kept her eyes on the sewing in her lap, never lifting them to glance at me.

At six o'clock when Father came into the living room, Mother spoke for the first time: "John, your son has something to say to you."

I squirmed but Mother's hard gaze never left my face. "Tell him, Jeffrey," she said coldly.

"Reddy got out of his pen and killed Mr. Micawber," I blurted.

Father's face fell. "The devil!" he murmured. "Well, Lou, that's too bad. I'm sorry."

"You're *sorry!*" Mother flared. "John, if you don't get rid of that little beast I'll—I'll chop his head off myself."

"All right, all right," Father said hastily. "I'll attend to it."

That night after supper, a very strained and quiet meal, I heard Father go down the driveway in the buggy. Later I stole out to the chicken yard and found Reddy's pen empty.

THE next Saturday afternoon I drove downtown with Mother behind Dick, our fast-stepping carriage horse, to see a man who kept all kinds of pigeons, tumblers, fantails and carriers. "You'll like pigeons, Jeffrey," Mother said. "The fantails especially. They're so graceful and sweet." But I did not reply. I had sulked for a week, and I didn't want anything graceful and sweet; I wanted Reddy. "Just think, Jeffrey," Mother went on, "if you decide to get carrier pigeons you could have races. We'd have Sully build a loft for them above the carriage house."

Sully was our man-of-all-work who helped out at the elevator. I knew what Sully thought of pigeons. He was always shooting them around the elevator with a .22 rifle, and I could see the look on his face when he learned that I was to become a pigeon fancier.

En route to the loft where the pigeons were sold, we pulled up before Father's office. Why Mother wanted to stop there that day I'll never know, but stop she did, and finding the office deserted, she gathered her skirts above the dust of the road and walked up the long ramp which led to the pit where farmers dumped the grain from their wagons. On one side of the passageway was an empty space. Here, in the days before Father had installed a steam engine, a blind horse had walked in a circle pulling a turntable.

As we came up the ramp I heard voices, and one of them, I knew, was Mr. Van Norman's. "I must warn you, John," he was saying, "this bird's a shuffler."

"I don't give a damn if he's a cake-walker," Father barked. "Put him down."

Mother and I rushed to the edge of the driveway and peered down into the old turntable room. Father and Mr. Van Norman were facing each other and in Father's hands was Reddy. Mr. Van Norman was holding his Ginger Red. Suddenly they both stooped and the roosters exploded into action. There was a wild flurry and the Ginger Red soared high into the air. "Git him, Ginger!" yelled Mr. Van Norman.

I was about to cry out when I felt Mother's fingers on my lips. I stared at her. There was a strange, taut look on her face. Then I swung my eyes back to the battle.

Father and Mr. Van Norman were down on their hands and knees, beating the ground with their hats. "Go it, Reddy!" Father was yelling. "That's it, rake him, rake him!"

Suddenly both roosters met in mid-air and when they came down, sprawling, one of Ginger Red's spurs was caught in Reddy's breast.

It was when Father and Mr. Van Norman had untangled them and placed them again on the ground that I knew something had happened. Reddy's ruff had wilted and the small feathers on the back of his neck were standing up. The Ginger Red sprang again but Reddy ducked and with a wailing squawk, started to run. "Look at him," Mr. Van Norman howled, "look at that dunghill go!"

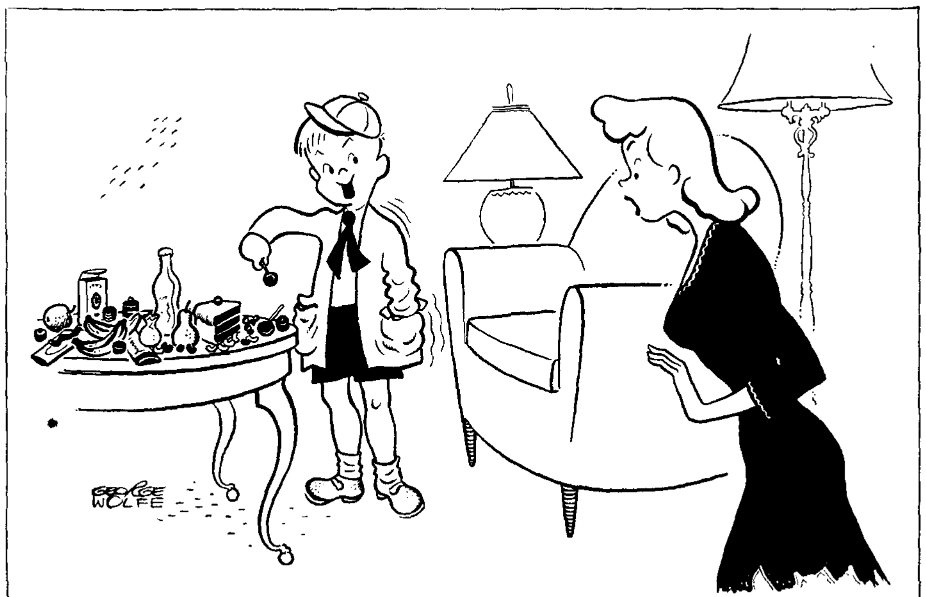
The fight was over, and Reddy, a poor deflated braggart, was hiding his head in a corner.

"John," Mr. Van Norman said, "I'll take that fifty dollars."

MOTHER and I drove homeward, all thought of pigeons forgotten. I was struggling with my emotions—shame for Reddy and grief for Father. I kept seeing his sagging jaw, the slack, bewildered expression on his face. I wanted to bawl. "Poor Father!" I blubbered wretchedly.

Then Mother, her eyes queerly misted over, said something I did not understand. "Oh, no," she whispered, a little catch in her voice. "Lucky, lucky Father! Oh, Jeffrey, your father's so young, so wonderfully, so unbelievably young."

The End



"You told me not to make a pig of myself at the party, so I brought some stuff home!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

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THE MAN IN THE ĀKOM*
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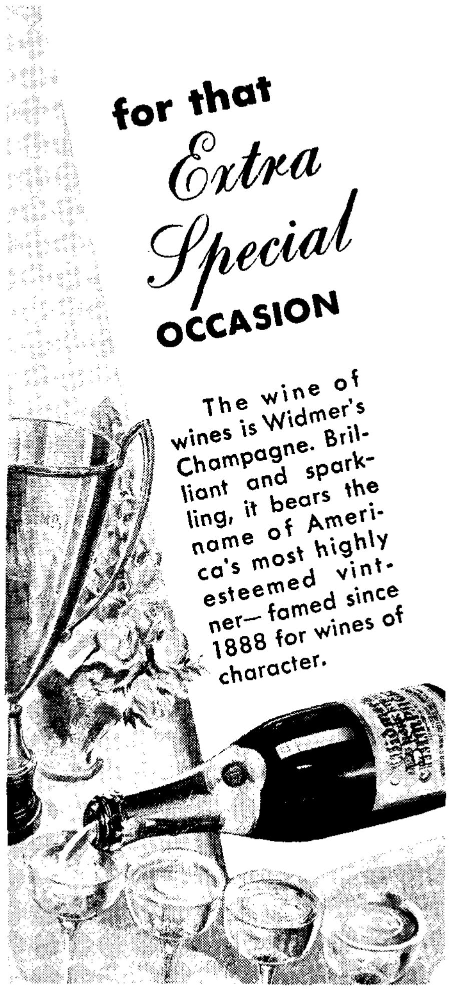

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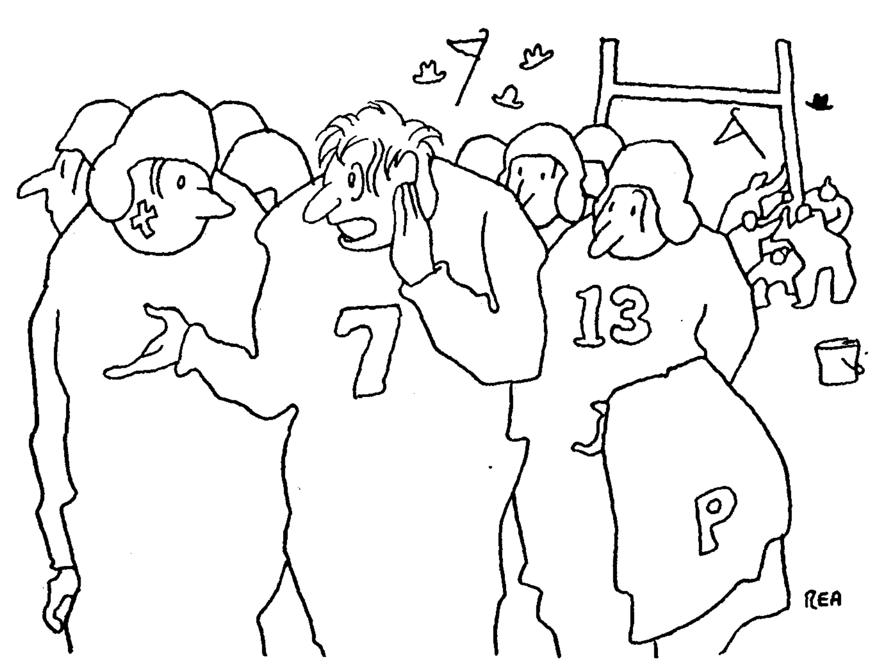


"Well, you can't win 'em all. Still, it would be kind of nice to win just one, though, wouldn't it?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

That Poor Man in the White House

Continued from page 11

inevitably do. Presidents before Truman have found that their personal expenses in the White House have amounted to around $2,000 a month—with, say a couple of thousand more at Christmastime for presents to the staff—usually pictures, books and the like. That would amount to about $25,000 a year, which would theoretically leave $3,000 after taxes and household expenses for all other Presidential needs and savings.

The big expense item is that "large boardinghouse" about which even the enthusiastic President Taft spoke. In the last days of the Roosevelt Administration there were thirty-one servants on the White House staff. Their wages were paid by the government, but the President had to feed them 93 meals a day, which added up to well over 2,000 meals a month—counting days off. This does not include any meals for the President, his family or a single guest. That seems not only a lot of food but also a lot of servants, today. But the White House is a lot of house.

The Force Behind Formality

All visitors are attended with a nice combination of vigilance and formality. Three thousand square feet of hardwood floor must be kept polished in the East Room alone. In the great chandeliers in the state chambers, there are 5,000 pieces of crystal which must be polished by hand. Just making up the huge Lincoln bed must be a job for more than one maid, and a household staff of thirty-one people requires a lot of care. Sometimes, strangely, in recent years the White House problem has seemed to be too little instead of too much help on those inevitable and recurring elaborate occasions when extra servants have to be brought in.

Nevertheless, under the Trumans, the number of servants was reduced last summer from thirty-one to twenty-four. And there has been some experimenting with a plan by which servants eat fewer meals at the White House.

All White House visitors come by appointment, but every day she is in the residence, a First Lady probably sees at least as many people as the President sees in his office. They will not only be callers. There must be teas and luncheons, their number dictated not only by the inclinations of the President's wife but by inescapable responsibility. Some visitors will be official; the government will pay the cost of entertaining them. Others, almost equally inescapable, will be "personal" as far as payment goes, though Mrs. Truman would personally never have even contemplated such entertaining when she lived in servantless simplicity on Connecticut Avenue. There are Democratic women, newspaperwomen, senatorial and Cabinet wives. There are the ladies of good causes.

Fortunately for Mrs. Truman, the government provides a housekeeper, a secretary and a social secretary, and such other staff as is necessary to her in doing her big, entirely unpaid and, often from the entertaining standpoint, unofficial job.

Unavoidably, a good many White House visitors come to eat. Hoover and Roosevelt rarely dined without a few or many guests. The elaborateness of the food depends on who is to eat it. Indeed, because of the number of guests and servants who eat there, the White House was classified under OPA regulations as an "institution"—a designation which served as a constant source of amusement to President Truman's predecessor.

There are, of course, many details of White House housekeeping divided between the President and the people by two sets of bookkeeping. When a King and Queen, a Governor General of Canada, a Prime Minister, a Regent of Iraq come visiting, the nation entertains them and pays the bill. The government furnishes the gas and the electricity. The government mows the lawns and maintains the house and grounds. (Truman does not have to feed gardeners). The government pays for the laundering of sheets, pillowcases, towels and table linens and for the cleaning of drapes and spreads.

The Trumans pay for their own personal laundry and cleaning. Books and magazines are no expense. The government provides the White House staff (including the President) with daily papers. Periodicals come in a flood. At regular periods the book publishers of America present the White House with copies of the best American books.

Clothes are a personal matter. Americans do not expect their President to be a dandy. But Mrs. Truman and Mary Margaret are undoubtedly going to have a good many more clothes than hung in the closets of their Connecticut Avenue apartment.

Requests Greater Than Receipts

The President is expected to set an example in buying War Bonds. A man with no fortune to leave his family must be concerned with insurance. The Democratic Party will be interested in a contribution; and the appeals from charities, the invitations to join organizations and pay dues, the personal appeals, are overwhelming. A President could give away his salary very easily if he responded as requested to almost any week's mail. There was a personally richer President than Truman recently who sometimes complained that he didn't have a dime.

Roosevelt, Hoover, Harding all had some private means. Coolidge made a Presidential profession of being thrifty. Wilson's second wife was wealthy. President Truman has made it clear that he has no private fortune.

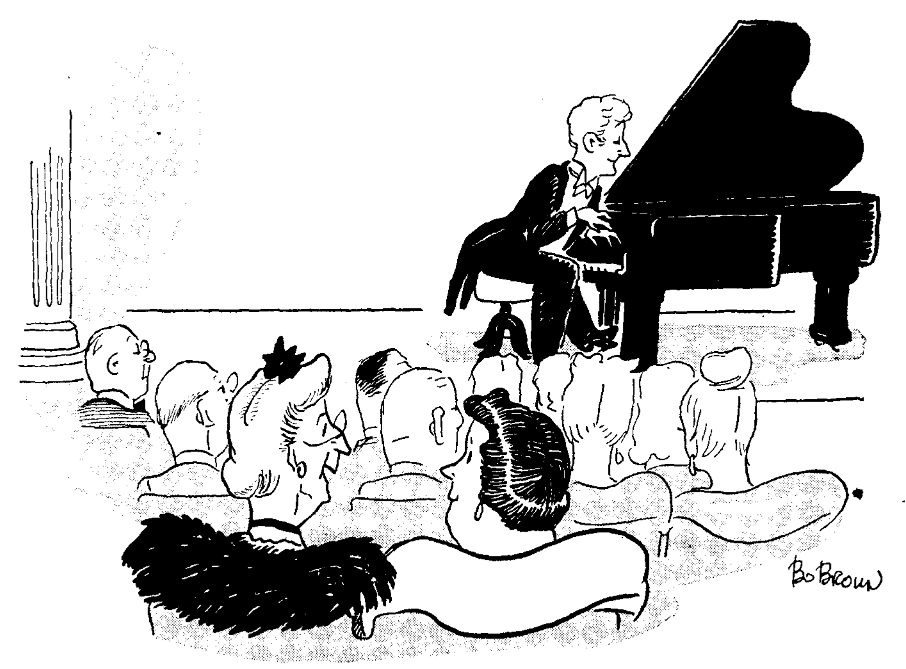
The Trumans may be able to do better with the pay than other Presidents have been able to do. President Truman has a smaller family than any other President except Harding has had in this century. He hopes, it is said, to feed his "large boardinghouse" and pay his other personal expenses in connection with the White House for $12,000 to $15,000 a year. If he does, it will be by the most rigid economy. It will also be well under the $25,000 it has cost recent Presidents.

President Truman's hopes are for the future. They are hopes which run against past Presidential experience which would make his situation look like this:

Salary		$75,000
Federal Taxes	$46,000	
White House expenses over and above those met by the government	25,000	
State Taxes	1,000	$72,000
Left for other personal expenses, and savings		$ 3,000

It is a great job—the greatest job on earth. But from the pay standpoint, the President only gets the privilege of handling a nice chunk of money in order that he may pay back practically all of it to the American people in taxes and for living in their big White House behind the clipped green lawn and the high iron fence.

THE END



"His practicing almost drove me nuts when he was a little brat!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

"FRESH as a SHOWER in the morning!"

Try this tonight for Morning Freshness!

Want to wake up radiantly vital—feeling as alive and buoyant as if you'd just stepped from a tingling shower? Then try the recipe for morning freshness thousands are using. Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime each night—and see for yourself!

Of course, Ovaltine isn't a mysterious fountain of youth—there's nothing magical about it—but it can multiply your morning vigor and "sparkle" by inducing sounder sleep and by helping build you up while you are sleeping. In fact, warm Ovaltine, at bedtime has worked so effectively to promote sounder sleep we are frequently asked if it contains drugs. The answer is definitely "no"! Ovaltine contains *no drugs*—it works to induce sleep in safe, natural ways.

Then, *while you are sleeping*, it furnishes foods with the power to rebuild and restore vitality for the morning. And it also provides the extra vitamins and minerals most of us need—in an improved way to take them for abounding good health.

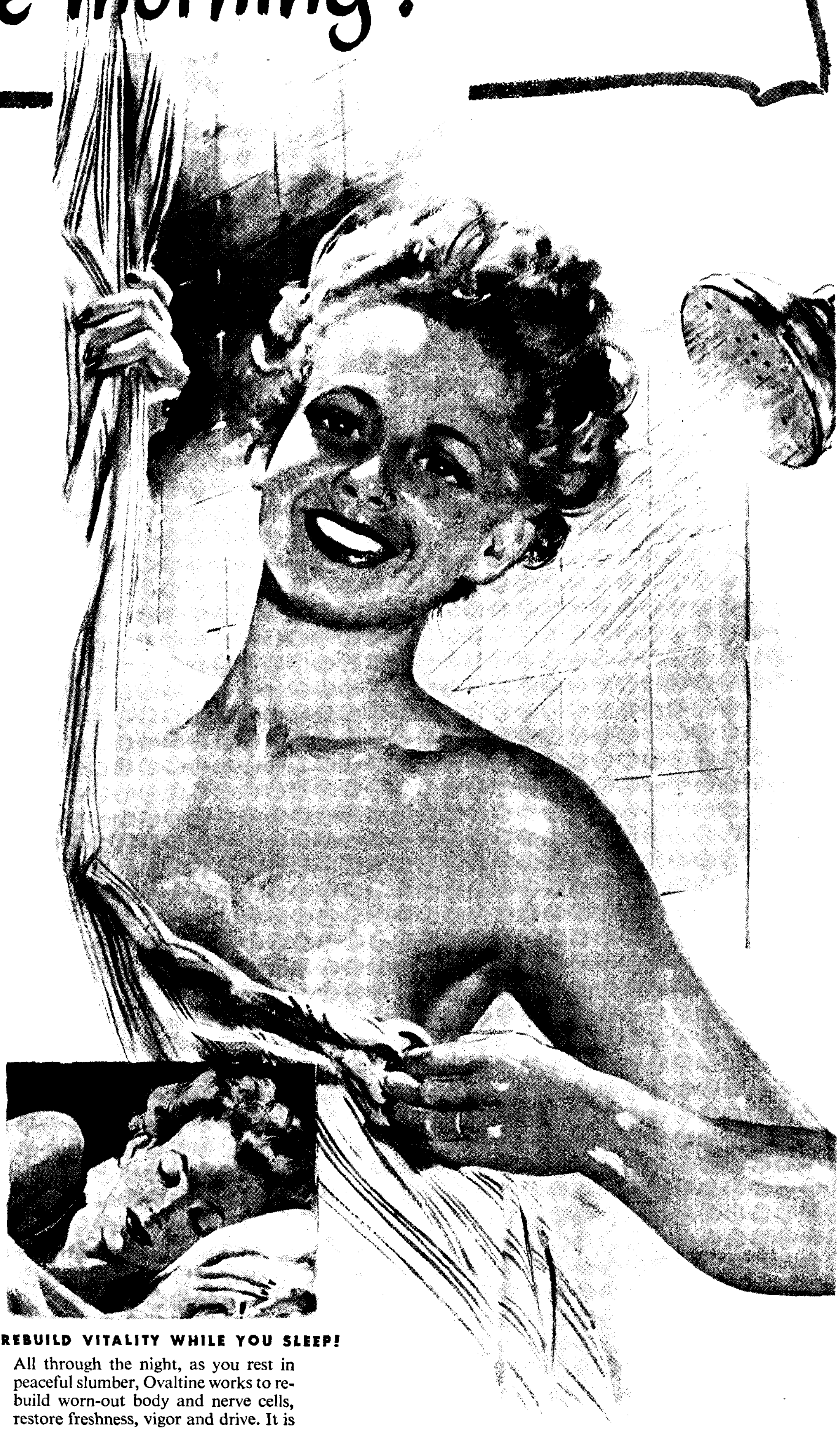
So—if you haven't been popping out of bed lately with a bounce in your step and a song in your heart—why not give Ovaltine a trial? It's the nation's nightcap that really means "happy days."

OVALTINE

PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

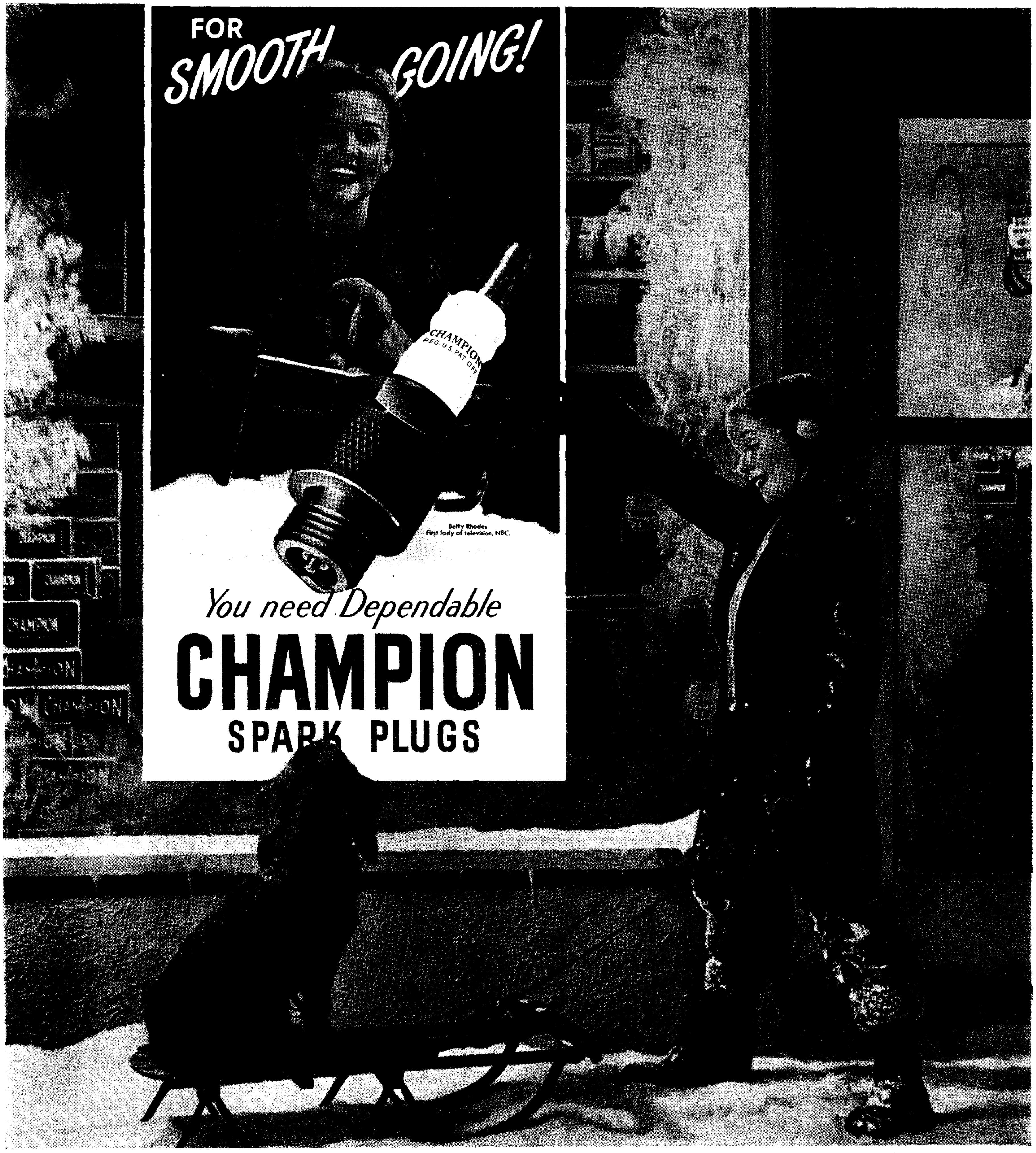
FOR SOUNDER SLEEP!

Thousands of people go to sleep quicker, sleep better when they drink warm Ovaltine regularly at bedtime—and there are simple reasons why! It promotes relaxation in a safe, drugless way—relieves "inner tension" and certain types of digestive unrest that often disturb sleep. Also supplies food elements now known to be absolutely necessary for deep, refreshing sleep.



TO REBUILD VITALITY WHILE YOU SLEEP!

All through the night, as you rest in peaceful slumber, Ovaltine works to rebuild worn-out body and nerve cells, restore freshness, vigor and drive. It is processed for easy digestion even while you sleep!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You, too, can enjoy "smooth going" with more efficient, economical and dependable engine performance by insisting on Champion Spark Plugs. Wartime driving emphasized enormously the primary importance of spark plugs as a means to these ends. It has also demonstrated the fundamental superiorities inherent in all Champion Spark Plugs by the outstanding manner in which they proved their ability to insure maximum performance and dependability in every engine, on land, sea and in the air.

VICTORY LOAN

They Finished Their Job—
Let's Finish Ours

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Secret Attack

Continued from page 15

start." He moved over beside the boy and said, "How are you going to make this attack, Bob?"

"You just watch," the boy said. "Let me fix up my outfit and then you tell me if I'm wrong."

He said, "Okay," and rocked back on his haunches and pulled out his cigarettes. He remembered the girl then and said, "Do you care if I smoke?"

"Oh, no," the girl said. "Grandpa does. We're visiting him, you see. We're from Centerfield."

"Good," he said. He lit the cigarette and drew the smoke deep into his chest, watching the boy move his tanks in position for a straight attack down a long funnel-shaped draw, and his infantry regiment in three lines, attack and support battalions laid out accurately, and he heard downtown a burst of band music and the low, drawn-out murmur of the big crowd milling around the square. This was a good round moment, full like a drop of water hanging from a spout with the stored and remembered memories of his own youth, this watching the boy move his soldiers and screw up his small face in tense concentration, as if the toy soldiers were flesh and blood and heart and the sandy back yard a real battlefield.

"There," the boy said. "Got them all set. Are they all right, Mike?"

HE MOVED one tank, the lead one, to the rear of the column in the funnel-shaped draw. "Know why?" he asked, and waited for the boy to speak.

"I do," the girl said.

"Let me," the boy said quickly. He got down on his knees and squinted professionally along the line of the ridge. "Sure," he said. "I had my commander's tank on the skyline. Is that right?"

"Good," he said. "That was it. You see, the tank turret could be observed from Jane's observation post and that would give away your plan of attack."

"Maybe our planes would lay down smoke," the boy said hopefully.

"If the wind was right," he admitted. "That's using your head. But it's better not to leave the tank out there. You see," he rubbed his jaw a moment, "you don't want to waste the lives of your men any more than you have to, Bob, and the Germans might have knocked that tank out before you even started."

The boy puzzled over his words and then looked up gravely. "That's right," he said. "We don't want to waste any lives."

He wanted to say a lot more to the boy about that, but he knew the boy would think and wonder about things which should not concern him for many years. He said, "Fine, fine. Now let's start the battle." His eyes twinkled. "Know how to read a battle order, Bob . . . Jane?"

The girl shook her head and the boy said, "Darn it, Mike, I can't find how to say the words and when I do say them I get everything mixed up. I can't remember all the parts—they got five, haven't they?"

"Yes," he said. "I'll give you one." He got down on his knees, his long, brown face dropping into a set mold of fine-meshed wrinkles that lay like a light screen around his slightly spatulate nose and broad, full mouth; and he saw the boy and girl, watching him, crouch closer to the earth, held and enthralled by their own belief in the reality of this moment. He decided to speak a very simple little order that they could assimilate and understand, break down into sections and apply each part to their own individual troops.

"The enemy is over there," he said, dropping his voice purposely and pointing at Jane's line of defense. "We have one regiment of the 9th division and a battalion of medium tanks from the 4th armored, commanded by Colonel Abrams." He glanced at them shrewdly, wondering if they recognized the name. "We will attack at H minus five, following dive bombing and strafing by the Air Force and a two-hour barrage by our supporting artillery. The first and second battalions will attack on line, with the third in support. The tanks will lead the attack, coming out of that draw and hitting the enemy's right flank and driving across his front, knocking out his pillboxes and automatic weapons. Watch out for mines and move forward, never back. We will take the enemy's position, that ridge line, and reform on the far side of the ridge. Any questions?"

The boy grinned happily and said, "No, sir."

He had to conceal his own smile, the boy was so eager and the girl so grave and serious. He said, "Very well, Colonel, move out."

The boy scrambled around behind his troops and the girl got down on her side and made a face at the boy. He did not know exactly how they played this game for he had never watched children at a modern game of war; and even now, watching them as the boy started his tanks out of the draw, he was surprised at the boy's understanding of mature things and the girl's intense co-operation, devoid of the small remarks and babyish actions typical of girls at her age. Then he brought himself back to the battlefield, away from the sounds downtown and the planes floating overhead, and settled himself comfortably, smoking his cigarette and feeling, for the first time in ten days, a distinct separateness from crowds and soldiers and being dressed up stiff and tight in a blouse, shirt and tilted cap.

The boy had his tanks out now and the girl was moving like a puppy dog, shifting her antitank guns to meet this new threat. The boy drove the tanks toward her right flank in a column of twos, and as the girl brought her antitank guns up on the left slope of a little sand hill, the boy reacted quickly, shifting one column to the right and getting them behind the protective shoulder of the hill where the girl could not bring fire on him.

The girl said, "Aw, you fooled me," and tried to move her guns back, but by this time the boy was on her first line of foxholes, running the miniature tanks over her miniature soldiers and driving them into the dirt. He stopped then, looking up, sweat on his high forehead, and said, "How is it so far, Mike?"

"Good," he said, and added quickly, "and you were absolutely right, Jane. You defended yourself as well as anyone I've ever seen. Now let me see—" his hands hovered over the tanks and guns—"Jane would have knocked out this one and this one, and our artillery and the tanks themselves would have gotten a couple of Jane's guns because she had them pretty close together here at the end, didn't you, Jane?"

She said, "I'm afraid so, Mike."

He lifted out two tanks and two guns and set them off to one side. "Now go ahead with your infantry, Bob. They would be coming out just about this time, following the tanks and getting in close to use the bayonet."

"Yes, sir," the boy said, and jumped back to his battalions.

FOR ten minutes he enjoyed himself more than he had for any definite length of time he could recall, sitting here on the sandy ground in the shade of the oak tree that leaned over the hedge, smoking and laughing with them, removing soldiers and guns as they fought their battle; and finally, when Bob had enveloped the ridge line and Jane's forward positions were wiped out both by Bob's men and his own knees, he held up one hand and said, "Time."

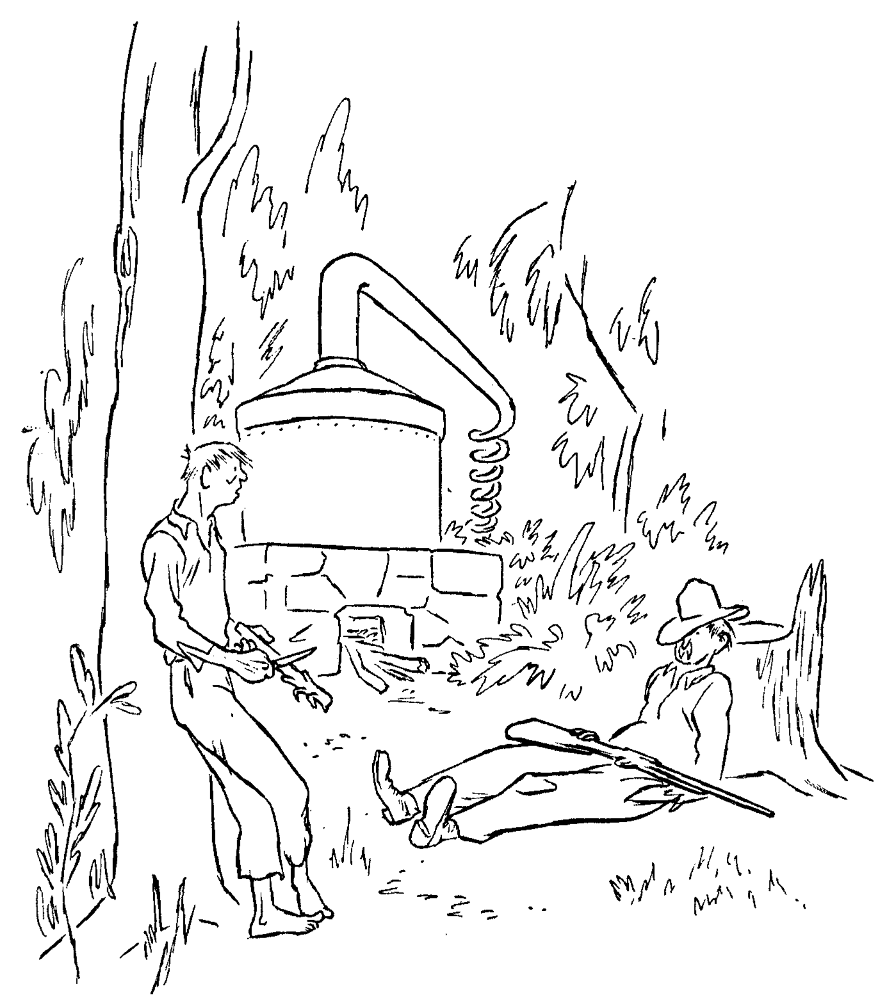
"All over?" the boy said. "So soon?"

"That's all it takes," he said gravely. "You have the ridge and a good soldier never goes further, especially against a tough enemy"—he winked at the girl, who squirmed happily—"and against his orders. You'd reform now, Bob, and get set for the counterattack."

The boy said, "Counterattack?"

"Yes," he said. "You see, whenever you take a position, the enemy always has a force of troops off to one side, waiting to come back at you and try to surprise and take that same position back. You must never be caught napping. . . ." He stopped, reflected a moment and said, "That's a good thing to remember in everything, Bob. Never do anything you can't back up."

The boy said, "I know that, Mike. Gosh, we really had fun today."



"Then you take a little Cointreau and some benedictine . . ."

"Will you be here tomorrow?" the girl asked hopefully. "I'd like to play again and maybe I could be the Yanks, huh?"

"Sure," he said. "I'll be here tomorrow. And if Bob says it's all right, you can be the Yanks and I'll be the umpire and Bob will be the Germans."

The band music from downtown was louder now, and the sound of voices, and he stood up, brushing his knees and dusting his hands; and the boy and girl scrambled to their feet, their heads reaching to his belt buckle, dusting their hands and looking very happy. He wanted to put his hands on their heads and rub his fingers into the fine, blond hair and feel again, in this secondhand sense, the wonder and fineness of youth. He wanted to tell them what he had seen in the eyes of other children in Europe, and how that sight, like so many others, was something he never wanted to see in the faces of children like them, his own children in a sense, for they were of his race and would be here when he was gone; and he was glad, extremely glad, that he had slipped through the hole in the hedge and recaptured, for this moment, the happiness of youth.

"I've got to go pretty quick," he said, "but remember, we'll play tomorrow morning if you will still be here."

"Oh, yes," the boy said. "We'll be here. We're going to stay a week with Grandma and Grandpa. Mother and Daddy are going home tonight after the big dinner." The boy looked up at him and said, "Gosh, we've had more fun playing with you than we did watching the parade this morning when the general came home. We waited a long time and even then we didn't get to see him close up. He looked so—so—aw, you know, in the car, in that uniform with all his medals—so all dressed up."

"But we saw him," the girl said. "We saw General Halloran, but," she smiled shyly, "I'd rather play soldier with you."

He said, "Thank you, Jane." And they stood for a moment in the quiet shadow of the oak tree, until he heard his mother's strong old voice calling, "Mike, Mike dear, someone's here to see you." He turned toward the hedge in time to see a tall man in uniform stick a worried face through and stare at him and the children in amazement, his eyes moving up and down their dusty legs and dirty hands. The man said, "General, it is almost time for that luncheon at the hotel. You'd better hurry."

He could have drop-kicked his aide across the house for breaking into this moment. But he knew that it would have happened anyway, sooner or later. He said, "In a moment, Major. Wait for me at the house."

The major said, "Yes, sir," and looked at his open collar and rolled-up sleeves and the children, now staring up at him with a growing, wondering awe, and the major said again, with some new note of respect, "*Yes*, sir," and vanished behind the hedge.

HE TURNED to them and bent down a little, looking into their faces, and the boy said, "Gosh, Iron Mike." And he said quickly, "No, Bob. Mike to you and Jane. And we'll play tomorrow morning, hear, and don't tell a soul. Promise?"

For a moment they could not speak, and then the boy said, "I promise, Mike," and poked the girl and she put out her hand a bit and said faintly, "I promise, Mike."

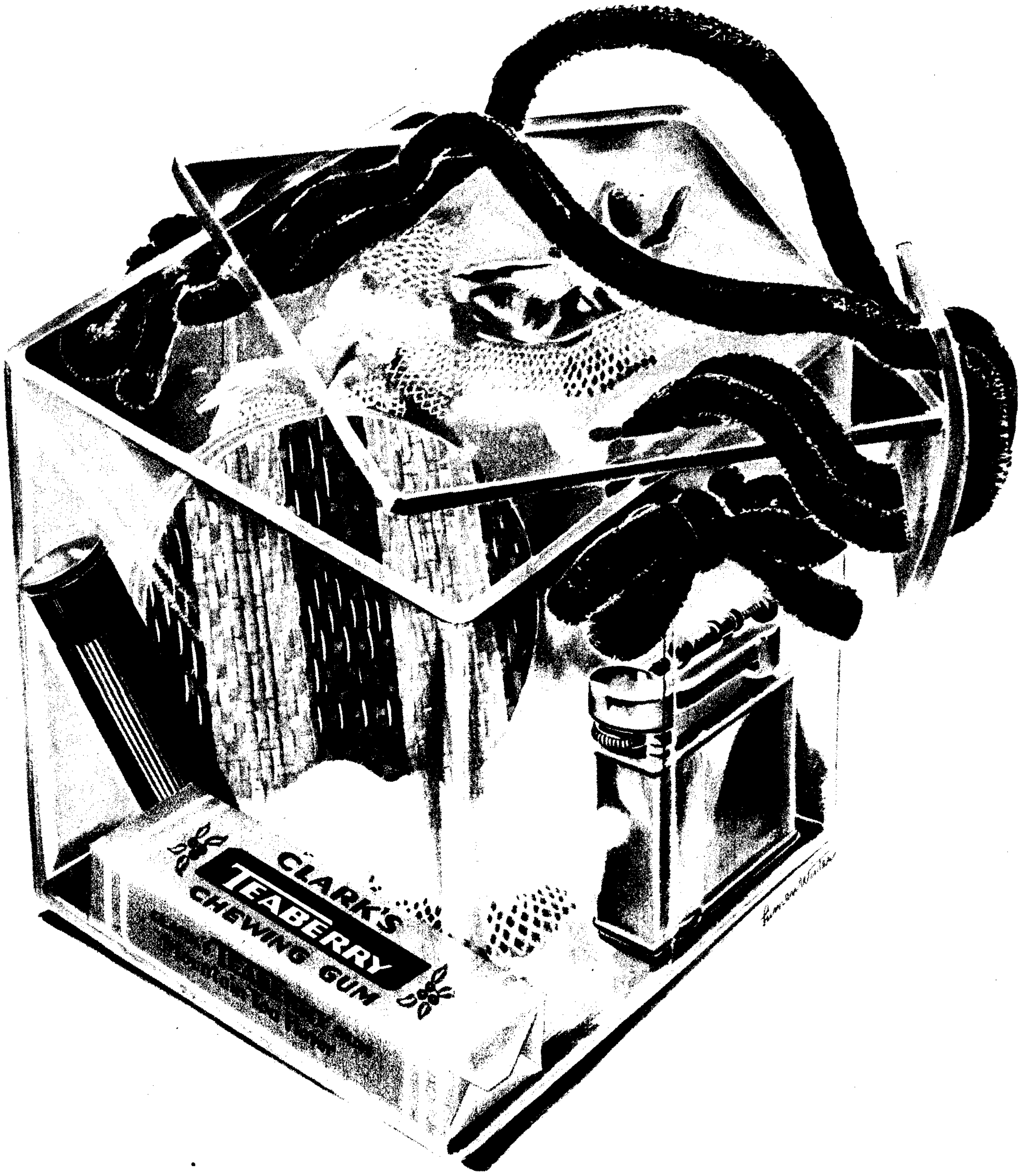
He took their hands in his and shook them firmly and turned to the hedge. He said, "Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, Bob. Goodby, Jane."

They said goodby, and going through the hole, he remembered the last look on their faces and it was better than all the speeches and welcomes he had ever received. Walking toward the house, seeing his aide waiting impatiently on the back steps, he thought that their faces and their confidence in him, over the toy battlefield in the old Nelson yard, were perhaps the most important things he would ever know.

He said, "All right, Major, we'll go as soon as I change clothes," and passed the aide and went into the house where his mother stood in the hallway with his clean shirt and tie, waiting for him with a small, understanding smile on her face.

THE END

Packed with Good Taste!



● The rare, the *different* flavor of Teaberry Gum captures the most sophisticated taste. It's refreshing . . . exhilarating . . . luscious! The fragrant, mountain-grown teaberry plant brings "top o' the world" refreshment to you in delicious . . .

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

Carry It with You Always

Product of Clark Bros. Chewing Gum Company of Pittsburgh, Penna. © 1945 C.B.C.G. Co.

Pooch Paradise

Continued from page 28

The prize garment is a flannel bed jacket, with inside pockets for hot-water bottles or warm pads. But that's not all. There's a terry-cloth robe that is just the thing for the pooch who has just taken a bath; and Miss Ardmore has even made pajamas! Then, too, for a cocker, you can buy rubberized ear bibs for dining. They'll keep the little fellow's ears from getting into his food.

When it comes to furnishings, the dog has his own furniture mart. Out in North Hollywood is Louis Ray, who claims he is the only exclusive manufacturer of dog beds. All beds are custom-made and, depending on your pooch's personality, you can choose either of his two standard designs: the Indian Tepee or the Covered Wagon. However, he also has them with carved legs, Queen Anne or Chippendale.

"Why," he says proudly, "the label which says 'Dog Bed by Ray' is the same as saying: 'Gown by Adrian.' "

For an apartment house, Ray can give you a collapsible puppy pen, and if you are cramped for room and own two dogs, his standard double-decker is just the thing. Steps lead to the upper bunk making two dogs happy in the space for one. Other doggie furnishings include sun decks, pillows and carrying cases to match your luggage. Once he built a special doghouse that cost $900. It was delivered complete with all improvements, including electricity, running water and air-conditioning. Last year he sent seven thousand Christmas cards, not addressed to the owners but to the dogs themselves!

As distinguished from dog beds, J. J. Roberts goes in for monkey, cat and dog houses. He has been making them of redwood for the past fifteen years and they come in nine different sizes. Before the war, when materials were available, he turned out a whopper in English style with removable tops and sides. One he made for Bob Hope accommodates six dogs and is large enough for a man.

California's Hotel for Dogs advertises that it is only ten minutes from downtown. It is managed by 75-year-old George Stone, who once drove a hansom cab for King Edward VII when the latter was Prince of Wales. He started the hotel in England in 1903 and moved it to America when he settled here in 1920.

"My place," he says, "used to be a boarding'ouse for any animal that eats and I 'ad birds, monkeys and dogs, but when they began to bring 'orses in, I 'ad to change the slogan."

If your four-legged pet is from the upper social strata, then he probably would go to the Town House for Dogs in Pasadena. This smart-looking establishment says "it affords comfortable individual sleeping quarters in a well-ventilated and heated building; and an attractive patio with outdoor runs amply shaded, an exercising ring and a screened-in section for summer."

The Beauty Room of the Town House is where many a pet spends a restful hour while his mistress does her shopping. A dog cosmetician will supervise a bubble bath at the slightest affirmative bark.

Education is not overlooked in this animal heaven. Carl Spitz, who has trained many of the top dogs seen in the movies, operates the Hollywood Dog Training School, an establishment covering eleven acres. You can enroll your pooch in Spitz's kindergarten, grammar school, high school or college. If the doggie gets by all four, he earns a real diploma.

What can college graduates do? Their accomplishments vary, but usually they get supertraining for a specific job: to warn a deaf man when a bell rings; to rescue a child who falls into its pool; to understand sign language; to awaken a master in the morning. The pets of Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Jack Oakie all have been schooled.

A pet's health is an important item, and scores of veterinarians dot Los Angeles streets. Their hospitals consist of simple structures or huge modern buildings, and there's one that is styled as an English cottage with knotty pine walls. Almost all have ambulance service—some twenty-four hours a day. Advertisements vary.

"We have a lady nurse," says one.

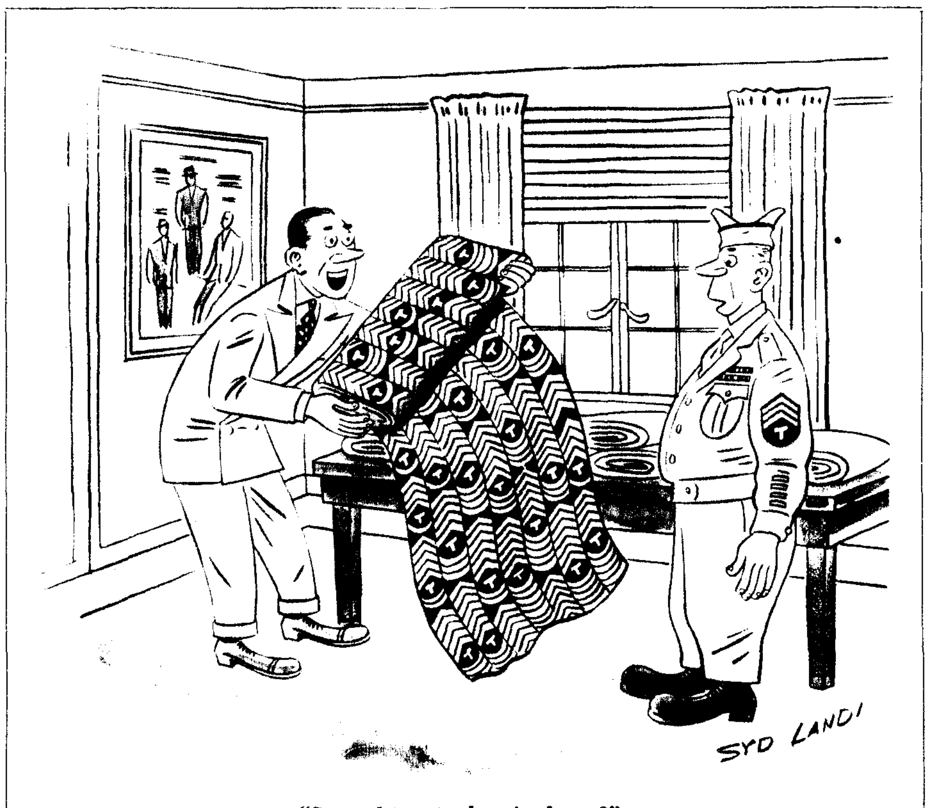
"Pets like us," assures another.

"Questions answered over the phone," boasts a third.

When the little pets leave this Shangri-La for the heaven that awaits them, there's Los Angeles Pet Cemetery to handle all details. Funerals may be simple, with ground burial; or elaborate, with interment in concrete crypts or even cremation.

Services are very dignified. After being embalmed, the pet is placed in a Slumber Room where friends may visit before the funeral. Flowers are almost always sent, and on some occasions a eulogy is preached. Dogs and cats are usually buried with their play toys.

Since it was established in 1928, the pet cemetery has had more than 7,500 burials and 2,500 cremations. Of all the dogs buried, the prevailing breed is the mongrel, but the cemetery also has a rooster, a lizard, a duck, a marmoset, an alligator, a lion and a horse. It has one rat.



COLLIER'S "Something in herringbone?" SYD LANDI

The spirit of brotherly love is not forgotten. For a $2 enrollment fee and $1 a year, any dog can join the Tailwaggers and thus become a "club member." Founded in Hollywood in 1935 by Bette Davis and Jim Lindsay as a nonprofit organization to promote humane activities, today it has more than 116,000 animals from 58 nations. Its most renowned member is Fala, for whom the late President Roosevelt always paid dues.

Correspondence is carried on heavily by a dog called Flip who signs on behalf of the club as "Canine Secretary." Letters are always addressed to the dogs, never to their masters. But pooches aren't the only members. Any animal with a tail can become a "fellow wagger." On its roster the club has a skunk and some goldfish.

Over in North Hollywood there's a bright sign that will make any passing motorist in search of an auto court think that he's been drinking. It reads "Motel for Cats." Owned by Tildred Alexander, a former New York model, it is a kitten vacationland. For one dollar a day, your cat will be fed, fondled and petted by Mrs. Alexander, who loves all of them. Each animal who boards at this unusual cattery has its own outdoor house tree and catwalk. Usually, cats just come and go. But one woman wanted Mrs. Alexander to get up in the middle of the night to talk to her cat. She didn't want the little pet to be alone during "the long dark hours." Mrs. Alexander didn't get up.

Inside the motel, one section is completely shut off with a simple black-and-white sign which reads: CATS' MATERNITY ROOM. Under it there is another admonition: PLEASE BE QUIET!

Dude Ranch for Dogs

When your four-legged pet wants "to get away from it all" there is the Dude Ranch for Dogs. This haven is for doggies who want to go Western, located high in the California resort country at Big Bear Lake.

"Dogs return home completely rejuvenated after a few months vacation at the Dude Ranch," assures Mrs. Gladys Shipman Diaz, who with her husband, Richard, started the canine vacationland fourteen years ago.

Their alluring ads state that "the ranch affords pets a refuge from the strain and confinement of city life."

How does it do this?

It all depends on the season. In the summer, vacationing Fido takes daily sun baths, hikes through the woods, or squirrel hunts—and when it comes to swimming, enthusiastic pooches indulge in ducking, retrieving and water polo. In the winter there are tobogganing and dog-team racing. If there are city canines who can't take the spicy season, their masters need not fear. The Dude Ranch has that one all figured out. The dogs get all-wool ski suits.

This canine rejuvenation center is no doghouse. Built of redwood, it covers fifteen acres, and each "ranch guest" gets an individual bunkhouse with a private corral and sun-bath platform. Although all are styled in the architecture of the old frontier days, no two bunkhouses are alike. Each pooch residence has its own name, and a bulldog always occupies the one marked "Sheriff."

Dogs that have been released from the Army are now spending time at this Big Bear vacationland. Like other soldiers, they have to be readjusted to the civilian way of life. The Dude Ranch does the rehabilitation.

The resort accommodates two hundred pets—and reservations must be made in advance. At the ranch, each dog wears a red bandanna, and when they leave, they go bedecked in a ten-gallon hat, pooch size. Some guests whose masters are still in service have been there since Pearl Harbor. One Navy man from Honolulu regularly sends leis made of dog biscuits.

Amid all these pleasures, however, the family at home is not forgotten. With Mr. and Mrs. Diaz doing the ghostwriting, dogs carry on correspondence with their masters. Letters, "crested" with a canine tossing a lariat, tell of their social activities. They are signed "Your affectionate pooch," followed by a paw mark.

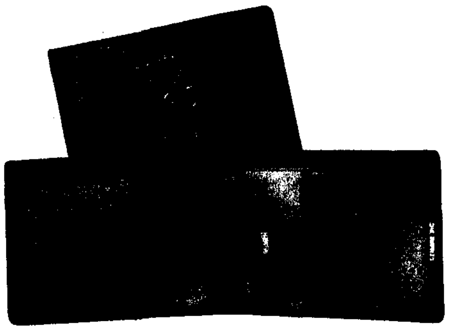
Who made that crack about a dog's life?

THE END

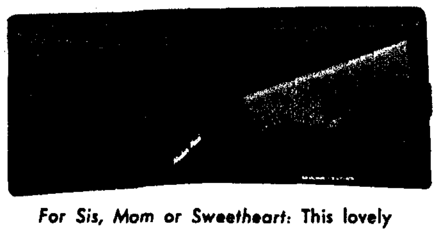
MEEKER MADE Billfolds

The Gift that carries CHRISTMAS CHEER... keeps right on carrying THROUGH THE YEAR!

Yes, this clever new MEEKER Billfold carries everything—bills, checks, cards, passes, snapshots! Yet it's thin, compact, streamlined! Removable Pass Case may be carried in Billfold, or separately. Smartly fashioned in Fine Morocco Leather, black or brown, and in Hand-colored Pigskin. (S-h-h! there's even a secret pocket!)



The MEEKER "Double-Duty", another combination Billfold and Removable Pass Case. Has room for 8 passes, cards, etc., besides bills and checks. Expertly made of Hand-Colored Pigskin, with the famous MEEKER Hand-Tooled Designs that are so rich and distinctive.

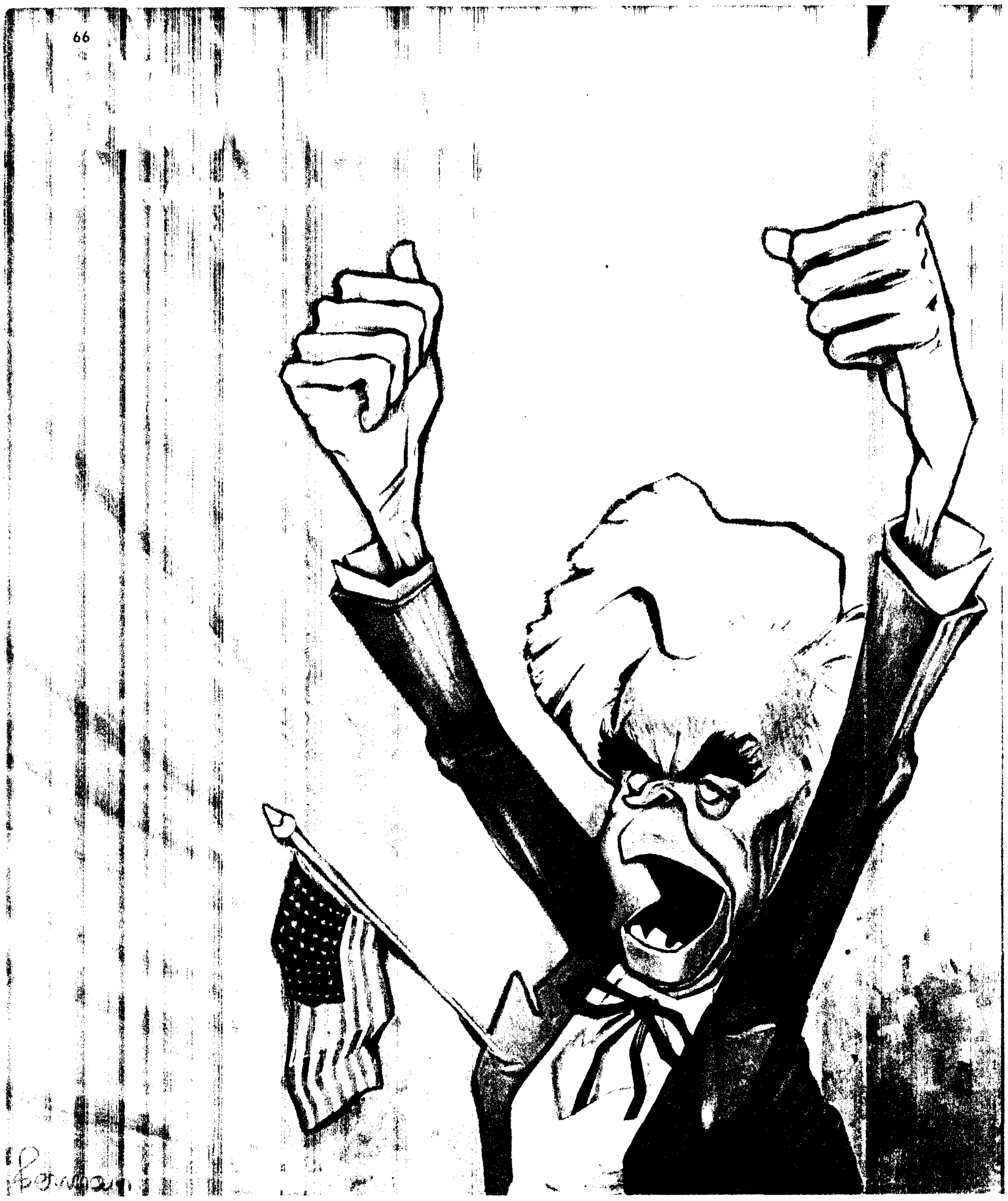


For Sis, Mom or Sweetheart: This lovely new MEEKER-MAID Billfold—"Man-size"—with secret pocket, removable coin purse, and removable pass case which holds 4 standard size passes. Made of fine Morocco Grain Leather, in black, brown, blue or red.

MEEKER-MADE Billfolds have pre-war quality, post-war styling, expert craftsmanship, latest features. Various Prices. At Dealers Everywhere.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc., JOPLIN, MO.

MEEKER MADE Fine Leather Goods



John Rankin goes his strident way in Congress, saving America from everything but himself. He's not been too successful

WHEN the Honorable John Elliott Rankin was a little boy in Itawamba County, Mississippi, it was the painful duty of his schoolteachers to ask him questions just to see how much wisdom he was absorbing. But they always hastened to add: "Now never mind what you think, John; just give us the facts."

That was along in the early 1890s, Mr. Rankin now being sixty-three. In those days Mr. Rankin's opinion of facts as such was very low indeed. He hasn't changed much. Today, as the shoutin'est member of the House of Representatives, the facts, or more broadly the truth, are what he says they are. Anybody disagreeing with Mr. Rankin's version is a Communist, a Jew or a nigger lover—maybe all three.

Mr. Rankin's contemporaries in Itawamba, Tishomingo, Lee, Oktibbeha and other counties comprising Mr. Rankin's Mississippi district do not recall accurately any of the questions the teachers asked him. However, they say that it doesn't matter. The young Rankin was a great one for listening to his elders discuss the hottest political topic of the day and then, as now, understanding or at least absorbing just enough of what he heard to get it all wrong.

For example, about that time the Populists were scaring the silk-hat community stiff with their loud demands for land reform and monetary revolution. Even into Mississippi had rolled the thundering voices of young Tom Watson of Georgia, Ignatius (Lily of the Valley) Donnelly of Minnesota, Lem (Calamity) Weller of Iowa, Mary Elizabeth Lease of Kansas and, ruddiest of all, Colonel Davis H. (Bloody Bridles) Waite of Colorado. The colonel, who was never more than a gasp this side of a rolling frenzy, had roared that it were "better that blood should flow to the horses' bridles" than that the Populist economy fail of congressional approval.

Young Rankin, overhearing his father, Thomas B., and others discuss all this and being ignited by the colonel's gory hueing and crying, was therefore in no mental condition to, say, give the correct year of the discovery of America by Columbus. But having been called on by the shuddering teacher to say a few words, he'd take the floor and deliver a harangue about the agrarian revolt which would have left even a Populist in a state of hopeless bewilderment.

Even today when Mr. Rankin goes outside such oratorical arenas as Communism, Jews, labor unions and Negroes, he is not easily comprehensible. However, his congressional colleagues enjoy a privilege denied his teachers and classmates: they can and more than occasionally do leave the premises until "the gentleman from Mississippi gets through rankin'," the quotes being those of a Southern member who does not relish Jingo John.

Whether any other state than Mississippi could produce at one sitting such Congressional haters as Senator Bilbo and Representative Rankin is considered doubtful, inasmuch as none has. One of Mr. Rankin's consuming hates, Walter Winchell, who is not celebrated for reticence when it comes to bawling out bigots, says that Hitler has probably taken refuge in Mississippi where he'd never be noticed. Up to the time of this writing, Mr. Rankin has not replied publicly to Mr. Winchell but has privately said a few short words on the subject which, like so many entertaining rejoinders, may not, unfortunately, be printed.

The natives of Mississippi are not given readily to revulsions, therefore attacks upon Mr. Rankin's songs of hate by his fellow legislators do him no political damage. Neither does his bad press set up in the minds of his constituency any doubt of his value as a statesman. In his home town of Tupelo those exceeding few who regard him as something less than "the biggest little man in Congress" apathetically shrug off the idea of replacing him with somebody who would give Mississippi less unfavorable publicity. "What's the use?" they say. "The folks here would only elect another and a younger Rankin."

Mr. Rankin's bad press consists of the overwhelming majority of the country's conventional newspapers. They condemn his screaming anti-Semitism, his roarings against Negroes and his fire alarms against liberalism of all degrees." Nevertheless he has enjoyed a hat-tossing popularity in many padded-cell journals which, like William Kullgren's Beacon Light, refer to him as "a real American." Mr. Kullgren, the Seer of Atascadero, California, edited himself into a couple of federal indictments for sedition which, of course, was not Mr. Rankin's fault. Nor was he responsible for being nominated for President by an Arcadia, California, sheet called National Defense. But among other journals which frequently gave their readers the opinions of Mr. Rankin as models of pure patriotism were and are the Reverend Gerald Winrod's Defender, Court Asher's X-Ray, Father Coughlin's Social Justice, Charles B. Judson's America in Danger, the Reverend Harvey Springer's Western Voice and Eugene R. Flotcraft's Gentile News. They all agreed vigorously if not always coherently with Mr. Rankin's hatred of Jews and Communism, and sometimes with his dread of the Negro. But unlike them Mr. Rankin is no America Firster. Nor did he protest much when some of the editors who had been frothing his praises were, like Mr. Kullgren, indicted for sedition.

"If," cried he, "the Department of Justice, as now constituted, is destined to degenerate into a Gestapo for the persecution of white people throughout the South and of white gentiles throughout the country generally and for stirring up race hatred and promoting race strife, I must say it is well on its way. . . . Have the white gentiles no rights left that the Department of Justice is bound to respect?"

A Representative Since 1920

Mr. Rankin was elected to Congress in 1920. He has been re-elected by increasing majorities ever since. Inasmuch as holding on to his job has been his first ambition it is clear that he knows exactly what he's about. Like Senator Bilbo he is giving Mississippi what it wants in statecraft. While Mr. Bilbo showers his critics (outside of Mississippi) with letters addressed "Dear Dago," "Dear Nigger Lover" and so on, Mr. Rankin prefers to endear himself to his constituents with oratory from the House floor or "remarks" in the Congressional Record. A couple of samples of Mr. Rankin's contributions give you an idea:

"That little Communist kike . . . a scavenger who stooped to as base a level as that of the loathsome ghoul at night, who invades the sacred precinct of the tomb, goes down in the grave of a buried child and with his reeking fingers strips from its lifeless form the jewels and mementos placed there by the trembling hands of a weeping mother."

This was in reply to a Jewish critic. Very few of Jingo John's constituents knew who had aroused him to such forensic heights and nobody at all cared. They merely took the attitude of "That's tellin' 'em, John" and moped to the polls on the following election to re-elect him almost unanimously. On another occasion, Mr. Rankin, his voice a-tremble, his fists beating his breast and his bushy hair crackling, spake thus:

"If the gentleman from New York (Congressman Emanuel Celler, Democrat, Brooklyn) will send down that gang of Communistic Jews and Negroes that tried to storm the House restaurant and went around here arm in arm with one another in the Capitol . . . they will not have so many people to feed in New York."

It makes no difference to Mr. Rankin what their political persuasion might have been, they were Jews and Negroes and it went over big in Mississippi. Once, while telling a home audience how he was slaving night and day in Washington to save them from "Jew Communism," a constituent asked Mr. Rankin whether it wouldn't be possible to "trap one of them Yankee Communists and send him down because folks are beginning to wonder what they look like." Mr. Rankin replied that he'd be glad to do it but was loath to polute "the magnolia-scented sweetness of pure Mississippi with a stench so foul that buzzards held their noses while flying over the Jew-Communist meeting places."

Two colored Mississippians fell to discussing another of Mr. Rankin's orations. One of them said that Jingo John seemed to be growing a mite less tolerant of the race. But the other reassured him: "Mist' Rankin ain't mad at niggers; he jest don't trust Negroes."

When Congress is in session, Mr. Rankin is usually the day's first speaker. It has become his habit to leap to his feet the moment the Speaker's gavel has fallen and ask unanimous consent for a word or two. It doesn't matter much what the subject is—birds, bees, glorious Mississippi, the lamentable scarcity of light harness makers, the heroic mothers of America or the medicinal qualities of sassafras—Mr. Rankin is pretty sure to wind up with a warning that Jews, Negroes, Communists, Organized Labor and European refugees are bound to be the death of the United States yet.

None of these elements is of noticeable political importance in Mr. Rankin's district. Therefore he is risking no votes in attacking them. And yet when he scrambles to his feet to speak many other Southern members cringe, often leave the chamber. Some of them concur privately in his opinions of Negro suffrage, labor unions, political radicalism and all the rest of his prejudices but *(Continued on page 81)*

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Moto

WHY OUR ARMED FORCES STILL NEED ONE-SHOT ANTI-FREEZE

Vast numbers of our tanks, trucks, planes, warships, etc. remain at various points throughout the world. This tremendous investment of the American people must be protected—and protected properly. That is why our armed forces still require quantities of one-shot anti-freeze.

Time Too Short

Even though the requirements of the services have been reduced, not enough "Prestone" anti-freeze can be made to meet both military and civilian needs this Winter.

SO . . . although there'll be some "Prestone" anti-freeze in all communities, there won't be enough for all comers. The reason is that the Armed Forces still require quantities of one-shot protection.

See your dealer early, and he may be able to supply you. If he can, you can stop worrying. "Prestone" anti-freeze won't evaporate, boil away or foam off. It also protects against rust and corrosion. One shot lasts all winter—with "Prestone" anti-freeze in your car you're safe and you know it!

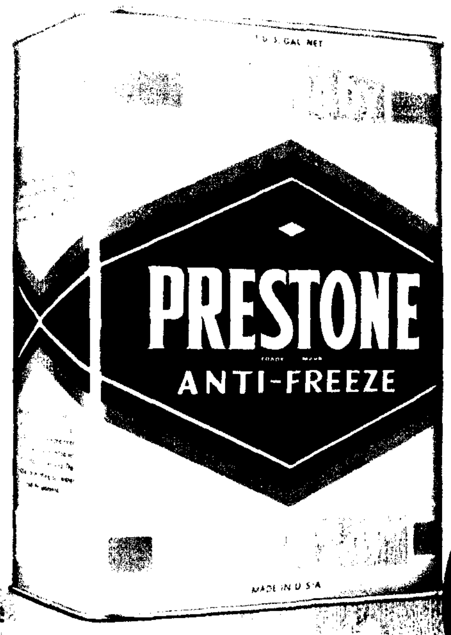
How anti-freeze is being distributed this year

To assure anti-freeze protection of the nation's motor vehicles, the War Production Board, with the cooperation of the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, set up a state allocation plan for the distribution of all anti-freezes. This plan is intended to assure motorists of some kind of anti-freeze protection. Some "Prestone" brand anti-freeze will be available in all communities.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Prestone" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.



$2.65
per gallon
SAME PRODUCT
SAME PRICE

PRESTONE Anti-Freeze

"YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!"

CONGRESS
Playing
Cards
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
THE U S PLAYING CARD CO
CINCINNATI, U.S.A

Congress Playing Cards
. . . distinctive in design,
unequalled in craftsmanship
. . . a pleasure to play with
and a delight to own.

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY
CINCINNATI 12, OHIO
MAKERS OF CONGRESS AND BICYCLE CARDS

Stairways are the bane of shoppers, but not in Harvey's. With escalators out of the question, the employee's stairway became a four-story art gallery, complete with lounges, and pictures that customers buy

Paint wasn't rationed, so vivid decor became the rule. Pastels of the women's wear department are typical

STORE BUSINESS IS SHOW BUSINESS

BY BURTON SCHELLENBACH

Nothing less than a four-story showcase will do for the merchandising methods of the hypermodern Mr. Fred Harvey

YOU take a gloomy, neglected interior in an aging department store. Give it purple ceilings and violet walls and aquamarine fixtures. Or orchid ceilings and light blue walls. Add some window displays that by previous standards could only be considered cockeyed. The result is that you're going to get yourself talked about, which was exactly the idea in this case.

The drastic rejuvenation of a Nashville store was something of a sensation back in 1942. Since then, the fame of Harvey's department store has spread throughout the South. Its flair for dramatic presentation, backed by sound if startling merchandising ideas, is paying off.

The new store had taken over the premises of what was probably one of the country's sleepiest department stores. Passing through many hands during its seventy years' existence, its sales had fallen to less than a half million dollars a year. The sound old building had fallen into disrepair. The occasional customer who entered scarcely disturbed the peace of its declining years. But that was before it became Harvey's. . . .

The comparative youngster in the field of merchant princes who was responsible for the Nashville explosion is named Fred Harvey. For years he had been moving from store to store throughout the country as a sort of "store doctor," rejuvenating ailing stores or departments for others. Always, he had wanted a store of his own, and through the years he had been amassing knowledge of merchandising and resources and saving money toward that end. Some would consider him too young to head a large store—until they looked at the balance sheet.

Harvey was born in Windsor, Canada, and he had to slug his way up. His family's fortunes faded during his senior year in Brown University, and it became immediately necessary for him to find a job upon graduation. He wanted to work for a department store, but the first one he tried was then going through a period when a type was being sought for training: five-feet-ten, blond, preferably Harvard. Fred was only five-feet-seven, and he decided to take no more chances. He bought three-inch props to wear inside his shoes, and sauntered over to apply at Lord & Taylor. They made him a floorwalker! He remembers yet how he felt at closing time every night, after a long day on his "high heels," and how he quaked when he came to work the first morning without the props.

But by that time, someone important had realized that, in his case at least, stature could be mental instead of physical. Fred Harvey was soon the youngest buyer on Fifth Avenue. He jumped from New York to Dallas to Boston to Detroit, and at the ripe old age of twenty-five, had become president of Lane Company, a small Detroit store that eventually was booming along at a half million dollars a year with Harvey at the helm.

The little Detroit store created several minor sensations in town, for Harvey's fashion instinct was already well developed. At various times, great Detroit department stores found themselves hurrying to New York to buy items that had been introduced to the city in the advertising of the Lane Company. But after two years, the owner consolidated this store with another, and Harvey left for New York. He returned eventually to another Detroit store, then went "doctoring" in Cincinnati, and wound up at Marshall Field in Chicago. At forty, he was ready and equipped with his savings to own and operate a store.

He Found What He Wanted

So he resigned from Marshall Field and started to range the country from New England to the Middle West. The Tennessee Valley was coming alive, and he saw here the kind of opportunity he sought. He was looking for a failure—an aging store into which he could transfuse the rich mixture of merchandising skill and showmanship that the years had given him. When he got to Nashville, his search was ended.

"About all we could get was paint," he says, describing his wartime preparations for opening the new store. "So we got paint and more paint." The weird-sounding color combinations in which the store was dressed for its opening were not chosen haphazardly, however. All are complementary

The glove counter displays—and sells—its stocks against a highly modern button-and-scissors motif

Sales resistance reaches the vanishing point as Fred Harvey demonstrates a hobbyhorse to Linda Parker

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX

colors, and their net effect is a bizarre freshness which detracts not one whit from the merchandise on display. "The colors made people talk," Harvey smiles, "and that was what we wanted. They're still talking, so every now and then we do over a floor in a brand-new combination."

The war which had engulfed America a few months before had not stopped him, but he soon found it put obstacles in his path. The ancient store had but two elevators—slow ones, at that. Escalators, said WPB, were out of the question. Harvey redecorated the employees' stairway, carpeted it comfortably, and hung its walls from the main floor to the fourth floor with attractive pictures. On every landing, he placed a soft-drink dispenser and comfortable chairs or benches. Nashville folks prefer the "picture stairs" now. "Those pictures are all for sale—we sell 'em every day," Harvey chuckles. "It's the only four-story single department in the country."

Harvey possesses a basic social philosophy of his store as a service to the community. "People enjoy stores more than parks," he explains simply. "They are part of a city, and you must feel that way about them. You could put a park with plush seats across the street from a store and the women would still come to the store." He keeps himself in this frame of mind—always regarding his store as a meeting place; as a community center that must interest and entertain as well as sell. "What's the first thing a woman does when she's entertaining an out-of-town guest?" he asks; then answers his own question: "She takes her guest through the city's leading stores."

The Customers Get a Break

This social philosophy imposes another important trust: the store must not fail its customers, no matter what the circumstances. Harvey has interpreted it in a number of ways: First, and most difficult, was his triumph in continuing to bring to Nashville one war-short commodity after another as restrictions tightened and goods disappeared from the market. Hairpins? Elastic? Two-way-stretch girdles? Harvey's were selling them long after they disappeared elsewhere.

Look for a mysterious answer to his puzzle and you'll be disappointed.

In his nearly twenty years of night-and-day store experience, Harvey had learned resources . . . those all-important suppliers of the nation's stores. His first-name acquaintance with the makers of goods runs into the hundreds. In his mind are catalogued the thousands of things a store can sell; the thousands of places to get them; the varying qualities available here and there. He sent his buyers out like bird dogs, and he ranged the country himself, determined that if the articles that Nashville women wanted existed anywhere, Harvey's would have them. It worked.

"Another thing," Harvey adds, "why should a woman who lives 18 miles out of town have to be at Harvey's when the doors open to buy an advertised article? We won't advertise an item unless we have enough to go around."

Dealing frankly and honestly with actual shortages also helped Harvey's gain Nashville good will. When rubber bathing caps disappeared and feminine coiffures were endangered, the store's scouting teams combed the country. Reports were summarized; the best bathing cap available was an "ersatz" model. Other stores wouldn't touch it because of its obviously substandard appearance. Fred Harvey bought heavily, offered the substitute cap for what it was. Over 10,000 of the caps were sold to women whose eyes were open to the quality of their purchase, but appreciated an "ersatz" cap rather than nothing at all.

During the first months of his operation in Nashville, Harvey followed the common practice of having other stores "shopped" by professionals to check quality, prices and methods. These shoppers disclosed some interesting things. First, it was difficult to open a charge account in Nashville. Second, shoppers encountered 90 per cent refusals when they attempted to return their purchases on a typical ladies' pretext.

Harvey's swung into action. Charge accounts were solicited—in fact, almost demanded. Salespeople were paid small bonuses for every charge account opened. Results: in one month Harvey's mailed 21,000 statements—and charge accounts are still coming in thick and fast. Because people are basically honest, all but an infinitesimal fraction of these accounts will be paid. It's good business.

His answer to the difficulty of returning purchases was a paradox in the store business. He quoted the too-familiar line "No exchanges—no refunds—all sales final" and added, in his advertisements, "Three things you'll *never* hear at Harveys!"

This show business, backed by sound store business, has proved an unbeatable combination in the Tennessee Valley—as it probably would in any locality. Harvey's newspaper advertising budget was based on a three-million-dollar income from the day the store opened for its first one-million-dollar year. The store has used double-page spreads in Nashville newspapers twice a week from the first. But other forms of advertising were not neglected.

Harvey, waiting for the bus at the corner near his home one morning, found standing boresome. He obtained the approval of the town fathers to place sturdy, attractive benches, labeled "Courtesy of Harvey's," throughout the residential sections. One of his closest associates said, "Nashville will forgive you everything but this. You are cheapening the store and commercializing what should be a gift to the city."

LINES TO THE PAINTERS WHO FITTED ME IN BETWEEN STRIKES

Complaining women I abhor,
So thanks a lot for painting—
BUT
I hope next time, you strike before
You paint my radiators shut!

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Fred Harvey was pretty sure it was safe to go ahead. He will confess to you that he slept little the night the benches were finally placed. The favor of the public may be a fleeting and fickle thing, and stores have taken the downgrade by taking smaller chances than this one.

He braced himself for a possible flood of complaints from proud Nashvillians. Presently phone calls and letters began to pour in. "When do we get a bench on our corner?" was the gist of all of them.

"The idea couldn't miss," says one of the store's old employees. "Didn't we sell every bit of iron garden furniture we could get just by letting the customers rest on it around the store?"

The Birth of a New Idea

Not long after his store opened its doors, Harvey decided that Nashville's war workers needed a place to shop in the evening. It would help them make hastily established homes more comfortable. It would reduce absenteeism. And, of course, it would bring new customers to the department stores, Harvey's included.

The subject brought a storm of protest from Nashville retailers, who decided night openings weren't needed. Harvey, characteristically, decided that they were, and announced "Open every Monday night till 9!"

"How well I remember that first night opening," he recalls today. "I was standing on the main floor. There were no customers. In walked a representative of the Nashville retailers."

The representative surveyed the deserted store with a jaundiced eye, and made a remark to the effect that night openings weren't such a good idea after all. To which Harvey answered, "When I came to Nashville, there was no one here in the daytime, either."

Within a month the store's evening service was a decided success, and other stores announced night openings in the newspapers. Promptly, Fred Harvey purchased a full-page advertisement and by congratulating them reminded Harvey's customers of the excellent service they had been getting for many months.

Other merchants cannot be expected to express unstinted love and admiration for such a competitor as Fred Harvey, though smaller Nashville retailers are practically unanimous in their respect for him. He has cut deeply into the business of the larger stores, and this hurts. In addition, where an old-established store dislikes change, Harvey loves it. His store is fast on its feet, and takes little notice of the rules and traditions that other Nashville merchants have come to accept as law.

There is one more important ingredient in the Harvey formula: the human element. From his years as a store doctor Harvey knew that the most winning public-relations program, and the most carefully selected merchandise, wouldn't click unless the store's people contributed their share to the success. During those years, he was busy making mental notes on the handling, or mishandling, of employees.

"I just eliminated all the rules that always bothered me," Harvey explains. "Time clocks . . . split-second hours . . . 'No Smoking' signs behind the scenes everywhere. . . ." Harvey employees punch no time clocks. If, in the middle of the morning or afternoon, they feel the urge for a moment's sunshine, a smoke, or a soft drink, they walk out of the store and have it—an act that, in most department stores, would be considered mutiny. Nor do they check their own purchases through a "censor room" before taking them home.

Where Freedom Reigns

This elimination of the hemmed-in feeling that so many store people develop has maintained an unusual *esprit de corps* as the staff grew from the original fifty-two to more than a thousand today. It's impossible to be in the store business with Fred Harvey and not enjoy it; he obviously enjoys every minute of it himself, and his enthusiasm is infectious. He finds it hard to stay in a swivel chair. As he walks from one department to another, he is constantly buttonholed by everyone from stock boys to department heads, to leading customers, with suggestions, compliments, complaints and just plain conversation.

In the words of a salesgirl, "The reason we like Mr. Harvey is that you don't have to be afraid when he comes on the floor. If he sees you just standing there, not waiting on a customer or anything, he doesn't act as though business had gone to the dogs and you were to blame. And he speaks to you just as pleasantly when he meets you in the drugstore across the street drinking a Coke in the middle of the afternoon as he does when you've just made a three-hundred-dollar sale!"

The boss' vacation is a sort of standing joke among the store's people. Regularly every summer, he announces that he needs to get away. Everyone agrees. Plans are discussed. Then nothing happens for a week, or two, or three. Presently someone asks, "When do you leave?"

"The first of the month," Harvey answers, as though reservations had been made, bags packed. The first of the month comes and goes. Someone else, with his well-being in mind, says solicitously, "When are you starting your vacation, Mr. Harvey?"

He will look thoughtful and reply, "Let me see . . . I believe my vacation started Monday." That ends the matter until the following summer.

What is the ceiling for his store's growth? Harvey admits of none. Last fall he leased the seven-story building next door, which will double the size of the establishment, and with the addition of a three-story structure on the other side, will provide Harvey's with the largest single frontage on Church Street, Nashville's busiest.

From Nashville's million-population trading area he expects to build a store that will really serve the Southland. And, if the past performance is any indication at all, he probably will.

THE END

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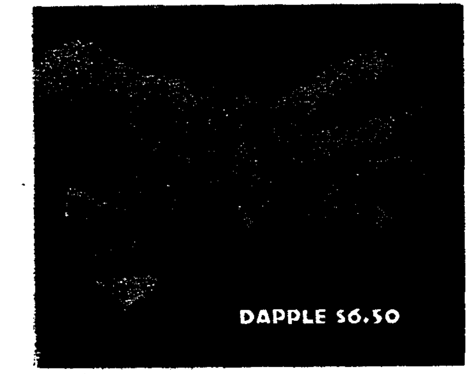

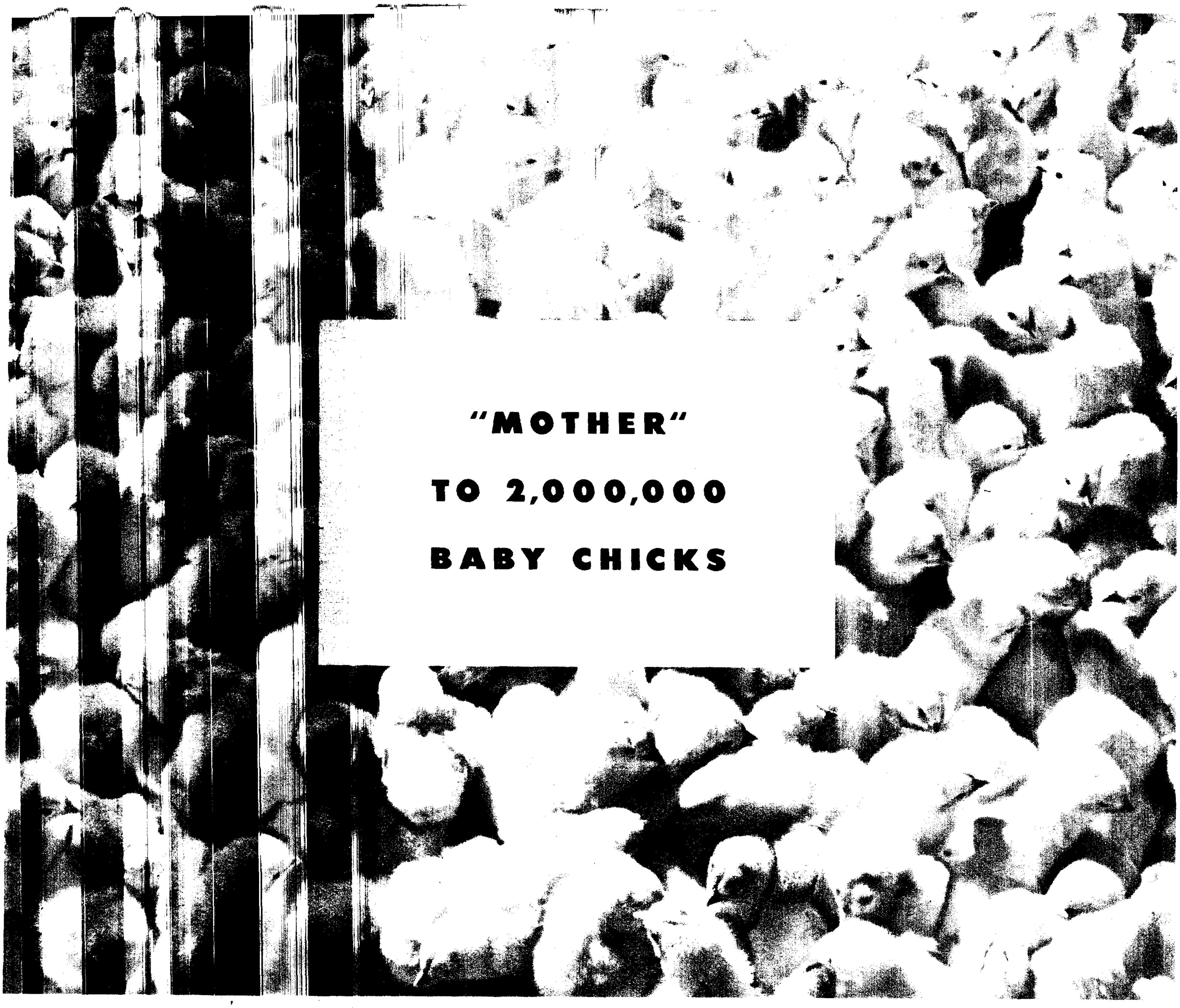

"MOTHER" TO 2,000,000 BABY CHICKS

You don't ordinarily think of a tough, powerful "Caterpillar" Diesel Engine as being maternal. But look at the record of one engine that went to work six years ago at Bolton Farms Hatchery, in Pennsylvania's Lancaster County.

Each year this "Caterpillar" Diesel has helped to bring 450,000 healthy chicks into the world. Generating the current that heats the incubators and brooders, it has stayed on the job night and day, week after week, piling up more than 34,000 hours of service. Surely no mother could have been more faithful.

Dependability is one of the "Caterpillar" Diesel Engine's qualities that owners mention again and again. It's made that way — every inch of it precision-built in the "Caterpillar" plant.

Another thing they talk about is *economy*. Operating at top efficiency with low-cost furnace oil for fuel, this engine is a thrifty power investment.

And a third point in the "Caterpillar" Diesel's favor is *service* — the sure, quick service rendered by the most competent dealer organization in its field.

Compact and portable, sturdy, durable and versatile, "Caterpillar" Diesel Engines and Electric Sets are filling an important power need in hundreds of American industries. They may readily be the answer to your power problem.

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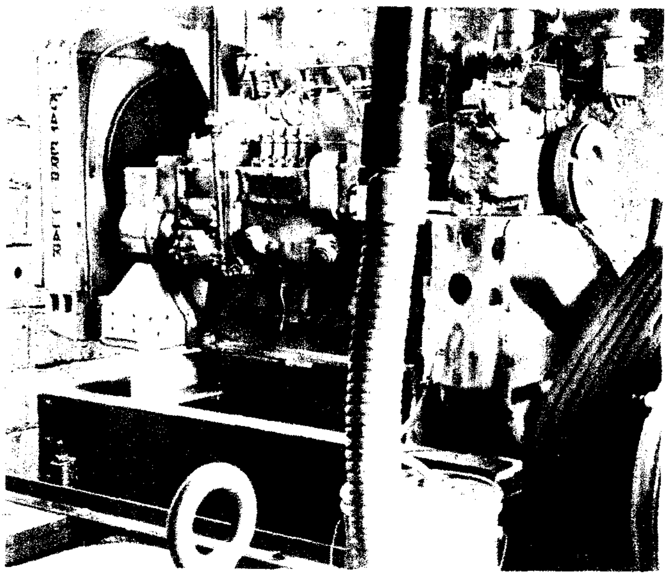

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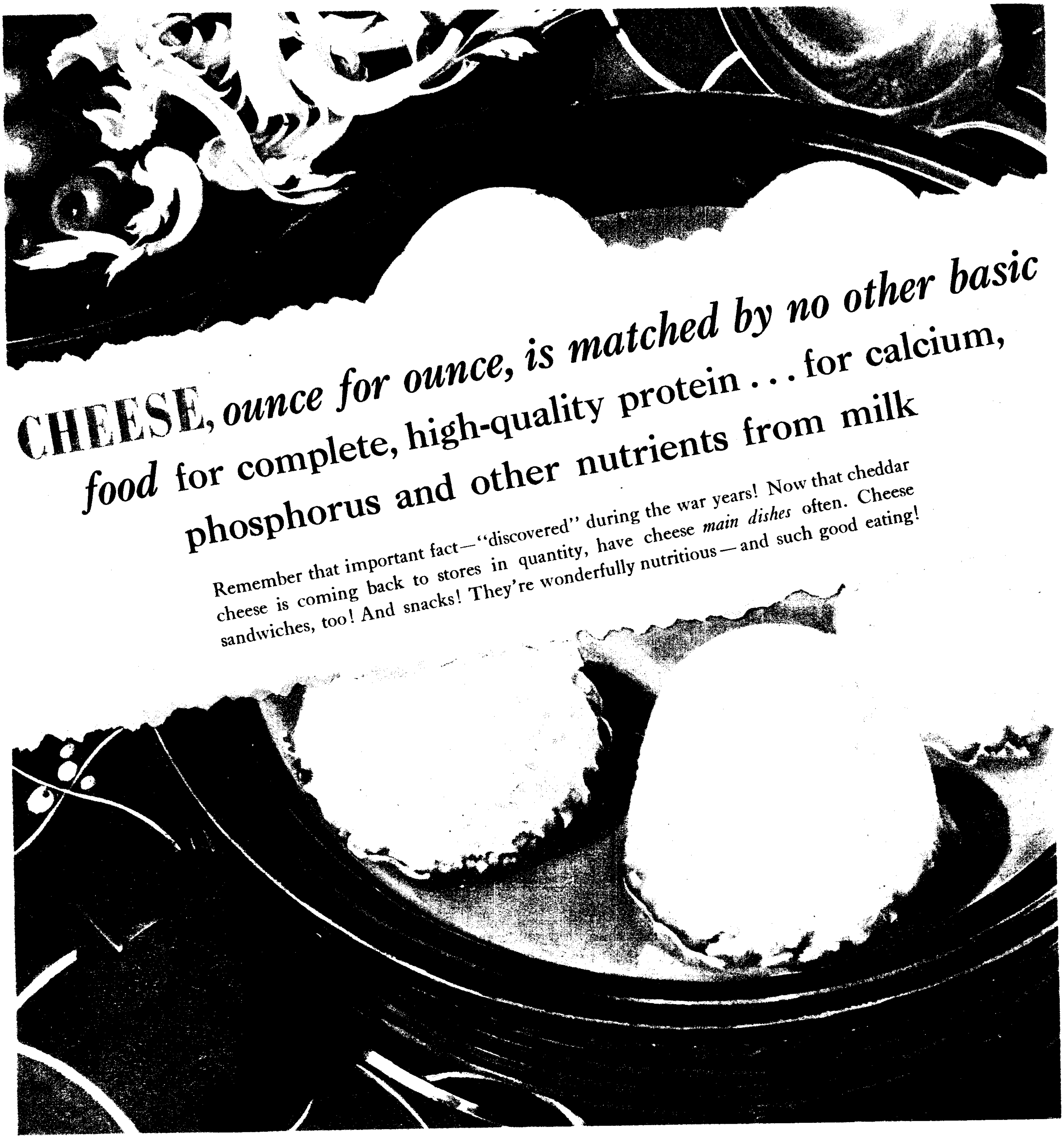

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Remember that important fact—"discovered" during the war years! Now that cheddar cheese is coming back to stores in quantity, have cheese *main dishes* often. Cheese sandwiches, too! And snacks! They're wonderfully nutritious—and such good eating!

Cheese fondue—*baked in individual molds and served in a piquant tomato sauce. Make it with Velveeta, Kraft American or Old English.*

They cook perfectly—these famous Kraft cheddar varieties! For rich yet mild cheddar flavor choose Velveeta, the cheese food of dependable Kraft quality. For medium-mellow flavor—Kraft American. If you prefer the *sharp* flavor of long-aged cheddar, watch for Old English. The Kraft name on the package assures you of wonderful flavor and perfect cookability every single time!
Kraft Foods Company, Chicago, Illinois.

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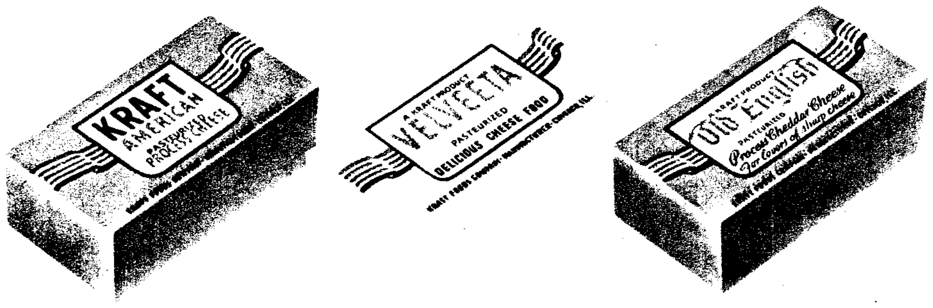

KRAFT
AMERICAN
PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE
A KRAFT PRODUCT
VELVEETA
PASTEURIZED
DELICIOUS CHEESE FOOD
A KRAFT PRODUCT
Old English
PASTEURIZED
Process Cheddar Cheese

They've Had It

Continued from page 14

"I knew you'd bring that up." Colonel Bernstein looked unhappy. "That, of course, is our biggest headache. It's very hard to find anyone who admits that he was ever a Nazi. Most of the bank heads, of course, were Nazis or they wouldn't have been bank heads. Gradually we're weeding out the Nazis and having thoroughly investigated non-Nazis replace them. Gradually we're getting a better breed of cat, but, of course, we make mistakes. And we'll make more mistakes. But we'll keep on trying until we get men we're satisfied with. But we're not expecting any miracles."

Plans for Germany not only concern the high realms of finance and industry but even go into detail as to the education of school children. The Berlin schools opened last August. Captain Paul Shafer, onetime administrative official at the San Fernando High School in Los Angeles, is the educational officer in charge of the 220 elementary schools in the American zone in Berlin. His toughest job was finding teachers.

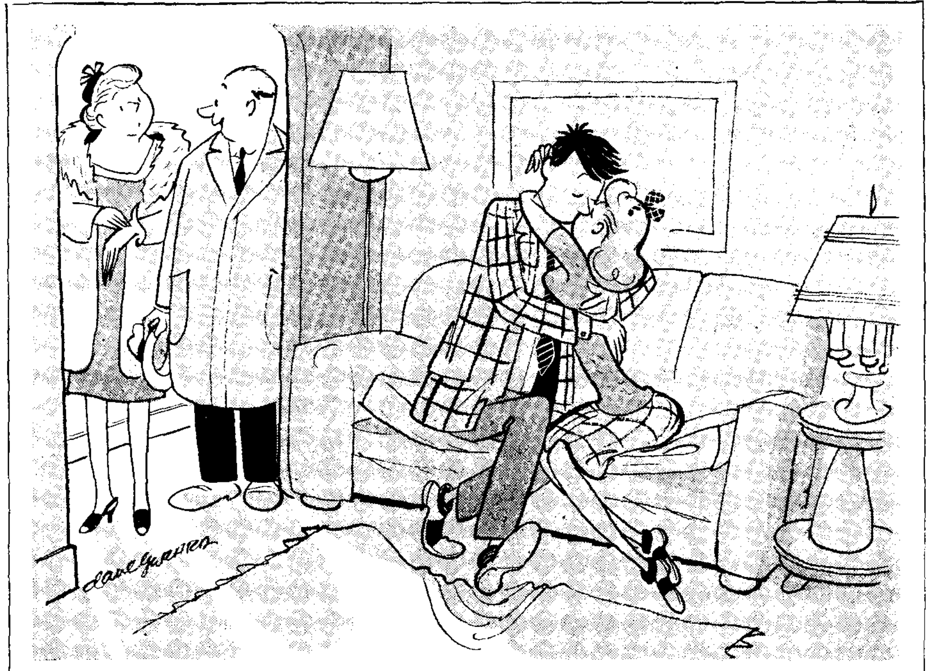
"First we had to make the school buildings habitable," he says. "Many, of course, were completely destroyed, but a great many partially ruined buildings could be made usable. Once that was done we looked for teachers. Of course, hundreds of teachers were in concentration camps because they refused to play along with Nazi pedagogical principles. So we looked for those and found quite a few. For instance, we found Doctor Werner Schroeder, who had been four years in a concentration camp. We made him a school superintendent. We managed to find textbooks used before the Nazis came into power. They are the books we use now. We haven't rewritten or altered them.

"The books are not unlike the books used in our own elementary schools. The same old fairy stories and folk rhymes nicely illustrated; the same nursery rhymes and nature tales—were they in English one couldn't tell the difference. There are no tales of military heroism or stories demonstrating that the greatest joy a German can experience is to die for his fatherland."

"Do the kids enjoy school?" I asked Captain Shafer.

"Surprisingly," he said. "You see, all schools in Berlin have been closed for two years. The kids have known nothing but the terror of bombing. Now they're back in their natural setting. We give them two hours of religious instruction a week, just as they did in the days before Hitler."

"Can you educate these youngsters to a democratic way of life?" I asked.



"It just seems like yesterday when we had to pay for a sitter for Alice"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

"Who knows?" Captain Shafer smiled. "But we can certainly see to it that they get no Hitler *Jugend* theories. To our surprise we found that many of the kids had become very bored with the regimentation and discipline enforced by the Hitler *Jugend* groups."

The people of Berlin are typical, and their behavior under Allied occupation is a fair example of what is happening in other German cities. I spent a month with them—a depressing experience. How are they taking the occupation? They are taking it as thoroughly beaten people. They are servile and fearful.

Berlin is fed under our supervision, but not by Allied food. Every German has a ration card entitling the holder to a basic daily count of 1,248 calories. Construction workers and others useful to us have this supplemented. So do children under fifteen. The caloric value of the food would be sufficient to keep everyone in Berlin alive. That is if the food were there. A German seldom gets what his ration card calls for.

In short, Berlin is in a starving condition. Our Army has to be coldblooded about it. Berlin has no high priority when it comes to getting American food. There are places, like Holland, even worse off than Berlin. Occasionally we do supply some food, but it is always excess stock on the point of spoiling. For instance, our Army left quite a stock of flour behind. It was old flour that would have gone bad before it could be returned to the United States. It was sold to the people of Berlin.

All authorities agree that many, many thousands will starve to death in Berlin this winter. The German Jews are worse off than the others. They have five years of semistarvation behind them. The Nazi Germans have fed very well during the past five years and they can live off their fat for a while. Thousands of Germans unable to bear the prospect of the coming winter are committing suicide. Gradually gas mains are being repaired in the city, and as gas is turned on in one district, a wave of suicides in that section invariably follows. Thousands more are only waiting for gas to be turned on. A great many, however, too desperate to wait, have killed themselves with knives.

A Visit to a Crematorium

I went to the crematorium on Berlinerstrasse in the Wilmersdorf district of the city. Two attendants stood in front of the two large ovens used to cremate the bodies. There was no coal, so they had to use wood, they said. And with a wood fire it took fifty-five minutes to cremate a body. They could only do about fifty a day if they worked twenty-four hours, they grumbled. The result was that the bodies were piling up. Go in and see, if I didn't believe it.

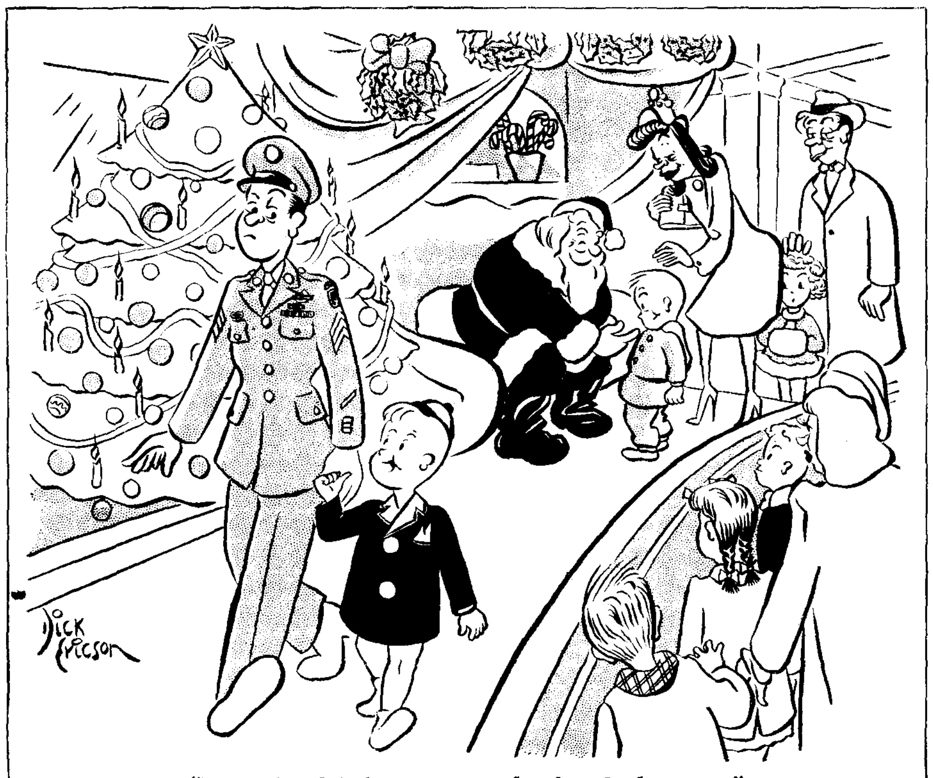
I went in and saw. In the long dank cellar-like receiving room there were 70 bodies waiting cremation. Fifty-two of them were in coffins made of flimsy wood or heavy cardboard. Twenty of them were in coffins which had no tops—merely open wooden boxes. Three bodies had been brought in wheelbarrows or carts. They lay there, half covered with sheets.

Wood is very scarce in Berlin. The man in charge said that about a third of the dead had committed suicide. He showed me the records. In several cases a man had killed his wife, his child, then himself. You were puzzled because you didn't especially notice the heavy smell of death in the air, and then you realized that it was rather a commonplace odor in Berlin now, and you'd gotten used to it. Of the bodies which were exposed, none had shoes. Several were naked. Shoes and clothing are too scarce to be cremated.

There are six crematoriums in Berlin, all doing heavy business these days. Of course, hundreds of deaths are unreported. If possible the dead person will be buried in any spot of earth that can be found. The rest of the family can then use the dead person's ration card until the deception is discovered.

Army officials (American, British, Russian) are not much interested in the increasing suicide rate. "It is just none of our business," Army officials say. "If they can't take it, the hell with them."

However, following General Eisenhower's statement that "children have no nationality," a scheme has been worked out to get milk for children and pregnant mothers. The Rus-



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sians made this possible. When they swept on toward Berlin, they gathered up all the cows in their path, winding up with 8,000 good milch cows. Last August, all pregnant women were told to register to obtain milk cards. In view of the fact that there are comparatively few young or even middle-aged German men in Berlin, the Army authorities were a bit surprised to find that there were 12,010 women rushing to register. All submitted proof of their condition. It was discovered that 5,160 of these were from the Russian sector of Berlin, 4,050 were from the British sector; and only 2,800 from the American sector.

Those figures perhaps reveal better than anything else could the complete moral collapse of the German people. The figures would be relatively the same in any German city. So would the venereal disease rate, which is somewhere in the stratosphere. They have not had the deterring influence of religion. On the contrary, the women were taught that their duty was to bear children, with or without benefit of clerical or official sanction. Their duty, too, was to "entertain" German troops home on leave. If they didn't do this wholeheartedly they were considered slackers.

Now that their city is owned by Russians, Americans and British, the Germans see no reason to change their way of life. Besides, the Americans and British give them cigarettes. Sometimes as many as four cigarettes and a chocolate bar. That can be traded for half a loaf of bread, or three or four drinks of Weinbrand.

Everything you observe in Berlin backs up General Clay's remark: "These are thoroughly beaten people. They've never been really beaten before. It has broken them physically and spiritually. They can't take it."

To say that the whole of the German nation is completely cowed and servile would, of course, be ridiculous. Underneath their servility and acquiescence to our orders, they hate us. There is no doubt of that. Occasionally, one of them will make a futile but rebellious gesture.

Murder In the Tiergarten

One day in September, the usual bartering was taking place in the Tiergarten, just opposite the old Reichstag. Here American G.I.s trade with the Russians, getting fabulous prices for watches, fountain pens, cigarettes and chocolate bars. It was a quiet day, with only the voices of the merchants disturbing the peace. Suddenly there was a shot from the ruins of the Reichstag. A Russian soldier clutched his hand to his heart and dropped dead. A dozen American G.I.s rushed into the ruins of the Reichstag, but the murderer had escaped. He had probably stolen a gun and this was his way of saying "Go to hell." They never did find him. Nor did the Russians follow the Nazi custom of grabbing a hundred hostages and shooting them, though I heard several G.I.s who were there that day suggest it.

"What the hell," one angry kid from the 82d Airborne Division said, "that coulda been me instead of the Russky. We maybe ought to plant a few of these Krauts in the Tiergarten so they know they can't do things like that. That ain't right. The war is over."

Yes, the war is over, but some of them don't believe it. The other day, a party by the name of Wilhelm Peter Schultz was shot by a British firing squad. His offense was that a gun had been found in his possession.

Early during the occupation a set of laws was published all over Berlin. The penalties for breaking these laws were explained. Leading the list was the possession of firearms. They had to be surrendered. Death was the penalty for anyone found bearing arms. Wilhelm Peter Schultz received a meticulously fair trial in a large courtroom in the Ernst-Thälmannstrasse.

Schultz had sneaked into Berlin from Frankfort two months before. He had found an uninhabited room in a half-ruined house and had furnished it by stealing furniture from his neighbors. One of them complained to the civil (German) police. This occurred in the section known as Wilmersdorf, where Kurt Kolber is the chief of police. Kurt Kolber was chief of police here back in 1935, but he was an anti-Nazi and they tossed him into a concentration camp. The war over, he was liberated by the British and given his old job back. He went to investigate the story of the stolen furniture. He found Schultz was not home when he called, but he went in and found the furniture. He also found a gun and 25 rounds of ammunition. He waited, collared Schultz and took him to the clink. He was tried by a military court of five British officers.

Schultz was defended by a former Berlin criminal lawyer, Doctor Walther Streek. He told a long rambling story of how he found the gun and had intended turning it in the next morning. Some hundred German spectators sat on the long benches and gaped at the proceedings. Schultz was allowed to call defense witnesses. He did, and they made favorable impressions until cross-examined by young, pink-faced Captain Roland Ashby, the prosecutor. It was very obvious from the start that Schultz, a typical hard, tough, young Nazi, was guilty. It was even established that the gun had been in his possession for at least a week.

The trial, which might have been over in half an hour, dragged on for five hours. The five members of the court gave Schultz every chance to prove his innocence, and gave his counsel, tall, scholarly-looking Doctor Streek, every leeway in cross-examining prosecution witnesses. All questions were asked in English and repeated in German. Answers in German were translated into English so that the court (all of them spoke German) could not possibly miss anything for or against the prisoner.

COLLIER'S "Here, old man. Let me help you look" GARDNER REA

No prisoner in any British or American court ever received fairer treatment than did Wilhelm Peter Schultz. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. This is not the important thing. The important thing is that a crowded courtroom of German spectators had a taste of justice as administered by Allied courts. They hadn't known this type of courtroom procedure for many years. This was no mock trial. It was a trial in which every safeguard of the law was given to the defendant. Whether the spectators were impressed or not, I do not know, but defense counsel, Doctor Streek, was very much impressed.

"I have never been permitted so much latitude in a courtroom," he confessed. "No one could say that my client did not get a completely fair trial."

It's stern justice that we're meting out in Berlin—but it is justice, and justice is something new to Berlin. Maybe they'll get to like it. Not that it matters. They've got to like it—or else. I am sure that by now there are reports at home that we are being too "soft" on the Germans. Amateur observers giving Berlin a once-over-lightly might even get that impression.

I'm not trying to do anything but give a picture of Berlin as it is today. If we accept Berlin as an average German city, I can only come to the conclusion that Germany can never try it again. The Russians, the British and ourselves have left tangible and intangible marks on Berlin that can never be obliterated. When the Russians arrived in Berlin they crossed the city. An advance tank unit went almost to Potsdam. One tank with a very daring crew took the lead and roared up the Potsdamerstrasse. It got almost to Wannsee before it was hit and put out of action.

The tank remained where it was. It still remains where it was. Right in the middle of broad Potsdamerstrasse, the Russians built a marble base and on it mounted the tank. They gilded it with heavy silver paint and put an inscription on the base saying that this was the first tank to cross the city of Berlin. I passed the tank one day. There were two curious Russian soldiers inspecting it. One of them spoke in English.

"You see that," he chuckled. "For a thousand years these Germans will see that tank. And if they ever want to make war again they will look at that silver tank on the marble and they will read what it says, and they'll change their minds. That means there will always be a part of Russia in Berlin to remind them. And wait until they see our monument by the Tor."

Wait until they see that monument. They've just started work on it. It is to be huge (90 feet by 100 feet at the base), and towering some one hundred feet high. It will be built between the Brandenburger Tor at the head of what was Unter den Linden, and is now a rubble heap, and the Tiergarten. It will be a memorial to the Russian dead, and it will probably stand there forever. It should have a rather depressing effect on any future German leader who thinks he can do it again.

I had a jeep driver in Berlin, named Eddie Barnes, of Richmond Hill, Long Island. Once we drove home late from the British Press Headquarters in the Hotel Am Zoo on the Kurfürstendamm. It was a damp night, and on a damp night in Berlin you believe the reports that there are still 100,000 bodies buried beneath the ruins. It was dark, too, but Eddie by now knew Berlin as well as he knew his native Richmond Hill. We didn't even hit a pedestrian. We went up Berlinerstrasse and passed the crematorium where we'd seen seventy bodies that morning. Suddenly, Eddie Barnes swerved his jeep. He'd almost hit a cart being pushed by two men. We slowed down. There was a body in the cart. They were hauling it to the crematorium.

"Brother, you've had it," twenty-two-year-old Private Eddie Barnes said emphatically. "You've had it."

"You think they can ever start another war, Eddie?" I asked.

"Not a chance. They've had it," Eddie repeated, slipping in his clutch and getting away from the dreary spot.

I think Eddie was right.

THE END

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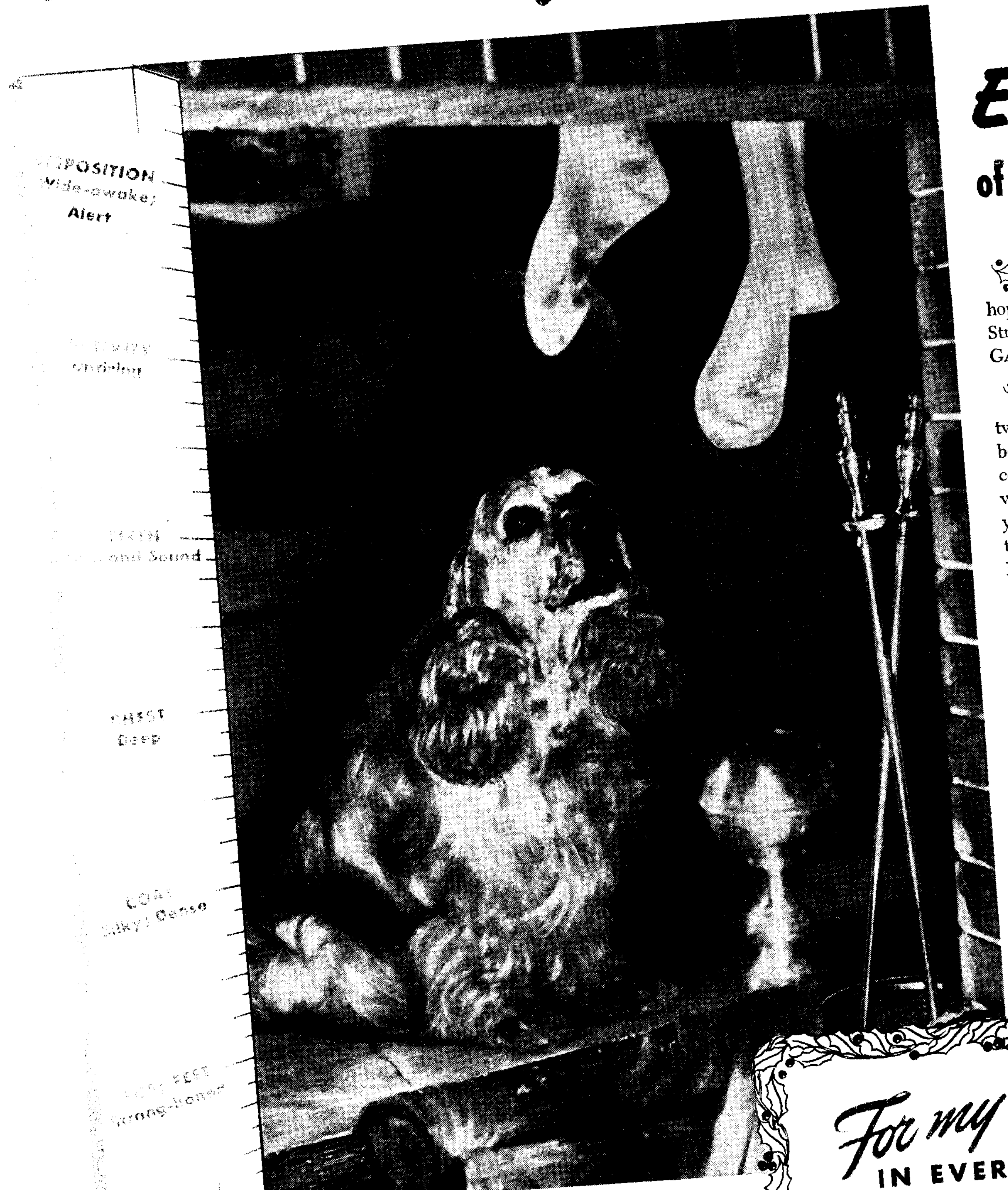

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As much body and strength-building *proteins* as in 1½ lbs. fresh raw beef

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For red-blooded vitality—as much *iron* as in ¾ lb. beef liver

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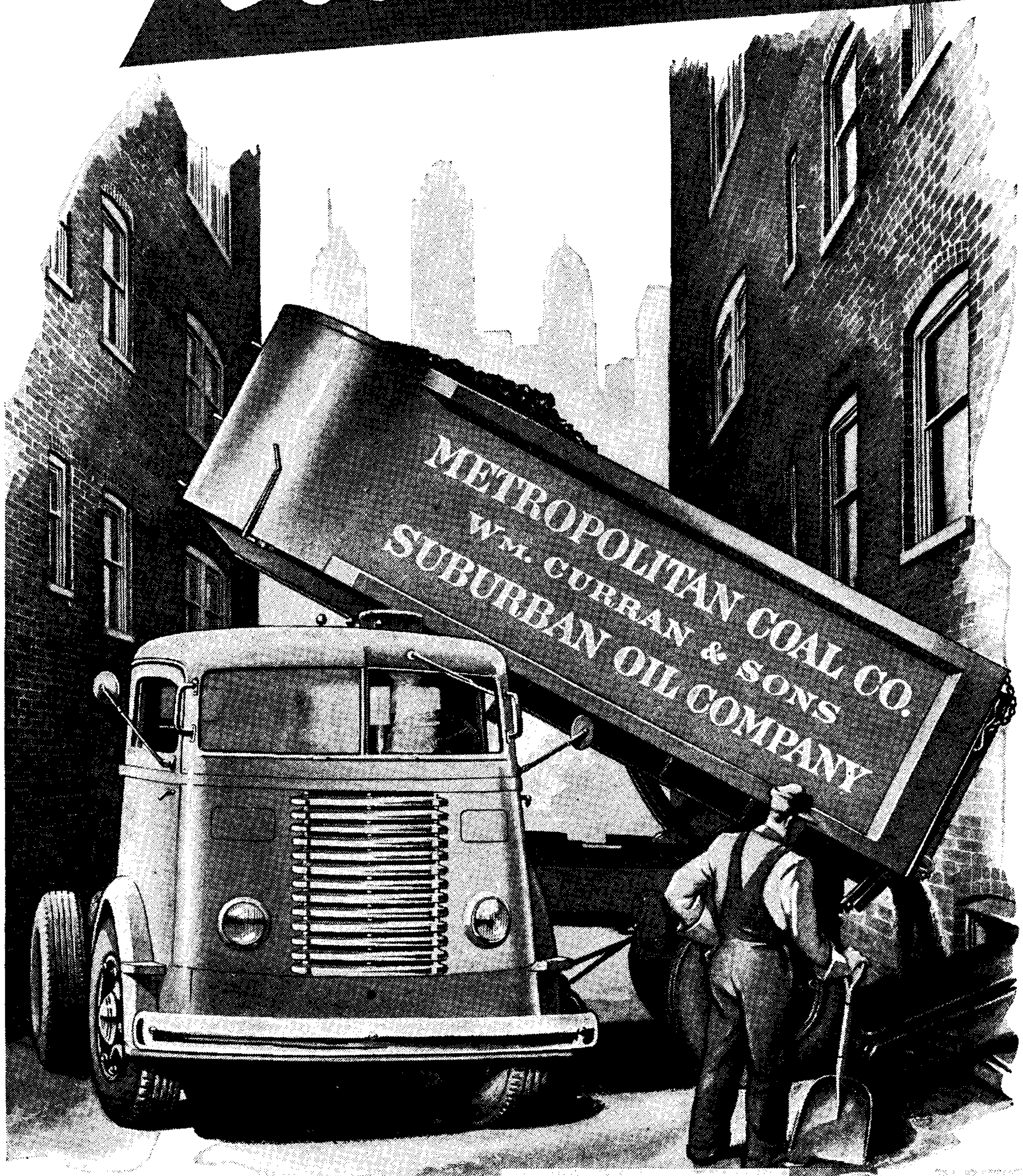
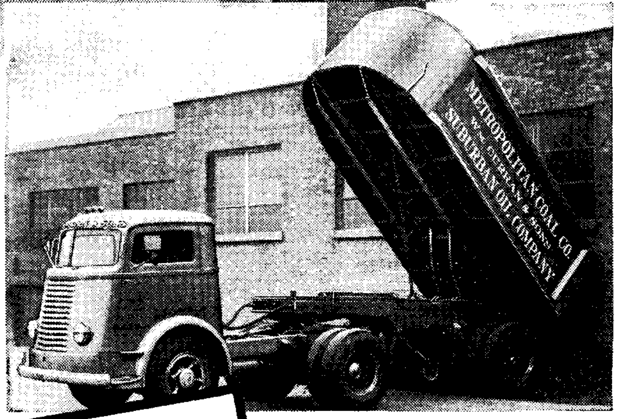


This illustration is drawn from an actual photograph showing how a Truck-Trailer can get in and out of tight places more easily than an ordinary truck of less carrying capacity. Because it is "hinged-in-the-middle", the whole vehicle turns in the same radius as the short-wheelbase truck that pulls it.



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EASY TO MANEUVER!

Take the word of Lew Diesem, who drives for Metropolitan. Lew says, "Boy, what a difference! This double-jointed giant handles with half the effort. I can get into a narrow alley, make my delivery and get out with no trouble at all. With the rig I had before, I had to back up an entire block to get into position to deliver one particular load. Now I can turn the whole job in a narrow circle and back right into position."

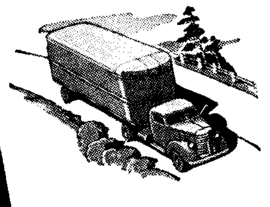
LOW-COST OPERATION!

There's more to it than that, however. Currans report not only greater driver satisfaction because of the easier handling, but also tremendous savings in tires, gasoline and oil. Tire mileage alone is doubled, and because of the quick facility with which the Truck-Trailer can be handled in cramped quarters, much valuable time is saved.

Here's another point: the Trailer, handling 12-ton loads, is pulled by a truck with a 2½-ton rating. That's because any truck, like a horse, can *pull* far more than it is designed to *carry*.

Thousands of users, large and small . . . in more than 100 different kinds of business . . . have found similar economy and efficiency with Fruehauf Trailers.

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO., Detroit 32
Service in Principal Cities



Do Truck Operators Pay for the Use of the Highways ?

Commercial vehicle operators not only pay their share for road building and maintenance—but *over-pay* every year from $5 each for farm trucks up to $287 each for truck-trailers of over 5-ton capacity. Reports show that from 1925 to 1943 almost 2-billion dollars have been taken from highway tax funds and used for other purposes.

A TRUCK IS LIKE A HORSE
IT CAN *PULL* MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Stranger

Continued from page 18

"That's my sister Mattie," he told Vincent's girl. "I'm not the window man, if that's—"

"You aren't the curtain man? . . . What's the matter with your eyes?"

"I have hay fever. My name is Babe Gladwaller. I was in the Army with Vincent Caulfield." He sneezed. "We were very good friends . . . Don't stare at me when I sneeze, please. Mattie and I came in town to have lunch and see a show, and I thought I'd drop by to see you; take a chance on your being in. I should have telephoned or something." He sneezed again, and when he looked up, Vincent's girl was staring at him. She looked fine. She probably could have lighted up a cigar and looked fine.

"Hey," she said, quietly for her; she was a shouter. "This room is dark as glop. Let's go in my room." She turned around and started to lead the way. With her back turned she said, "You're in the letter he wrote me. You live in a place beginning with a 'V.'"

"Valdosta, New York."

They entered a lighter, better room; obviously Vincent's girl's and her husband's room.

"Listen. I hate that living room. Sit in the chair. Just throw that glop on the floor. Pussy cat, baby, you sit here on the bed with me—oh, sweetie, what a beautiful dress! Oh, why did you come to see me? No, I'm glad. Go ahead. I won't look at you when you sneeze."

There was never a way, even back in the beginning, that a man could condition himself against the lethal size and shape and melody of beauty by chance. Vincent could have warned him. Vincent *had* warned him. Sure he had.

Babe said, "Well, I thought—"

"Listen, why aren't you in the *Army?*" Vincent's girl said. "Aren't you in the Army? Hey! Are you out on that new points thing?"

"He had a hundred and seven points," Mattie said. "He has five battle stars, but you only wear a little silver one if you have five. You can't get five of the little gold ones on the ribbon thing. Five would look better. They'd look more. But he doesn't wear his uniform any more, anyway. I got it. I got it in a box."

Babe crossed his long legs as most tall men do, laying the ankle on the knee. "I'm out. I got out," he said. He looked at the clock in his sock, one of the most unfamiliar things in the new, combat-bootless world, then up at Vincent's girl. Was she real? "I got out last week," he said.

"Gee, that's swell."

She didn't care much one way or the other. Why should she? So Babe just nodded, and said, "You, uh . . . You know Vincent's—you know he was killed, don't you?"

"Yes."

BABE nodded again, and reversed the position of his legs, laying the other ankle on the other knee.

"His father phoned and told me," Vincent's girl said; "when it happened. He called me Miss Uhhh. He's known me all my life and he couldn't think of my first name. Just that I loved Vincent and that I was Howie Beeber's daughter. He thought we were still engaged, I guess. Vincent and I."

She put her hand on the back of Mattie's neck, and stared at Mattie's right arm, which was nearest her. Not that there was anything the matter with Mattie's right arm. It was just bare and brown and young.

"I thought you might want to know a little about it all," Babe said, and sneezed about six times. When he put away his handkerchief, Vincent's girl was looking at him, but she didn't say anything. Very confusing and annoying. Maybe she wanted him to quit his introductions. He thought, and said, "I can't tell you he was happy or anything when he died. I'm sorry. I can't think of anything good. Yet I want to tell you the whole business."

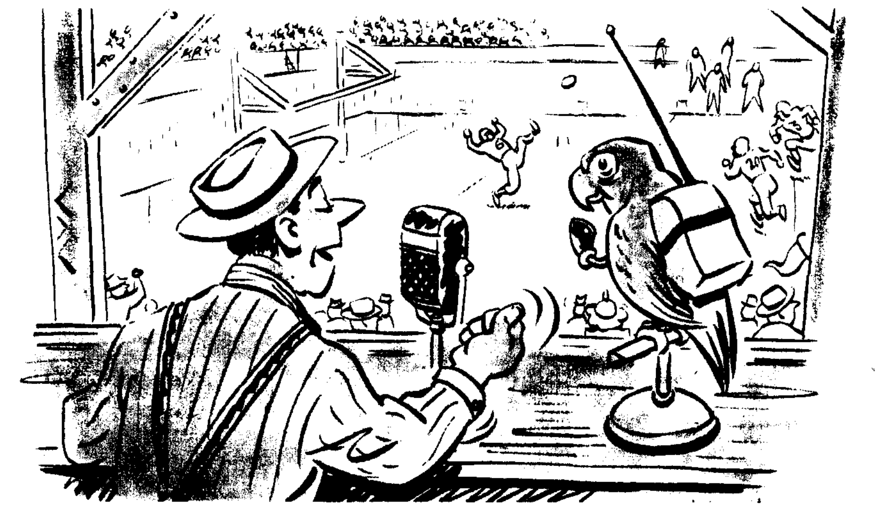
"Don't lie to me at all. I want to know," Vincent's girl said. She let go of Mattie's neck. Then she just sat and didn't especially look at, or do, anything.

"Uh. He died in the morning. He and four other G.I.s and I were standing around a fire we made. In Hürtgen Forest. Some mortar dropped in suddenly—it doesn't whistle or anything—and it hit Vincent and three of the other men. He died in the medics' CP tent about thirty yards away, not more than about three minutes after he was hit." Babe had to sneeze several times at that point. He went on, "I think he had too much pain in too large an area of his body to have realized anything but blackness. I don't think it hurt. I swear I don't. His eyes were open. I think he recognized me and heard me when I spoke to him, but he didn't say anything at all. The last thing he said was about one of us was going to have to get some wood for the lousy fire—preferably one of the younger men, he said—you know how he talked." Babe stopped there because Vincent's girl was crying and he didn't know what to do about it.

MATTIE spoke up, telling Vincent's girl: "He was a witty guy. He was at our house. Gee!"

Vincent's girl went on crying with her face in one hand, but she heard Mattie. Babe looked at the low-cut shoe on his foot, and waited for something quiet and sensible and easier to happen—such as Vincent's girl, Vincent's swell girl, not crying any more.

When that happened—and it happened quickly, too—he talked again. "You're married and I didn't come here to torture you. I just thought, from stuff Vincent told me, that you used to love him a lot and that you'd want to hear this stuff. I'm sorry I have to be a stranger with hay fever and on my way to lunch and a matinee. It seems lousy. Everything seems lousy. I didn't think it would be any good, but I came anyway. I don't know what's wrong with me since I'm back."



COLLIER'S — **"Stand by, folks, for a bird's-eye view"** — COLIN ALLEN

Vincent's girl said, "What's a mortar? Like a cannon?"

How could you ever tell what girls were going to say or do? . . . "Well. Sort of. The shell drops in without whistling. I'm sorry." He was apologizing too much, but he wanted to apologize to every girl in the world whose lover had been hit by mortar fragments because the mortars hadn't whistled. He was very afraid now, that he had told Vincent's girl too much too coldly. The hay fever, the dirty hay fever, certainly was no help. But the thing that was really terrible was the way your mind wanted to tell civilians these things—that was much more terrible than what your voice said.

Your mind, your soldier's mind, wanted accuracy above all else. So far as details went, you wanted to be the bull's-eye kid: Don't let any civilian leave you, when the story's over, with any comfortable lies. Shoot down all the lies. Don't let Vincent's girl think that Vincent asked for a cigarette before he died. Don't let her think he grinned gamely, or said a few choice last words.

These things didn't happen. These things weren't done outside movies and books except by a very, very few guys who were unable to fasten their last thoughts to the depleting joy of being alive. Don't let Vincent's girl fool herself about Vincent, no matter how much she loved him. Get your sight picture on the nearest, biggest lie. That's why you're back, that's why you were lucky. Don't let anybody good down. Fire! Fire, buddy! *Now!*

Babe uncrossed his legs, briefly squeezed his forehead with the heels of his hands, then he sneezed about a dozen times. He used a fourth, fresh handkerchief on his burning watery eyes, put it away, and said, "Vincent loved you something terrific. I don't know exactly why you broke up, but I do know it wasn't anybody's fault. I got that feeling about it when he talked about you—that your breaking up wasn't anybody's fault. Was it anybody's fault? I oughtn't to ask you that. Your being married. Was it anybody's fault?"

"It was his fault."

"How come you married Mr. Polk, then?" Mattie demanded.

"It was his fault. Listen. I loved Vincent. I loved his house and I loved his brothers and I loved his mother and father. I loved everything. Listen, Babe. Vincent didn't believe *anything*. If it was summer he didn't believe it; if it was winter he didn't believe it. He didn't believe anything from the time little Kenneth Caulfield died. His brother."

"That the little one, the younger one he was so crazy about?"

"Yes. I loved everything. I swear to you," Vincent's girl said, touching Mattie's arm almost vaguely.

Babe nodded. Without sneezing first, he reached into his inside coat pocket and took out something. "Uh," he said to Vincent's girl. "This is a poem he wrote. No kidding. I borrowed some air-mail envelopes from him and it was written on one of the backs. You can have it if you want it." He reached his long arm forward, unable to avoid being fascinated by the shiny links in his shirt cuffs, and handed her a mud-dirty G.I. air-mail envelope. It was folded once the short way, and slightly torn.

Vincent's girl looked at the face of it, and read the title with her lips moving. She looked at Babe. "Oh, Lord! Miss Beebers! He called me Miss Beebers!"

She looked down at the poem again, and read it through to herself, moving her lips. She shook her head when she reached the end, but not as though she were denying anything. Then she read the poem through again. Then she folded the poem into a very small size, as though concealment was necessary. She put her hand with the poem in it into her jacket pocket and left it there.

"Miss Beebers," she said, looking up as if someone had come into the room.

Babe, who had his legs crossed again, uncrossed them, as an overture to getting up. "Well," he said. "The poem, is all." He stood up and so did Mattie. Then Vincent's girl stood up.

Babe extended his hand, which Vincent's girl duly clasped. "I probably shouldn't have come," he said. "I had the best and worst motives . . . I'm acting very peculiarly. I don't know what's the matter. Goodby."

"I'm very glad you came, Babe."

That made him cry and he turned around and walked quickly out of the room toward the front door. Mattie went behind him, and Vincent's girl slowly followed. When he turned around in the hall outside the apartment, he was all right again.

"Can we get a cab or something?" he asked Vincent's girl. "Are there cabs running? I didn't even notice."

"Maybe you can get one. It's a good time."

"Would you like to go to lunch and theater with us?" he asked her.

"I can't. I have to—I can't. Ring the 'Up' bell, Mattie. The 'Down' one doesn't work."

Babe took her hand again. "Goodby, Helen," he said, and released it. He walked over and stood beside Mattie in front of the closed elevator doors.

"What are you going to do now?" Vincent's girl almost shouted at him.

"I told you, we're going—"

"I mean now that you're back."

"Oh!" He sneezed. "I don't know. Is there something to do? No, I'm kidding. I'll do something. I'll probably get an M.A. and teach. My father's a teacher."

"Hey. Go see some girl dance with a big bubble or something tonight, huh?"

"I don't know any girls who dance with big bubbles. Ring the bell again, Mattie."

"Listen, Babe," Vincent's girl said intensely. "Call me sometime, willya? Please. I'm in the book."

"I know some girls," Babe said.

"I know, but we could have lunch or something and see a show. Wuddaya-call-it can get tickets to anything. Bob. My husband. Or come to dinner."

He shook his head and rang the elevator bell himself.

"Please."

"I'm all right. Don't be that way. I'm just not used to things yet."

The elevator doors slammed open. Mattie hollered "Goodby," and followed her brother into the elevator. The door slammed shut.

THERE weren't any taxis down in the street. They both walked west, toward the Park. The three long blocks between Lexington and Fifth were dull and noonish, as only that stretch can be in late August. A fat, apartment-house doorman, cupping a cigarette in his hand, was walking a wire-haired along the curb between Park and Madison.

Babe figured that during the whole time of the Bulge, the guy had walked that dog on this street every day. He couldn't believe it. He could believe it, but it was still impossible. He felt Mattie put her hand in his. She was talking a blue streak.

"Mamma said we ought to see that play, Harvey. She said you like Frank Fay. It's about this man talks to a rabbit. When he's drunk and everything, he talks to this rabbit. Or Oklahoma! Mamma said you'd like Oklahoma!, too. Roberta Cochran saw it and she said it was swell. She said—"

"Who saw it?"

"Roberta Cochran. She's in my class. She's a dancer. Her father thinks he's a funny guy. I was over at her house and he tries to make a lot of wisecracks. He's a dope." Mattie was quiet for a second. "Babe," she said.

"What?"

"Are you glad to be home?"

"Yes, baby."

"Ow! You're hurting my hand."

He relaxed his grip. "Why do you ask me that?"

"I don't know. Let's sit on top of the bus. An open one."

"All right."

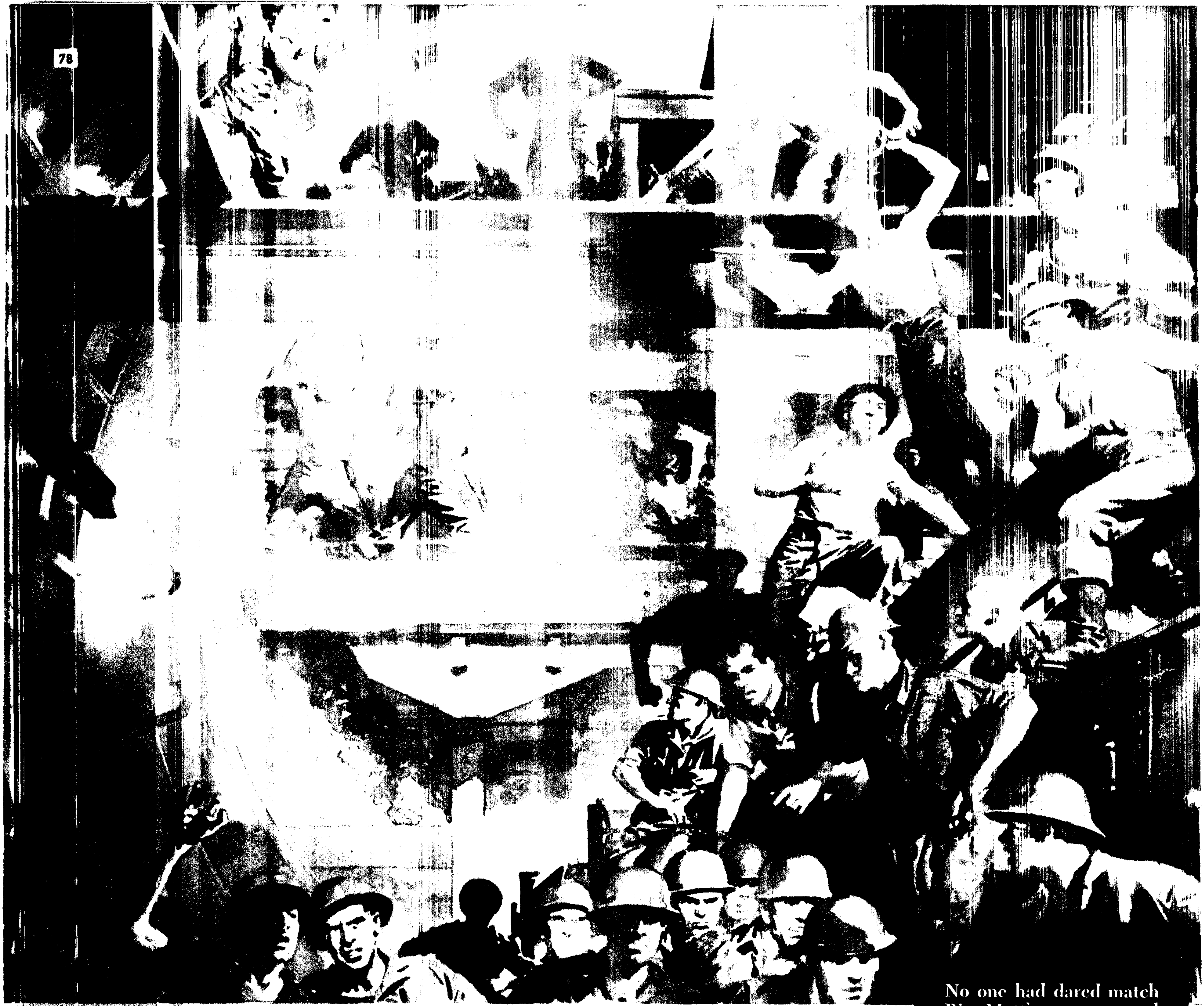
The sun was brilliant and hot as they crossed over to the Park side of Fifth Avenue. At the bus stop, Babe lighted a cigarette and took off his hat. A tall blond girl carrying a hatbox walked zippily along the other side of the street. In the middle of the broad avenue a small boy in a blue suit was trying to get his small, relaxed dog, probably named Theodore or Waggy, to get up and finish walking across the street like someone named Rex or Prince or Jim.

"I can eat with chopsticks," Mattie said. "This guy showed me. Vera Weber's father. I'll show you."

The sun was full warm on Babe's pale face. "Kiddo," he said to Mattie, tapping her on the shoulder, "that's something I'll have to *see.*"

"Okay. You'll see," said Mattie. With her feet together she made the little jump from the curb to the street surface, then back again. Why was it such a beautiful thing to see?

THE END



"It's a blow!" somebody screamed. The cry spread like oil on water, blanched faces, sent men spinning along the tunnel

BLOW DEVIL

BY WILBUR S. PEACOCK

No one had dared match Big Matt's courage and skill at a dangerous job—until his kid brother came back from war with one eye on the job and another on Big Matt's girl

THE bends had warped and shriveled the Negro's legs, so that he could no longer do anything but tend the valve in the man lock. He jerked it open now, and air screamed into the lock, the compression building up stifling heat. The gauge needle flicked to five, to ten, kept circling the white dial. The Negro grinned, hawking and blowing his nose to equalize the pressure.

Big Matt glanced at his brother, ran his gaze along the double benches. Sweaty hairy-chested sandhogs were gaping and blowing, gasping against the pressure of the burning air.

"How you doing, Kid?" Big Matt bellowed.

"Okay!" Don watched the valve needle cruise to the forty pound line. "Is it always like this?"

Big Matt grinned, flexed the tremendous muscles of his chest. "No," he yelled. "Sometimes it gets worse."

The air blast ceased, and the inner lock sucked open. Ahead, the misty darkness of the tunnel stretched into infinity.

"Let's go," somebody said, and the men edged from the lock. They went single file down the incline to the heading, the dim electric lights on the tunnel roof making them look like ghosts in the ever-present fog haze.

"Mist' Matt," the lock tender said, laying a black hand on Big Matt's shoulder. "Watch yo'self. There's an ol' blow devil waitin' for jus' one mistake."

Big Matt grinned, thumped the chest of the black man. "You old calamity howler," he joked. "We're going under like a knife cuts cheese."

"Yessir!" the lock tender agreed. "But you look out now."

The crew chief nodded, stepped from the lock, stood at Don's side. Ahead, stretching into the dimness, lay the twin tracks of the narrow gauge, and as they walked, their feet drew echoes from the wooden flooring.

"You take it easy and just watch, today," Big Matt said. "I ain't sure yet whether this is the place for you. Don't get in the way; and if somebody tells you to do something, do it and don't stop to argue."

"Hell!" Don Burton spat in slow contempt. "I've been places overseas that'd make this a picnic."

Big Matt frowned, then shrugged. The kid had always been like this—stubborn, hard-boiled, cocky, and four years in the Army hadn't seemed to change him much.

"Just the same," he said doggedly, "you do what you're told. One slip can kill every man in here."

"Sure, sure!" Don said impatiently. "Come on, let's get going."

Big Matt led the way, following the tracks, stepping aside for the muck cars laden with wet sand, then pacing on toward the heading. The heat was sticky and intense, and the dull roar of work increased until only shouts could be heard.

The iron gang worked on the wooden platform over the center of the tunnel, swinging heavy wrenches with consummate ease, tightening the curves of iron plate. On the tunnel floor below, the muckers stooped and straightened, stooped and straightened, filling the stream of muck cars with the sand and muck brought from the heading.

Big Matt smiled. This was his world. For ten years now he had been driving tunnels through rock and earth and sand, and he would have chosen no other life. He was big, and the work was big, and he fought the ground as he would have fought any man, hands and brains working in close unison.

Don Burton grinned, too, but his grin was different. Oh, he was big like his brother, but he was different. This was a tunnel, sure, and someday trains or cars or people would roar its length. But, right now it was just a hole, a high-priced mole warren in the earth. And he was one of the moles who would dig it, a mole who got more dough in one day than the Army paid in a month. He liked the thought, and his eyes were alive.

They went toward the shield, boots splashing in the water which seeped through the floor despite the pressure. Hydraulic jacks circled the rear of the cylindrical shield which was braced horizontally and vertically. A cross member formed a working platform, and the face was divided into half a dozen pockets. This was the heart of the tunnel, for here it was that sweating men sliced

(Continued on page 83)

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Heading for Home

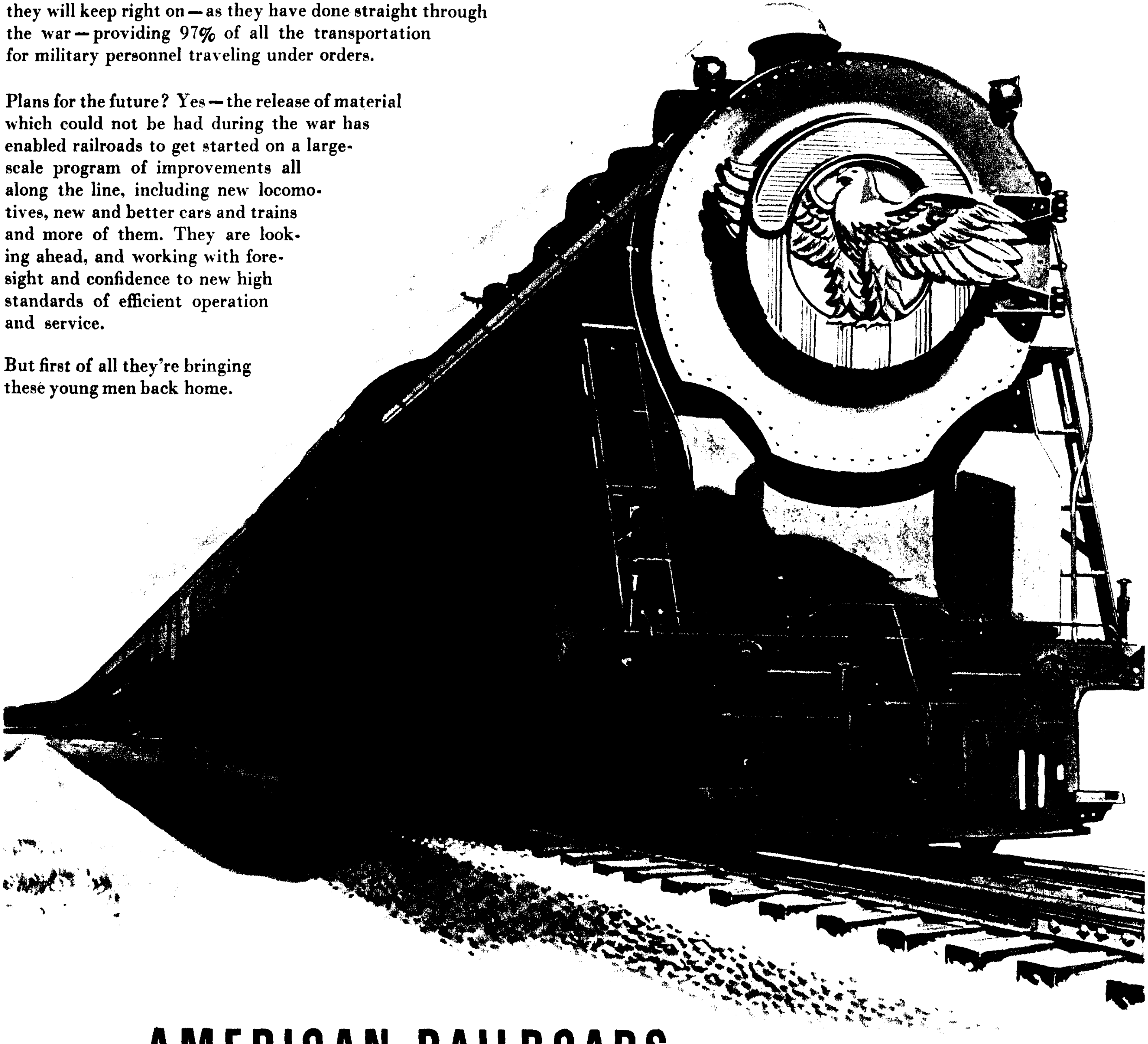
Know what the railroads are doing—now that the war is over?

They're moving troops! West Coast, East Coast, up and down and across the country—*more troops are moving right now than at any time during the war*—1,300,000 in November with still more coming in December, and it's going to be much like that for several months to come.

But this time they're headed mostly toward home, and although the job of handling so many in such a short time is another challenge, it's a job the railroads tackle with enthusiastic determination. Still in their fighting togs, they will keep right on—as they have done straight through the war—providing 97% of all the transportation for military personnel traveling under orders.

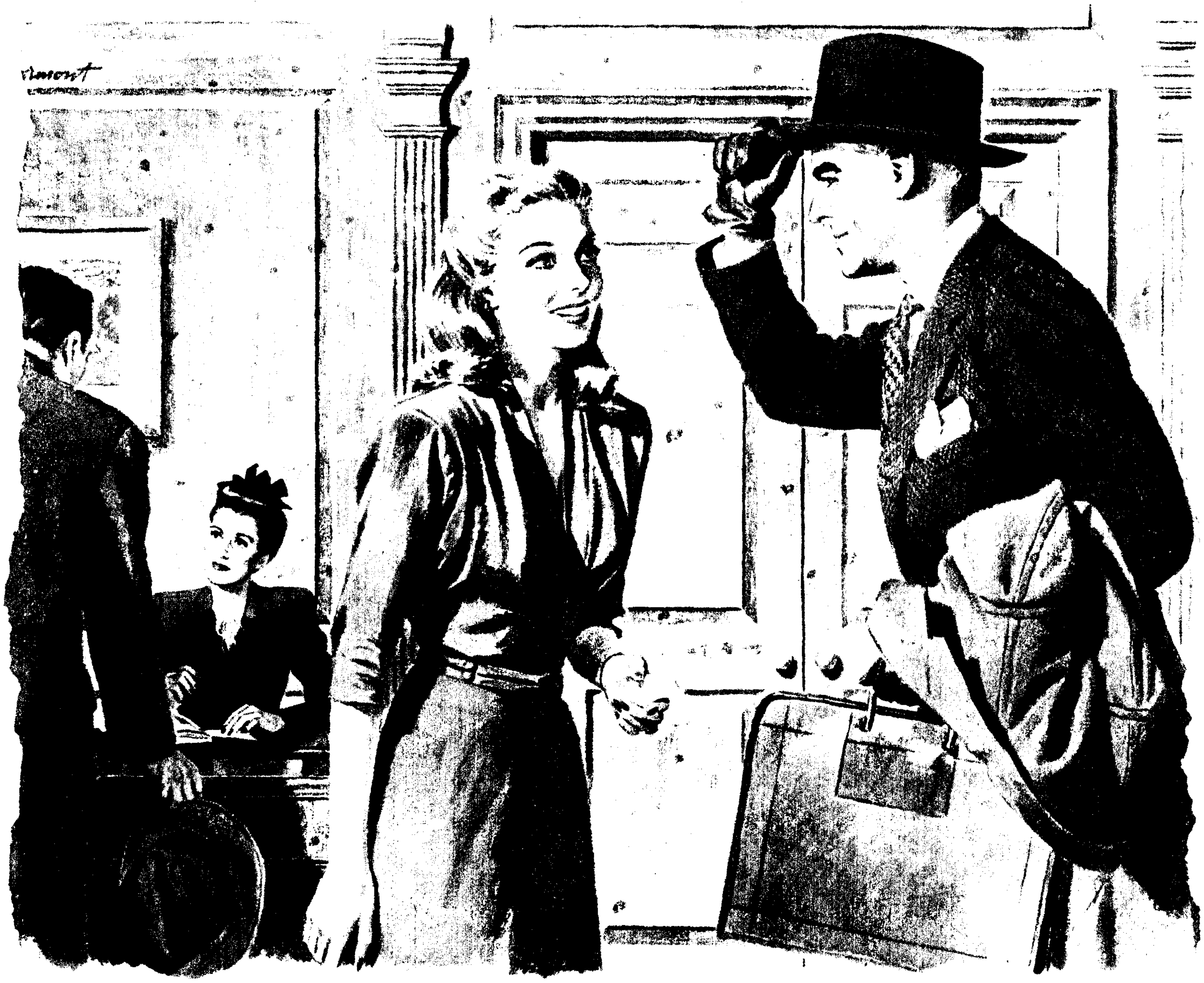
Plans for the future? Yes—the release of material which could not be had during the war has enabled railroads to get started on a large-scale program of improvements all along the line, including new locomotives, new and better cars and trains and more of them. They are looking ahead, and working with foresight and confidence to new high standards of efficient operation and service.

But first of all they're bringing these young men back home.



AMERICAN RAILROADS

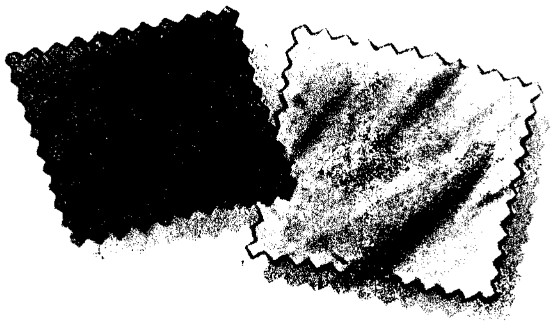
—CARRIED MORE THAN 90% OF ALL MILITARY FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS—



How much of Jim's success is headwork?

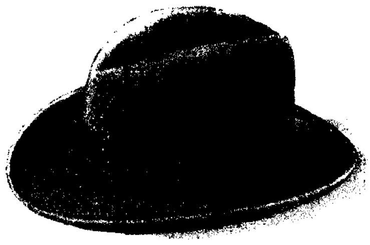
1. It's *all* headwork—or 99% of it, anyway. We'd be the last to suggest that Jim's a success because he wears all those handsome clothes—including that Royal Stetson Diplomat.

But because Jim is the kind who does use his head, he's naturally very careful to dress for the occasion. Take a look at that suit and topcoat, for example...



2. Jim knows that a worsted suit and covert topcoat won't help him close a big deal. But he also knows that, for important business occasions, they're always in quiet good taste.

3. Jim's white shirt is the right shirt for this occasion; copper-colored tie harmonizes with the brown suit; brown shoes and socks are comfortable and businesslike.



4. Jim also used his head in choosing the Royal Stetson Diplomat, in Chestnut, to top this outfit. The smart, upturned brim adds a final note of distinction. The price: $10.

Right for business meetings—The Royal STETSON Diplomat

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U. S. AND CANADA, HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Big Wind from the South

Continued from page 66

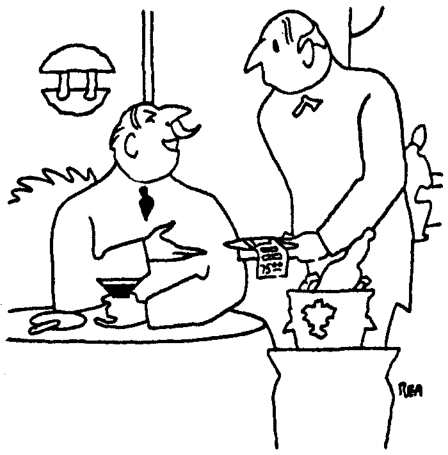
they'd prefer that the traditional reputation of the South for parochialism be allowed to die for want of advertising. Any one of them can make a reasonable and well-tempered speech on any of Mr. Rankin's pet peeves and get no publicity whatever. But Mr. Rankin, like Senator Bilbo, can't utter a good country burp without being quoted in the North and West as "the voice of the South."

Moreover the Negro, Jewish, Italian and other racial prejudices of the Messrs. Bilbo and Rankin are causing considerable uneasiness within the Democratic party management, particularly as these gentlemen from Mississippi seldom fail to include organized labor in their list of hates. These potent political groups are daily growing more insistent that the Democratic National organization either repudiate them as representatives of the party or confess that it has no objection to their views.

Not that Mr. Rankin admits that he is prejudiced. It is his own opinion of himself, never deprecating, that he is really one of the few real Americans left in Congress. But he never permits a speech to be printed in the Congressional Record without personally editing it. Having delivered himself of a shocker on the floor, he gets the transcript from the official reporter and takes it to his office. What appears in the Record is frequently a completely new speech, deleted of much of the original fury and made just grammatical enough so that the home folks, via their local newspapers, don't get the idea that "John's gittin' to talk like a professor."

Too, Mr. Rankin will write changes into the stenographer's transcript which make him the victor in verbal exchanges with another member. When he has finished his editing it will appear in the Record that the gentleman from Mississippi has made his adversary look very witless indeed. Of course other gentlemen from other states indulge in this practice, too, but few of them work as fast or devote so much time to it as Jingo John.

Mr. Rankin is a little man physically, too. Time and the burden of saving the country from aliens, Negroes, radicals and labor unions have bowed his spare shoulders. But his brown eyes still burn with fanaticism and his frail body is still tense with nervous energy. Times have changed since Mr. Rankin first came to Congress in 1920, values have been reassessed and most men have revised their estimates of one another, having gathered a little wisdom and understanding. But not Mr. Rankin. The gentleman from Mississippi hasn't budged an inch since his first days in the House when, in his first six months, he introduced more than a dozen bills warranted to save the country from certain dissolution. Amongst them was a bill to prohibit the intermarriage of whites with Negroes or Mongolians.



"I'm Going to Buy Some Victory Bonds Instead!"

He's a natty dresser. One can always tell when a speech is coming on Mr. Rankin. He puts on a preliminary act that may be ham but it catches the eyes of the galleries. He preens. He clasps his forehead, fidgets, mutters to himself. He leaps to his feet, throws his hands upward, paces the aisles, whispers in a near-by ear. Then with hands clasped behind him he stalks back to his seat, peering hard at the floor. In a moment he's up and off. He holds a newspaper clipping in his hand. Some enemy of Americanism, some dastard who would abolish the Constitution, has called him a bigot.

"They say I am anti-Jew. Patriotic American Jews who were born here have never had a criticism at my hands. They say I am anti-Negro. That's what these Communists say. I live in a section of the country that has had Negroes for three hundred years. My people were slaveholders. My people helped raise them from the position of savage to that of servants. Last year"—and here Mr. Rankin's voice grows gentle and there is likely to be a God-bless-you catch in his throat—"last year I saw an old Negro walking along the road down in my country. He rushed over and grabbed me with both hands. He belonged to my great grandfather. That's the way the decent white people of the South are regarded by the decent Negroes. I will never forget what he said. He said: 'When your grandfather was alive, when we got old he took care of us. Now I am old and got nothing and don't know where to go.'"

COLLIER'S "He must have tossed over a slug" BILL O'MALLEY

While it is not on record that Mr. Rankin told the old Negro where to go, although he doubtless has ideas on the subject, he certainly did not advise him to go to the polls for remedy for his forlorn condition.

"If a man," says Mr. Rankin, "wants to pay his poll tax in Mississippi (two dollars and cumulative) he can vote—if he meets the other requirements."

Only those who are even less tolerant than Mr. Rankin dare say that he, as Chairman of the Veterans' Committee, hasn't been generous to our surviving servicemen. Mr. Rankin is for pensions to the survivors of veterans down and on to generations not yet dreamed of. But he was not eager that this war's servicemen should vote if they hadn't paid their poll tax—particularly the Mississippi lads, quite a few of whom are colored. Only about one seventh of the possible voters of his district get to the polls what with racial and poll-tax barriers.

But that's enough for Mr. Rankin who, for all of his inherited love for elderly Negroes who grab him with both hands, isn't foolish enough to take a chance with them at the ballot box.

While his Mississippi colleagues, Senators Bilbo and Eastland were stealing the spotlight with Mississippi oratory during the upper chamber's fight on the Fair Employment Practice Committee, Mr. Rankin let it be understood that as far as he was concerned it was the Constitution and the Republic as a whole that was in dire peril, not the Negro or any other race which might be discriminated against.

Typical Rankin Glory Shouting

"Pass such legislation as this," cried John, "and you will destroy the Constitution of the United States by piecemeal. Then you will have a totalitarian state similar to Russia, Germany or Italy. You are laying the foundation for undermining the greatest system of constitutional government the world has ever known. . . . I am not afraid of the forces of evil. When I turn, gentlemen, to behold for the last time that flag behind the Speaker's desk or to take a last long lingering look at the receding dome of this Capitol, I want to feel in my heart that I have fought the good fight and have kept the faith. . . . You will find me carrying the flag of Thomas Jefferson, fighting with my last breath to preserve the Constitution and to protect the rights of the states, the things for which our boys are fighting on distant battlefields."

Glory shouting like that by Mr. Rankin no longer gives rise to hopes that John is thinking of laying down the torch and retiring. No longer do members who think that the country could get along somehow without him ask him with deep insincerity how he feels, hoping for the worst. Mr. Rankin has no intention of retiring and thus leaving his country at the mercy of Jews, Negroes, Communists, labor leaders and similar destructionists.

A radio critic once ventured the opinion that Mr. Rankin was worth less to the country than one Negro soldier. Seldom has the House seen John so angry. He was so outraged that he consumed fifteen minutes telling Congress of his World War I record—twenty-one days in an officers' training camp.

"I never have claimed and I do not now claim credit for having won the First World War although some of the members of my battery say 'The deuce we didn't win it.' In the summer of 1918 the government called for professional men who had had trigonometry. I answered the call and was taken down with influenza. I got up from the flu one Wednesday and went into the Army the next. I joined the field artillery at Camp Taylor, Kentucky. . . . I stayed there until the war closed, but long before the war closed, the battery met and elected me president of the battery without even consulting me about it."

Mr. Rankin was only irritated the more by letters from veterans after that speech—veterans who wanted to know when the military rank of president had been created, who was his vice-president and so on. However, after

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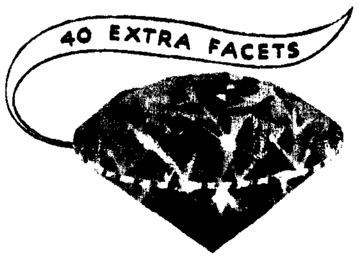

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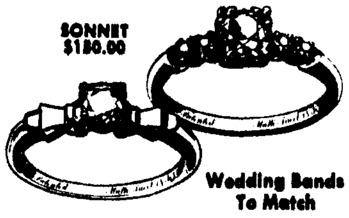

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NOWHERE *will you find the hospitality of the Old West better upheld than in this lavish dinner by the Hotel St. Francis:*

Capon Sauté à la Catalane

(4 to 6 servings)

1 3-pound capon	20 pieces small sausages
1 cup white wine	16 chestnuts
1 cup brown sauce	Shallots, mushrooms, small white onions, parsley, salt, pepper
Olive oil	

Cut capon into pieces; season with salt, pepper; fry in olive oil until crisp and well done. Drain off olive oil. To it add 1 cup white wine, a few shallots. Cook to reduce. Add 1 cup brown sauce, simmer 3 minutes. Pour over capon in serving dish. Add chopped parsley.

Meantime, cook a few mushrooms 2 minutes in olive oil. Also cook a few small whole onions; boil and brown in olive oil. Add 16 chestnuts, cooked and glazed, and 20 pieces of small sausages sauteed in olive oil. Spread mushrooms, onions, chestnuts, and sausages around capon in small bouquets. Serve very hot.

And for the deft touch of perfection, include Goebel Beer. Goebel makes good food taste *better.*

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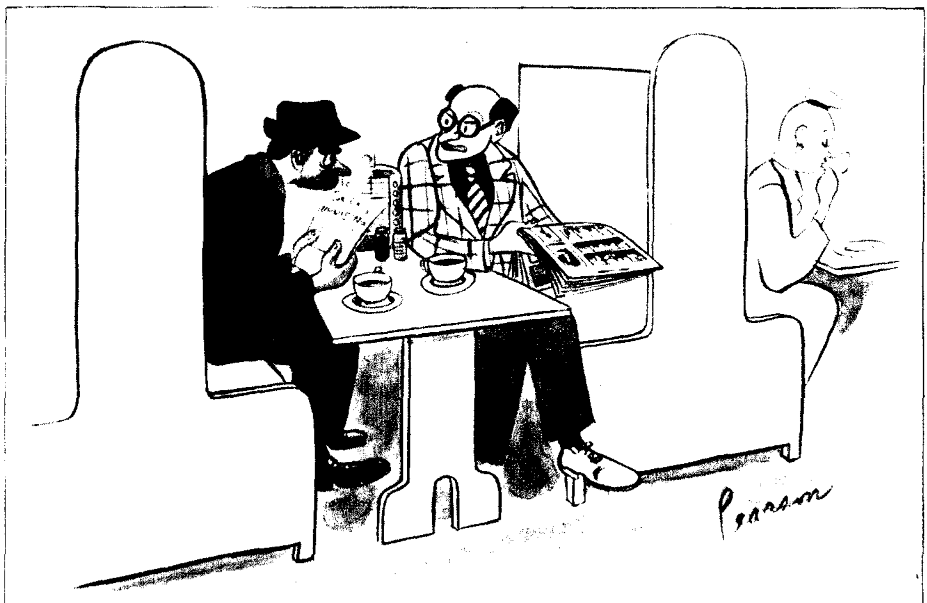


"I hate to have to read the capitalist press but they have all the best comics"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

that he devoted himself to surer ground.

"Legalizing this so-called FEPC would be a betrayal of the white people of our country. It is the most dangerous and brazen attempt to fasten upon the white people of America the worst system of control by alien or minority racial groups that has been known since the Crucifixion. To sanctify this organization by law we would give the lie to everything we have told our boys they are fighting for. Instead of coming back to liberty, freedom and democracy they would find themselves sold into this bondage, herded, humiliated and regimented by alien influences directed by a foreign comintern representing the deadly doctrines of Karl Marx that is based upon hatred for Christianity. . . . The next thing they are going to try to do is to get control of your schools and force their communistic henchmen into the schools and teach your children their subversive doctrines."

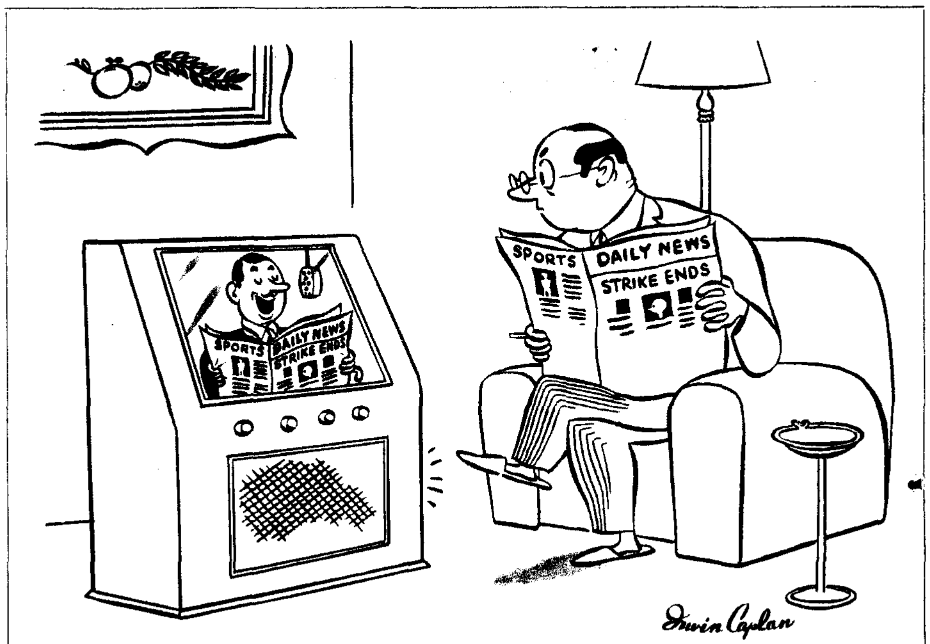
The uninitiated thought that Mr. Rankin was going a little far afield to find reasons for defeating legislation which sought merely to outlaw discrimination by employers against Negroes, Jews and other racial groups. But they simply don't understand Mr. Rankin's technique. His method is to confuse an issue as much as possible.

He is an exceedingly vain man. His biography is the longest in the Congressional Directory. After Mississippi's grade schools got rid of him he went to the University of Mississippi, which graduated him from its law school in 1910, aged twenty-eight. This is not to say that John took an inordinate time in getting through. Between his graduation from the college and his entry into law school Mr. Rankin worked for a spell as a reporter on a newspaper that did not survive. He modestly declined to talk about his journalistic feats, but one of the old-timers in Tupelo says that as far as he can recall, Mr. Rankin's paper "exploded one afternoon and never let out another yelp." They recall too that "John just didn't bother gettin' mad about two or three things and settlin' down to them. He got mad about everything with the usual result."

He began practicing law in West Point, Mississippi, then moved his "suing business" to Tupelo, and later served the county for four years as prosecuting attorney. Again we have to depend on the none-too-vivid recollections of Mr. Rankin's contemporaries. They say that while he set no new records as a prosecutor, most of the male actors "were right glad to git to jail where they'd be safe." Even then Mr. Rankin saved the white race, the Constitution and the country as a whole every court day.

A simple Negro, guilty of nothing more ghastly than the theft of a sack of grits, became the Symbol of Anarchy. A white vagrant caught by a sheriff's man mooching down a Mississippi road was to Prosecutor Rankin a clear indication that influences subversive to the peace and righteousness of Mississippi were abroad. When he decided to run for Congress in 1920 he won the Democratic primaries (tantamount to election) after a speech-making tour of such ferocity that "while nobody got the straight of what might happen to us if John didn't win, most of the folks were scared of taking any chances."

Very occasionally Mr. Rankin turns his pet prejudices out to grass and does something useful. For example, when the late Senator George W. Norris introduced the bill which was to create the Tennessee Valley Authority,



"And now, ladies and gentlemen, our exclusive last-minute news!"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

John assumed its sponsorship in the House. He literally roared the measure through the lower chamber, being particularly vociferous about section twelve which gave to the TVA the authority to build transmission lines, to sell power in competition with private corporations and to build additional dams on the Tennessee River. Thus Mr. Rankin did a service for the poor and the back-country farmers which they won't forget. Furthermore, he demonstrated that his talents could be of public service and not merely race-hatred generators. His home town, Tupelo, was the first to benefit from Muscle Shoals' power and he took his place in popular acclaim in his own district with the South's stoutest heroes.

At that time the late Wendell L. Willkie was president of the Commonwealth and Southern, one of the largest utility holding companies. Mr. Willkie said that he objected to the TVA because, among other things, "whenever a citizen of Tupelo turns the electric switch, everybody in the United States helps pay his power bill." Mr. Rankin pulled out all the stops and roared: "Whenever a citizen of the United States who is compelled to purchase power from such as the Commonwealth and Southern turns the electric switch he pays two or three times his legitimate power bill—as tribute to the Power Trust."

There were a large number of members of the House who were not sold on TVA and would have fought it. But Mr. Rankin's voice and Senator Norris' quiet integrity were too much for them. Also Mr. Rankin's daily speeches against the Power Trust inspired tens of thousands of letters from the general public, which never took much delight in paying power bills anyway.

He announced that his slogan thereafter would be "Let's electrify every farm home in America at rates the people can afford to pay." This slogan seemed to certain lighter-minded Mississippians a trifle long, that it lacked snap. So they just called him Cheap Juice John and voted for him with renewed vigor.

An enemy of the American way of life once proposed legislation to end discrimination against Negroes in the theaters, restaurants and drinking places in the District of Columbia. Mr. Rankin talked the proposal to death, saying that it was obviously a measure to encourage assaults by Negroes upon white women. Such legislation, he said, was revolutionary, illegal, communistic and destructive and he'd have none of it. Its sponsors, made of weaker stuff than Mr. Rankin, gave up with a small sigh.

And not only that: "Mr. Speaker, one of the most vicious movements that has been instituted by the crackpots, the Communists and the parlor pinks of this country is trying to browbeat the Red Cross into taking the labels off the blood bank they are building for our wounded boys so it will not show whether it is Negro blood or white blood. This is one of the schemes of these fellows to mongrelize the nation."

Playing to the Galleries

However, all this gives you the idea. But only an idea. You have to see Jingo John in action to know him. When there are servicemen in the galleries he's at his worst. He faces them, gives a terrific salute such as only the president of a field artillery battery could. He tells them what they have coming to them, what should come to them and what, unless the Communists, Negroes, labor leaders and International Jews succeed first in wiping out the constitution and laying the country in waste, he, John Elliott Rankin is going to see, by heaven, they get.

Then all a-lather, he gives them a concluding salute, with flourishes, and sits down, glaring ferociously in all directions.

THE END

Blow Devil

Continued from page 78

their way through the earth, the shield jamming forward, the iron gang laying the tunnel casing behind.

They were almost a hundred feet down; only the billowing air about them kept out the blasting, crushing tons of dirty water which swirled overhead. There was something breathtaking and gargantuan about the effrontery of the sandhogs defying the death pressing at them with titanic strength.

"Get back a way," Big Matt bellowed. "Stay close enough to see what goes on, but stay out of the way."

"Nuts!" Don shook his head stubbornly, ran a wet hand through stiff blond hair. "I'm going to work."

Big Matt's generous mouth went tight. "Get back, Don," he yelled. "This is no time to play games." Anger flared in his face. "Damn it, I said get back! I'm boss here, and when I say move, you move."

They were face to face then, the burly Matt and his slimmer but faster-moving brother. For an instant their wills locked, then Don nodded.

"Okay!" he said, turned away.

BIG MATT watched him go, almost laughing. It had been a long time since they had tangled, and he wasn't sure now he could lick the kid into shape. Don had done all right with the Army, what with his medal and record; Big Matt's pride in him had been so great, it was almost as if he had been able to get into the service himself.

He felt a hint of envy then. The kid had really taken over the hotel where they were staying. With his gift of gab and his reckless laugh, he had done all right; even Helen's eyes had glowed when Don bought her a beer down at the Irishman's bar. Big Matt had a hard time remembering just when Helen's blue eyes had laughed at him the way they did at his brother. He shrugged. Oh, well, Don might have a man's body, but he was still a kid in many ways, including his way of sweet-talking a girl.

Big Matt grinned, turned back to the shield, crawled up the flanges of iron, climbing into the pocket where Olsen, the bald-headed Swede, waited.

"How's it look?" he called. The Swede nodded. "Gude, Matt," he said. "We make plenty feet now where we use to make inches."

Big Matt tightened his belt, caught up a shovel. The blade sliced cleanly, throwing the sandy muck down past the working platform to the muckers. Automatically he faced the cut with boards, packing the edges with hay, then tightened all with a screw jack. The air was a solid weight on his body, and the noise of the tunnel was a blanket force, almost as solid as the air. He turned now and then, checking details in his methodical mind, then worked again, knowing the men behind him could be trusted.

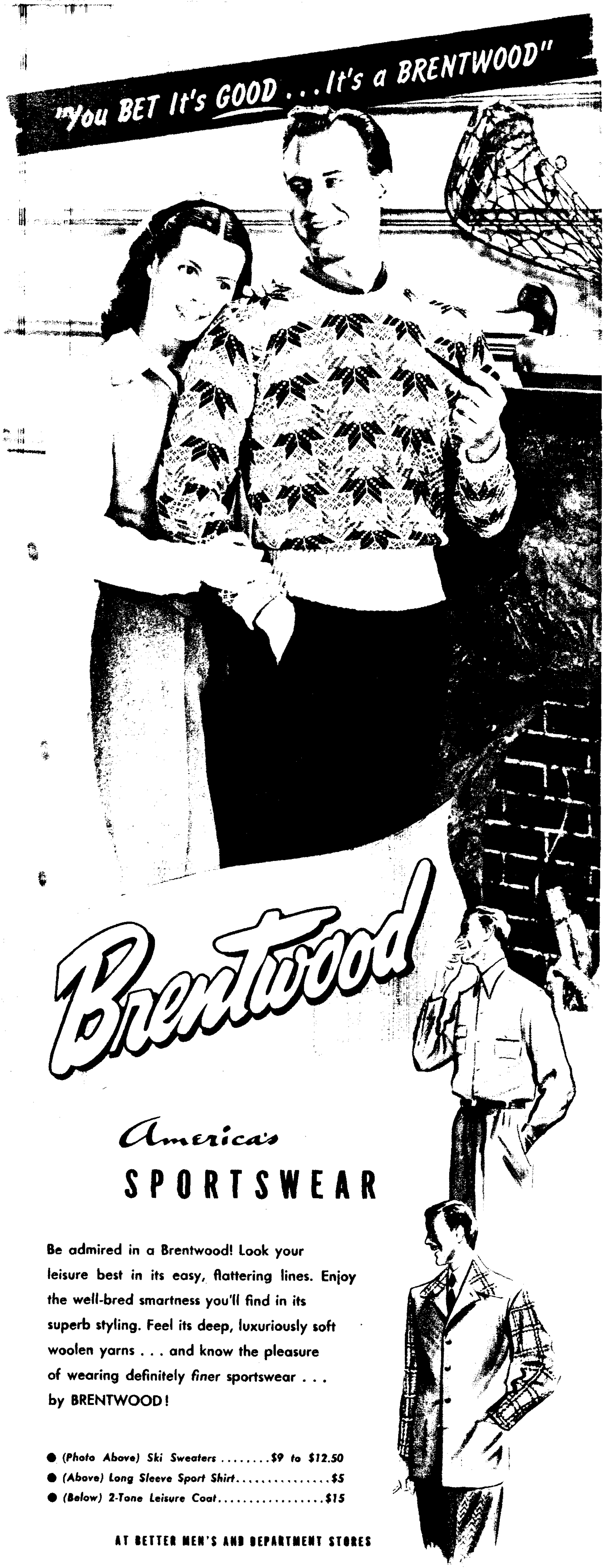
The working hour was almost up now; each crew worked one hour and rested five, for under the terrible pressure, asking more would be murdering men. Big Matt wiped the sweat from his broad face, grinned at the Swede. They were tired, big as they were, but the work had gone well. The slight tension in Big Matt's mind, the premonition brought on by the Negro lock tender, was gone now, and he cursed himself for giving it any heed. Still, he knew that these men worked so close to death, they seemed to sense things ordinary people could not feel.

He heard the fight start, heard it and turned, staring thin-eyed through the shifting mist, cursing softly to himself. It was starting again, as it always had, Don mixing it up with somebody or other.

Laying the shovel aside, he swarmed down from the facing. Muck splashed from his boots, as he raced past the cars and along the tracks to where his brother and a white-skinned giant faced each other.

"What goes on?" he snapped, felt the crawling of flesh on his back when he saw the match and cigarette clamped in Don's lips.

"This brother of yours," Riley, the giant,



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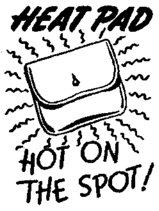

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said, "was figuring on smoking. I told him no dice, and he got tough."

"You heard him, Don," Big Matt said. "Put away that match and cigarette."

"To hell with you!" Don said stubbornly. "I smoke where I please."

He took the match from his mouth, bent to scratch it on the flooring. His face was hard, and his eyes insolent.

Riley started forward, but Matt pushed him aside. Reaching down, he caught Don's shoulder, jerked him erect. Cold anger flared in his eyes. "Pocket that match before you kill somebody," he said roughly.

"Take your hands off me," Don said, slapped Matt's arm aside. He took two steps away, bent to scratch the match.

Big Matt hit his brother, taking a lunging step forward, throwing the blow like the swing of a pickax. He caught Don on the side of the head, blasted him against the tunnel's side. The match and cigarette dropped; then Don was coming in for more.

But others were there then, holding him back, pinning him helplessly with calloused hands. Big Matt watched silently, then retrieved the match.

"You don't light matches in a tunnel, Don," he said grimly. "This is high air. A six-inch plank would burn through in a couple of minutes."

He flicked the match alight, flipped it instantly away. Flame ran with quicksilver speed over the short length of wood, bursting into life like a charge of gunpowder. The match was a burned-out curl of black ash before it hissed into a pool of water near by.

"Understand?" Big Matt said.

Don Burton nodded, shrugged free of the restraining hands. "I understand one thing," he said flatly. "You're the big shot down here. I didn't know about the match, but that was no reason to hit me." He balled his fists. "Want to argue that?"

Big Matt heard the sounds of the new gang coming from the man lock. "No fighting, Don," he said wearily. "We'll talk about it later."

NEITHER of them spoke, both conscious of the appraising glances of the men, as they sat out decompression in the lock. Then the brothers dressed in the heavy clothing they wore outside, took their places in an empty cage. The cold air of the sump crowded at them, and, as the cage rose, the wet walls of the caisson were like the skin of a snake. The light of day slowly took the place of the radiance of electric bulbs; and then they were at the top of the shaft, crowding out on the upper deck of the gantry which straddled the street.

The gang talked and laughed as they went toward the stairs, but the brothers were silent. Don's face was set and stubborn, a faint bruise at his temple where Big Matt's fist had struck.

"I'm sorry, Kid," Matt said at last, when they stood on the street. "There wasn't time to talk. If fire had got loose below, men might have been killed." He smiled. "Let's grab a cup of coffee?"

"To hell with you, big shot!" Don Burton said, scowling. "I've taken all the orders I'll ever take. From now on, keep out of my way, or there'll be trouble."

"Look, Kid," Matt said evenly, "you don't fight with anybody on a tunnel job; somebody'd get killed without teamwork."

"Don't tell me about teamwork," Don snarled. "I got my belly full of that for four years. I rode a gun while you were safe here, and now I'm figuring on getting some of the gravy. I'll do the work, but don't ride me." He turned away. "And keep out of my way, I'm not your *kid* brother any longer."

Big Matt watched his brother go down the street, and the long waves of anger swept over him. Twenty-three years he had watched over the kid, and now the boy was a man, a hot-headed, soured man, and there was nothing he could do. . . .

Helen was tall, and she fitted into the curve of Matt's arms just right. He could smell the perfume of her hair and, as always, it affected his senses like heady Italian wine. The music was rich and smooth, and they danced with the effortless ease of people accustomed to each other.

When the music stilled for a moment, Matt led the way toward their booth. "Two beers," he told the waitress, settled back in the seat.

They watched the dancers, as they had done dozens of times before, relaxed and content. Matt turned his gaze at the girl now and then, marveling as he always did at his luck. She wasn't beautiful, for her nose was too short and her mouth too generous. But her hair was a loose swirling Titian crown, and the white of her teeth startling against the blue contrast of her eyes.

"A penny for your thoughts, Matt?" she said teasingly, and he flushed.

"I was just thinking," he began, then stiffened.

Don was coming from the bar. He moved through the crowd like a liner through tugs, bulking huge, blond hair yellow in the light, the casual fit of his suit marking him from the other men.

"This is our dance, Helen," he said. His eyes swung to Matt, "Any objections?"

Big Matt shook his head. "Don," he said, "don't you think you've carried this childish—"

He stopped, feeling Helen's gaze. Then Don and Helen were out on the dance floor, and Matt was sipping the fresh beer the waitress had placed on the table. Bitterness lay in him then, but as he watched Don pilot the girl about the floor, he grudgingly admitted they were a striking couple; they danced with the smooth gracefulness of youth, laughing over some private joke, smiling deep into each other's eyes. They were made for each other; only a blind man couldn't see that.

Big Matt smiled wryly, drank his beer.

That same thought was still his when he said goodby to Helen on the steps of her apartment house. Moonlight outlined the street with silver, touched the girl's face, made her eyes dark and mysterious. He felt huge and awkward before her, and his voice was rough with the violence of his thoughts.

"It's Don, then," he said harshly. "I could see it in your faces when you danced."

"Matt!" Helen's tone was soft. "Matt, I don't know. I never met a man like him before. He's almost like a little boy one minute, and the next he's too much of a man. He excites me—"

"And I don't!" Big Matt said.

"It—it isn't that," Helen said. "Oh, I can't explain. You're swell, Matt, the finest man I've ever known; but Don is—well, he's Don."

Big Matt forced a smile, saw the slow crumbling of dreams. His hands were blocky fists at his sides for a moment, then relaxed.

"I'll be around," he said. "When you decide, I mean. You know what I can offer; if that's enough—"

She kissed him with quick impulsiveness. Then she was gone, and he stood alone on the apartment steps.

"Hell!" he said savagely to the night, and went down the street.

For almost an hour he walked, then paced into the lobby of the hotel where Don had taken a room. His brother was still up, when he knocked, and for a moment they stared at each other in the dim light of the hall.

"Well?" Don said at last.

"Look, Don," Big Matt said slowly, "I left Helen just a short while ago."

"So?" Don answered, but a tiny smile had lifted the corners of his mouth.

"Well, she told me—she told me that you were the guy for her. I just wanted to tell you I was stepping out."

Don laughed then, saw the flush coming to his brother's face. "Aren't you the noble gallant!" he said mockingly. "Just like that, you play the hero and step aside."

"Look," Big Matt said, "I'm not playing the hero. I just wanted you to know."

There was no laughter in Don's face now. "And what am I supposed to do?" he asked.

Matt shrugged.

"Look, big shot," Don said. "Maybe I'm not interested."

"Stop kidding, Don, this is serious."

Don opened the door wider. His eyes were hard now, excited and alive.

"Helen's all right," he said. "But maybe that's as far as it goes. I'll give her a play. But stop trying to run my life."

BIG MATT knew Don was lying, trying to get him sore. But his anger would not be denied, and he went forward, both hands swinging. He had wondered if he could lick the kid, and now, after only ten seconds of fighting, he had his answer. He drove forward, the coiling power of his shoulders throwing his blows like rockets at his brother.

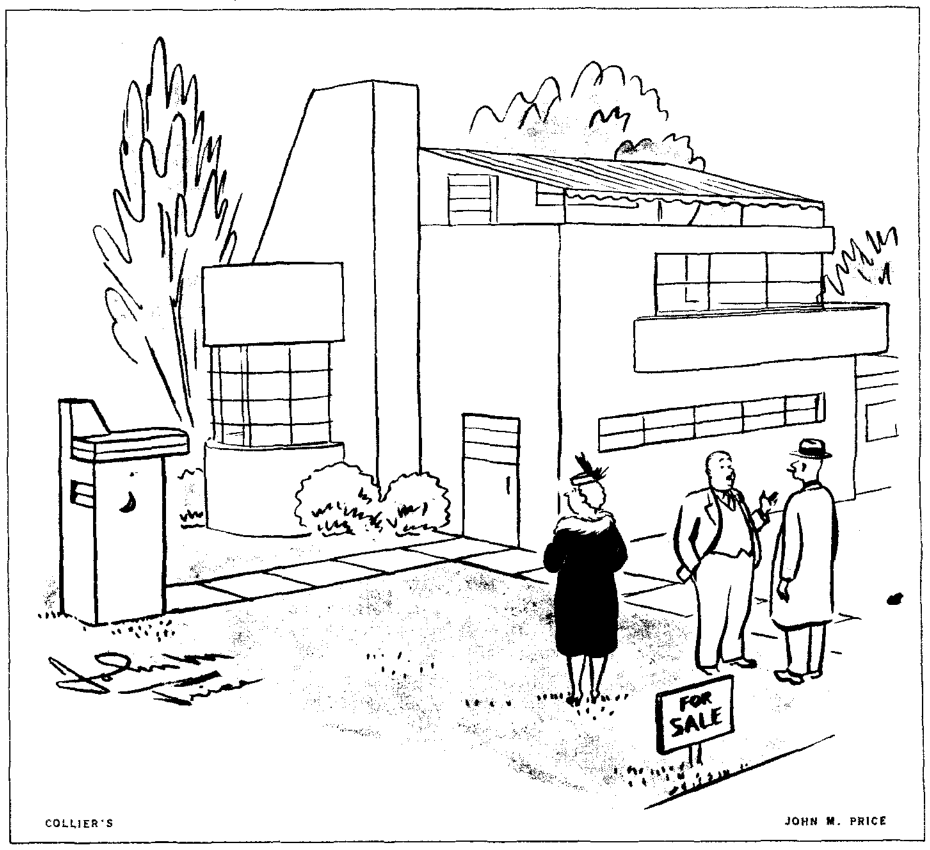
But Don was a trained fighter. He moved with a catlike quickness Matt could not hope to match. He backed from Matt, never letting the bulkier man close in, then chopped him to pieces.

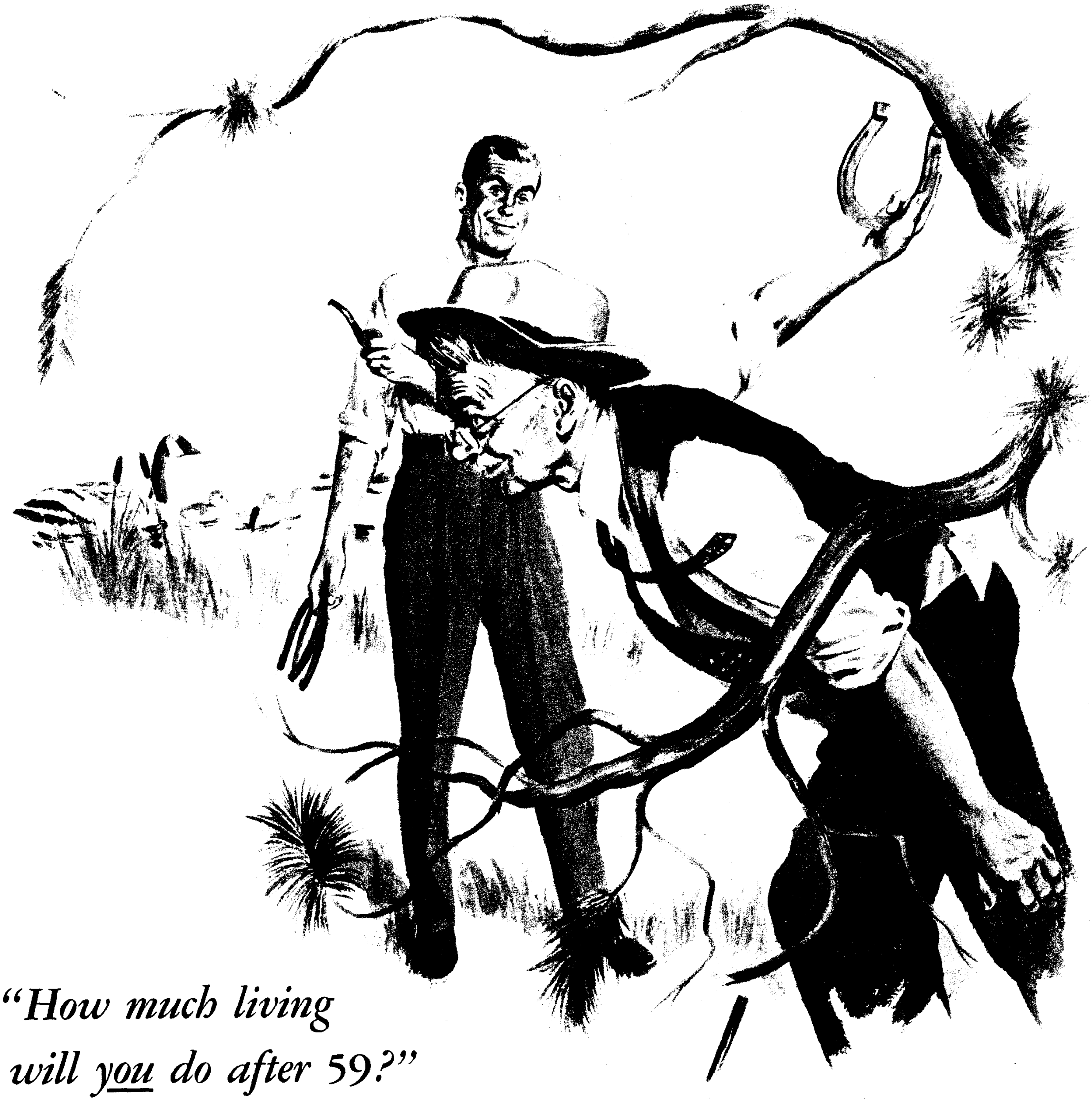
Matt took the blows, felt blood seep over his chin from a cut mouth. He threw both fists at Don, caught him high in the chest, missed with his left. They came together only when Don could back no farther.

Don struck twice, viciously, scientifically, dropped Matt as though he had hit him with a mallet. He stood over his brother, breathing hard, then bent at last and tugged him onto the bed.

It took Don five minutes to bring his brother to; and then Matt left, staggering down the hall, trying to massage life back into his neck. There wasn't another man in the tunnel who could have whipped him in a fair fight and, despite his humiliation, he felt a glow of pride in the kid's prowess. Together, they'd have made a good team.

"I'm putting your brother in your gang,"





"How much living will you do after 59?"

A man in his thirties, if he thinks of it at all, will not be much concerned about his sixtieth birthday, or those beyond.

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the superintendent said the next morning. "He's a good man and can pick up a few pointers from you and your men."

"Yes, sir," Big Matt said.

He went from the super's office down the steps. As heading boss, he could pick his own crews, but the super's plans didn't bother him. Perhaps, with Don and himself working together, they'd be able to patch up their differences.

He climbed the gantry, got into the cage with the others, heard the "Cut the rope!" from his mouth. The cage began dropping with a breathtaking speed. Moist cold pushed at the men, and they caught their coats closer, crowded together for warmth. Seconds later, the cage jarred slightly, stopped at working level. Ahead lay the great concrete and steel bulkhead.

Three iron cylinders jutted from the bulkhead, bolt-studded doors set in each. One was the muck lock through which sand and muck was carried from the tunnel. The second was the man lock. And the third, as close to the roof as it could be placed, was the emergency lock. The emergency lock was the only exit, should a blow come and the river pour into the tunnel. Big Matt shivered, seeing it, for he had ridden out three blows, and his skin crawled at the memories of the blind terror which had been his.

Standing aside, avoiding Don's gaze, he watched his men crowd into the man lock. When all were seated, he entered, pressed the rubber-gasketed door closed. His glance ran the lines of seated men.

"Hit it," he said.

AIR screamed and howled as the big Negro opened the valves. Heat burgeoned, drew instant perspiration. The pressure was a strangling giant striving to choke each man.

Finally the gauge went to forty, and the inner door of the lock moaned in opening. The roar of air was gone, and now, for an infinitesimal second, there was quiet.

"You'll work the face with the Swede," Big Matt told his brother.

Don nodded, followed the others. Big Matt shook his head, glanced down at the ebony fingers touching his arm. The Negro's face was very intent, the whites of his eyes a startling contrast to his face.

"There's gonna be trouble, Mist' Matt," he said. "Keep yo' eyes open."

"Hooey!" Big Matt said, tramped after his men.

At the heading, he watched his men take over, taking more care than usual in his inspection, conscious of the black's deep voice vibrating far back in his consciousness, yet cursing his superstitious nature. Satisfied, he climbed the shield webbing, crawled into pocket four. At one side, the Swede grinned. Don made no move.

'Let's go," Big Matt yelled, swung his shovel.

They were giants then, the entire gang working with a single purpose, the sullen bass roar of the air blasting from the feeder lines like a solid force crowding them on. Vapor swirled and clung fantastically to everything; muck cars came snaking in and out of the tunnel, while the muckers fed them with insatiable shovels. Hammers and wrenches clanged on iron plates, and once, the hydraulic jacks pressed into life, shoving the shield a few inches ahead through the stubborn earth.

THE bulging muscles of Big Matt's back never rested for minutes. He slashed with the shovel, boarded and jacked the facing into place, moving with the skill and experience of ten years of hogging. But at last he stopped, testing the sand between thumb and forefinger, pursing his lips thoughtfully. The stuff was getting a bit too coarse, as he had seen it do a couple of times before when some glacial deposit was near by. This sand was almost gravel, and that meant the marbles, ground smooth and dangerous by a glacier, might be close at hand.

He heard the scream from his side, turned, saw the white face of Don turned his way. Climbing, bracing himself, he went to his brother, helped the Swede lift him. His stomach knotted when he saw the angle below Don's elbow.

"What happened?" he bellowed.

"I slipped," Don said, white-lipped. "Twisted my arm in the webbing."

"Get back to the lock," Big Matt ordered. "Here, I'll help."

He aided Don to the ground, walked at his side, offering no help now. They went past the muckers, skirted a car. Don carried his arm awkwardly, bracing it with his good hand. Broken bone bulged the flesh, showed white against the skin in two places. It must have been agony to walk without help, but he tightened his mouth, asked for none.

And then a new sound came into the familiar ones. An eerie whistling keened with a banshee wail. And with that sound, Big Matt whirled, his face as white as his brother's.

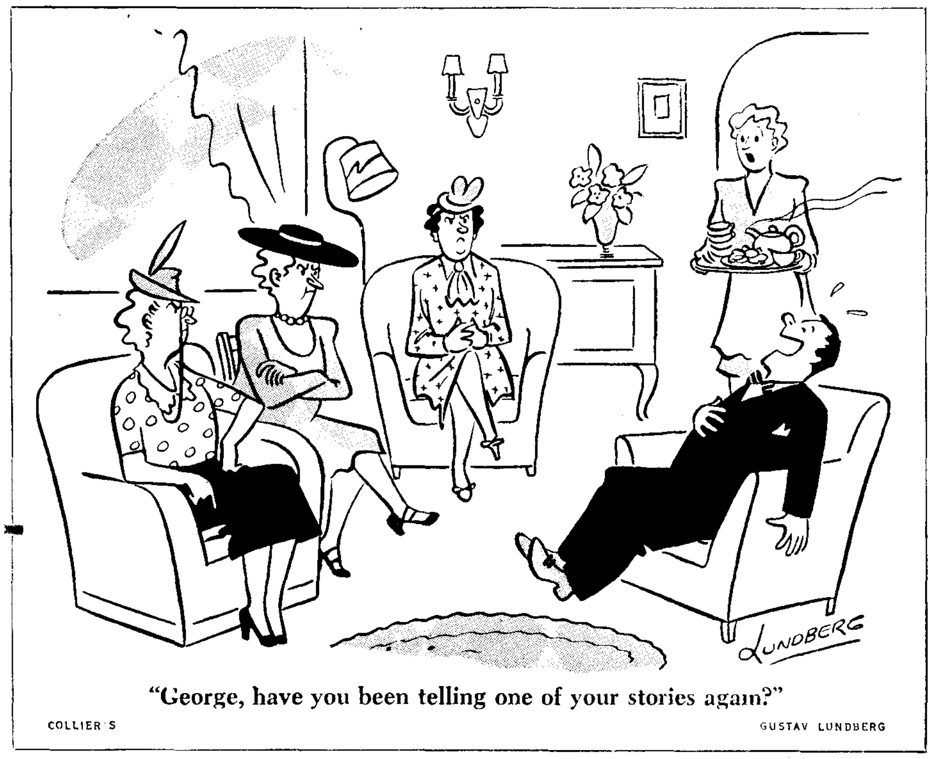
"Oh, my God!" he whispered.

"Blow!" somebody screamed. *"It's a blow!"*

The cry spread like oil on water, sent men spinning along the tunnel. Fear was a whip scourging them along, and it beat impartially upon one after the other.

Sand was piling now, the dirty gray-brown sand of a river bottom, stripping from the face, piling about the Swede's feet. And the Swede fought it with the desperation of a man who knows he stems a flood with a broom.

Air began screaming in the high keening peal such as only tunnels know. It shrilled high, gushing into the break, thickened like clabbered milk from the sudden decompression, until the plunging racing men were like demons fighting against space.



"George, have you been telling one of your stories again?"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

"Blow! Run for it!" Big Matt bellowed, leaped to aid the Swede at his fantastic task of holding back a billion tons of mucky river with a few thin boards and bags of straw.

The muckers plunged past, throwing shovels away, and the iron gang swung to the floor, speeding after them. Already the tunnel head was clearing, leaving only the heading men to fight the blow.

Big Matt felt the push of rushing air on his sweating back as he worked with the Swede, catching up bags of hay, thrusting them high into waiting hands. "Run!" he roared to the other men trying futilely to help, felt them slip past him.

The Swede grinned through set teeth, pushing boards into place, seeing them first shrivel and fade like tissue paper before a blowtorch, then be sucked with fluid speed into the ruptured face of the heading. Already the thick muck of the river bottom was splashing past the Swede, moving like thick oatmeal, dangerous, utterly dangerous.

Big Matt laughed then, laughed deep in his chest. This was his job, his fight. On the broad back of him and the Swede lay the lives of the men racing for the locks. This was death he faced, and there was no escaping it.

With titanic strength, he grabbed at stacked boards, fed them to the Swede, who lifted them only to feel them snatched away. Together they worked, as they had for ten years, and the feeling was good, despite the danger.

And then the boards were gone, and shovels and picks and wrenches and everything that could be lifted went into the insatiable maw of the vacuum which had been the face. Air screamed shrilly still, but now the pressure was lower, and the sandy muck was spilling even faster into the tunnel.

"Run!" Big Matt screamed. "Run for it!"

He reached his hand to help his friend, and his stomach turned over. For even as the big Swede reached for him, the tunnel reached out and caught the Swede.

His mouth made strange gasping sounds, and spurting blood marked the spots where his ruptured hands had clutched to save his life. He fought the river in a last desperate effort; but his body was chaff in the whirlwind of a thresher. One glimpse the Swede had of the life he was leaving; then the suction caught him, drew him out of sight, and the air screaming its mad triumph, sucked avidly for the single man still standing.

Big Matt turned and began to fight his way toward freedom from the clutching death. Muck was rising in the tunnel, speeding after him, holding his legs and ankles with sucking fingers which sapped his strength and gave the fight a nightmarish quality.

Light still gleamed from the strong bulbs, and air still screamed a death cry. He had no time for thoughts of the friend he had just seen die; he had no thoughts for anything; he was fighting for his life, and the tunnel was an infinity he could not span.

He tried to keep the panic from his mind; but he felt the hotness of his breath in his straining throat, and the blood pounding at his temples in a suffocating flood. Sweat blinded him, and he fell, felt something give when he struck.

HE TRIED to rise, bellowed in blind anger when he saw that he was trapped. A leaning board had wedged across his chest, holding him pinned against the wall, both hands and arms helpless. He was bent backward, one leg twisted awkwardly beneath him, and he could get no leverage, no purchase, with which to fight.

Three minutes he had, at the most, his mind told him, and he bucked against the board in an ecstasy of fear. But he could not free himself. Water was rising in the tunnel; he could feel it cold on his legs, and his gaze ran despairingly from the flood surging through the face.

His great chest arched, and he threw the power of his body in one last frenzy of terror. The plank gave, but did not break or move.

He was calm then, calm with the cold passion of a man who knows he has no chance. He sighed deep in his chest, relaxed.

And then a phantom slashed through the mist, caught at the plank with one good arm, fought to tear it free. It was Don, his broken

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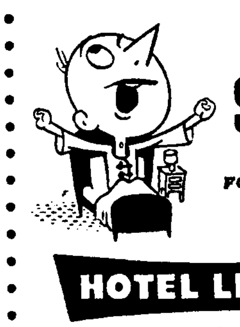

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arm dangling, blood streaking the flesh where the fractured bones had burst the skin.

"Run!" Big Matt screamed. "Damn it, get out while you can!"

But Don grinned, set the weight of his body against the lithe resiliency of the board. Then the plank cracked, and splinters showed where a break had started. But that effort had drained Big Matt's kid brother; now he stood, white and shaking, and in both of them was the knowledge that the fight was lost.

"Run, please, kid, get out!" Big Matt pleaded.

Water was at their knees now, and the seconds flicked past with quicksilver speed. Two minutes they had now, if that; and then nothing could save them, for the river would gush in, fill everything, and the locks would be closed against them.

But Don was smiling, laughing against the agony of his body. He fished his pockets with his good hand, brought out slim objects caught in bloody fingers.

"Ready, Matt?" he screamed, and the sandhog nodded, sucking in his breath.

Don struck the wad of matches then, lighted them with one sweep across the plank, held them tightly at the splintered break. Yellow flames gouted with a hiss and crackle, then raced the length of the board.

Big Matt knew he was screaming, felt the tendons of his throat distend, but heard no sound. He smelled the skin burning on the arch of his chest, and never had he thought pain could be so horrible. But Don stood clutching the burning board, throwing his weight against it again and again, ignoring the flame which ate greedily at his hand and arm.

And then Big Matt knew that he could stand no more. He coughed in agony, slumped, and the velvet curtain of nothingness came swirling in, cupped him up, drew him into the shadows of the night.

THE hospital was very quiet, the nurses vague phantoms floating through nightmares. The hurt was gone, leaving a stiffness which could not be eased. But Big Matt was glad of that, for he had the hunch deep within him that he didn't want to move.

A nurse drifted out of nowhere, bent over him, and there was the faintest prick of a needle in his arm. He tried to ask her about Don, about what had happened, but his voice was only a mumble, and after a cheerful word which conveyed no meaning, she was gone. He slept then, and when he woke, a nurse was again standing beside his bed.

"Hello!" he said, and was startled at the thready weakness of his voice.

And then the nurse turned, and he saw she was Helen, and that Don sat on the chair a few feet away.

"Hello, hero," Big Matt said, forced the sentimentality from his tone. "Grandstanding, huh?"

"To hell with you, big shot!" Don said harshly, but the old animosity in his voice was gone, and his eyes were no longer sullen.

He stood, and Big Matt saw that one arm was in a mobile cast, the other bandaged.

"How do you feel, Matt?" Helen said, and the tears were diamonds in her eyes. She fought them, and a smile came to her mouth.

"I'll live, I guess," Big Matt said sleepily. "What happened?"

"Don got you free just in time to make the emergency lock."

"And the tunnel?" He couldn't resist the question, for the tunnel was his life.

"They're starting work on it," Don said. "It'll be ready for you when you're ready for it."

BIG MATT closed his eyes. He had seen the answer to his unspoken question in their faces, and the hurt in him then was greater than any pain his body could suffer.

"Then I won't be going under again?" he asked.

"No, Matt," Helen said, came to the edge of the bed. "But the super said you could have his job; he's already recommended you. When you're well, he'll take another job. You'll be boss."

Big Matt hated the tears, turned his head away. When he could speak again, he said: "Thanks! Now let me sleep a while. I'm kinda tired."

He heard them go out, the door swinging shut, and the future was a desolate gray. No Helen, no more hogging. He laughed grimly, turned his head so that he could stare at the ceiling. A bug had got into the lamp, and its shadows danced on the plaster.

He heard the nurse come in, didn't look around. Right now, he didn't care about the nurse or medication or getting well. He didn't care much about anything.

"Matt, oh, Matt!"

He stiffened at the voice, felt the hurt of his burned chest shroud him for a fleeting second. Then he was looking at Helen, seeing the beauty of her face, the answer in her blue eyes.

"Please, Matt," she said, "I've made up my mind. Can I tell you now?"

Her mouth was warm and sweet on his then, and he thought: I'd like for this to go on forever.

It was a good thought; he clung to it. And slowly the truth came home to his heart.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

evanescent ego or personality. And there will be a small fee—eight dollars—for the frame."

OF COURSE you understand that the ideas exposed in this column are not ours but our customers'. We don't even say that the customer is always right, our advertising department notwithstanding. We are content to pass out customer-thinking just as it comes to us, keeping our personal convictions for our own cheery fireside where a comfortable minimum of attention is paid to them. As for the marital disturbances mentioned above there is the complaint of a Connecticut Yankee lady whose husband is a florist and to whom she has been married for twenty-seven years. She is now thinking about a divorce but yearns for your opinion. There are two florists in her town. On her twenty-seventh wedding anniversary the rival florist sent her a nice bunch of roses. When her husband came home he pronounced them "as fine a roses as I ever seen," lifted them out of the vase and took them to his own shop and sold them. This seems to have annoyed her.

AND ex-Gunner's Mate third-class Peter S. Chubbins of San Francisco, California, notifies us that he's just back from Japan and has several ideas about it. They amount to this: "We won't be able to make a democracy of Japan and the Nips won't be able to re-establish the government they had before the war. This leads me to the only possible conclusion: that when we're through civilizing them, the place will be such an ungodly mess that even the Russians won't want it, which, everybody agrees, is the last word in ungodly messes."

INASMUCH as we feel that it is only fair to our employers and you that we avoid writing about things that we know nothing about whatever, we've kept quite aloof from this atomic energy business. But we suspect that the fissioned atom will have something to do with an invention just revealed to us by its creator, Professor Julius O. Brandy of Carmel, California. When the professor perfects it there will be no need for an army, navy or air force. The President will merely get the green light from Congress and, sitting back at ease at his desk, push a few buttons. Enemy countries will vanish—pouf. Nothing left to clean up, to feed, to democratize, to hold Big Three, Four, Five or Six wrangles about. No dislocations of our populations. Business as usual. There is, the professor regrets, but one fear—that the other guy could push first Ah, it was grand while it lasted. . . W. D.

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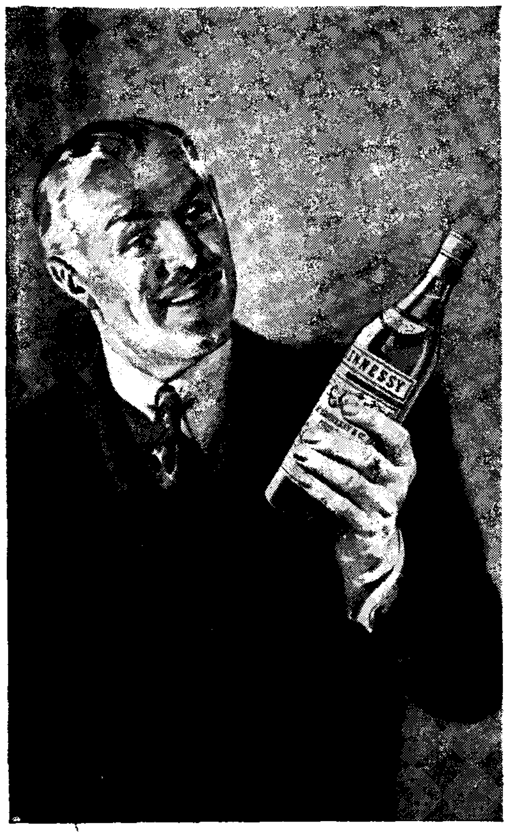

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The Week's Work

Hyatt Downing

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Take the case of Hyatt Downing, whose story Chicken Business appears on p. 37 of this issue. Downing was all settled into a comfortable life insurance job when he finally broke away to return to the precarious business of writing fiction.

"I was reared in the little town which I often use as background for my stories," he writes us. "When I was sixteen, my father, who had been a grain- and lumberman all his life, suddenly decided to become a rancher. So we moved to the short-grass country of South Dakota. The ranch and I lasted about the same length of time. I left home, telling Father that when I came back I'd have enough money to set him up in a real business.

"For the next three years I worked all over Wyoming, Nebraska and the Black Hills, doing everything from herding sheep to night-clerking in a hotel. Then I had a wire from my dad saying Mother wanted to see me, and since he enclosed $50, I went home. He sent me to the University of South Dakota where I was graduated and, after sporadic and not very successful attempts at newspaper work and fiction writing, I got a job as deputy collector of internal revenue. Then, in swift succession, I got married, got a shot of T.B. and landed in New Mexico. All the time I wrote things that wouldn't sell. I came home when they told me I was imposing on the climate, and started writing life insurance. Suddenly a piece of my fiction sold—to Scribner's. And then five more pieces. But the home office of my insurance company offered me a handsomely paid position on condition that I quit writing 'them damn' pieces.'

"For the next seven years I never touched a typewriter and was about as unhappy as possible. Then I said to hell with it, went back to the Middle West and started a novel. I have sold five novels. The last one, The Harvest is Late, was published by William Morrow about a year ago.

"The short stories come along pretty easily now, too. . . . My kid, home from two years overseas, just looked over my shoulder and said: 'Look, Hy, what do you want to be bragging about yourself for? Why don't you stick to stories?' I think he's got something there."

LANE STUDIOS

Wilbur Scott Peacock

TWO other fictioneers in this issue, Wilbur Scott Peacock (Blow Devil, p. 78) and Lawrence Williams (Orchids to You, p. 24), did their first writing for pulp magazines, where stories on love, the West and adventure run to two or three times the length of the usual story in Collier's and other so-called "slick-paper" magazines.

Peacock was until about a year ago the editor of five pulp magazines, and wrote some 40,000 words of pulp stories on the side each month—a very strenuous schedule.

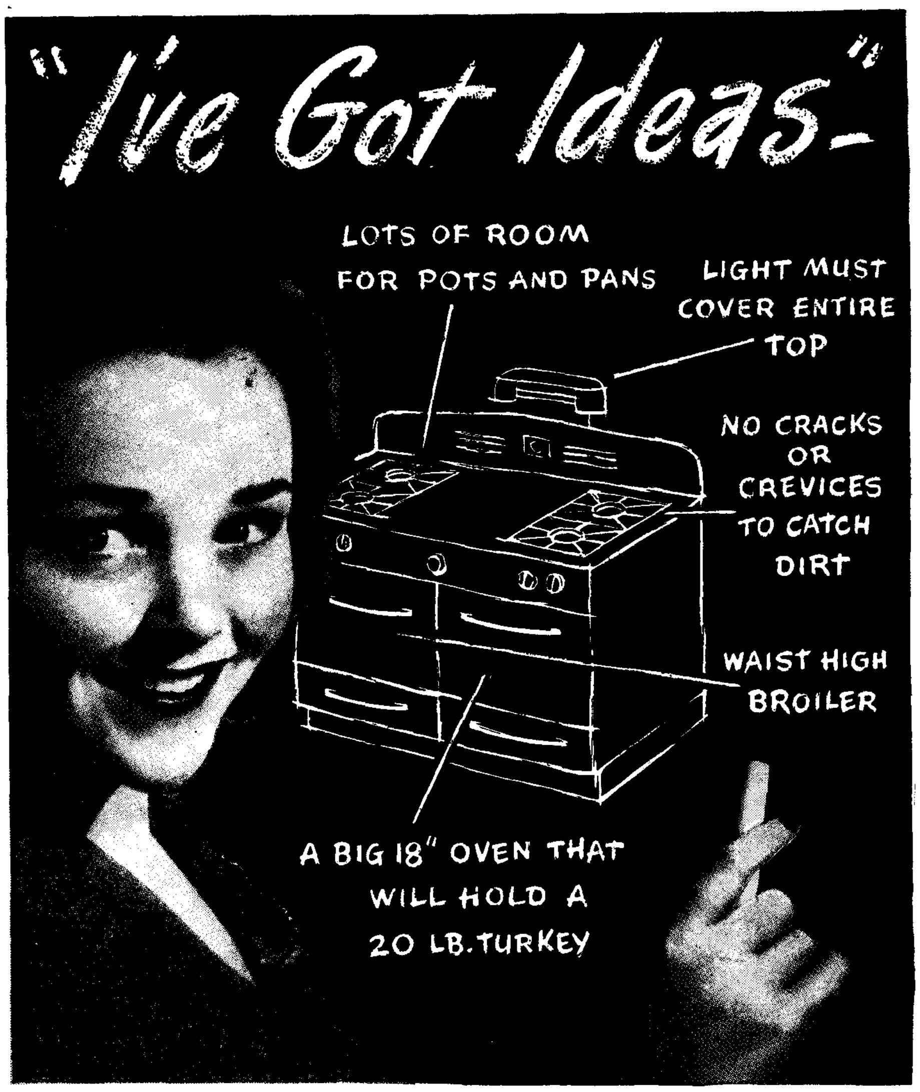
"I wouldn't have done any writing at all probably if I hadn't cut my wrist," he says. It was this way: He was fifteen years old and a pretty good magician, good enough to make a living at it traveling around Kansas with an older, more experienced magician named Valentine. "Then I was wrestling with my brother, and this metal band on my wrist watch cut my wrist, and my hand was practically paralyzed. That finished me as a magician. I went to Central College in Wichita, and took up typewriting mostly as a way to exercise my hand back to usefulness. With the typewriter there in front of me I began to write."

Peacock held a variety of jobs—dockhand, soda jerk, reporter, pool-hall operator, etc. Then he decided to be a writer, so he wouldn't have to have a boss.

He wrote his Blow Devil story in about three hours. When a friend of his wife, hearing about it, said, "Is that all there is to it? What an easy way to make a living," Peacock was slightly exasperated. "I thought of this story first in 1937, after I'd been in a tunnel with a friend of mine. Since then I've plotted it and replotted it in my mind several times. Meantime, I've written a lot of other words, and my writing has improved, I think. So now I sit down, and sure it doesn't take long to write. But that doesn't prove a thing, I promise you, not a thing. They don't pay you for nothing, anywhere."

LARRY WILLIAMS came to writing by way of acting. A New Jersey boy, he became an actor in 1934, played in eight Broadway shows and several summer stock companies. Warner Brothers gave him a Hollywood contract in 1937, and he made pictures as Larry Williams for the next four years. He kept trying to write movies which ended up as pulp stories. During the war he worked for the OWI, getting in a few radio scripts and horror screen stories on the side. He is married to Nell O'Day, an actress with whom he once played in the movies, and, he says, a tough critic.

"I plan to do nothing but write from now on," he says. "As opposed to writing, acting, as a means of livelihood, is a pain in the neck." . . . A. P.



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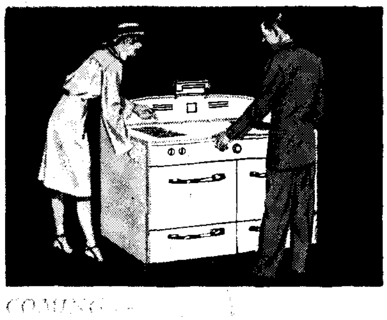
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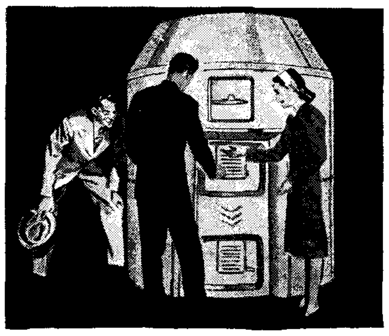
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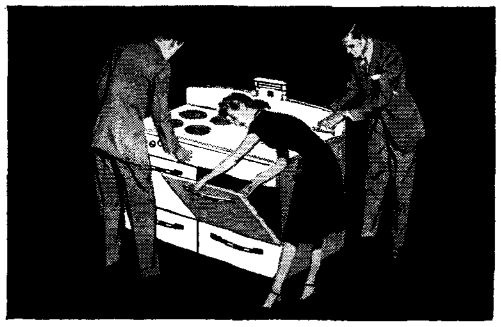
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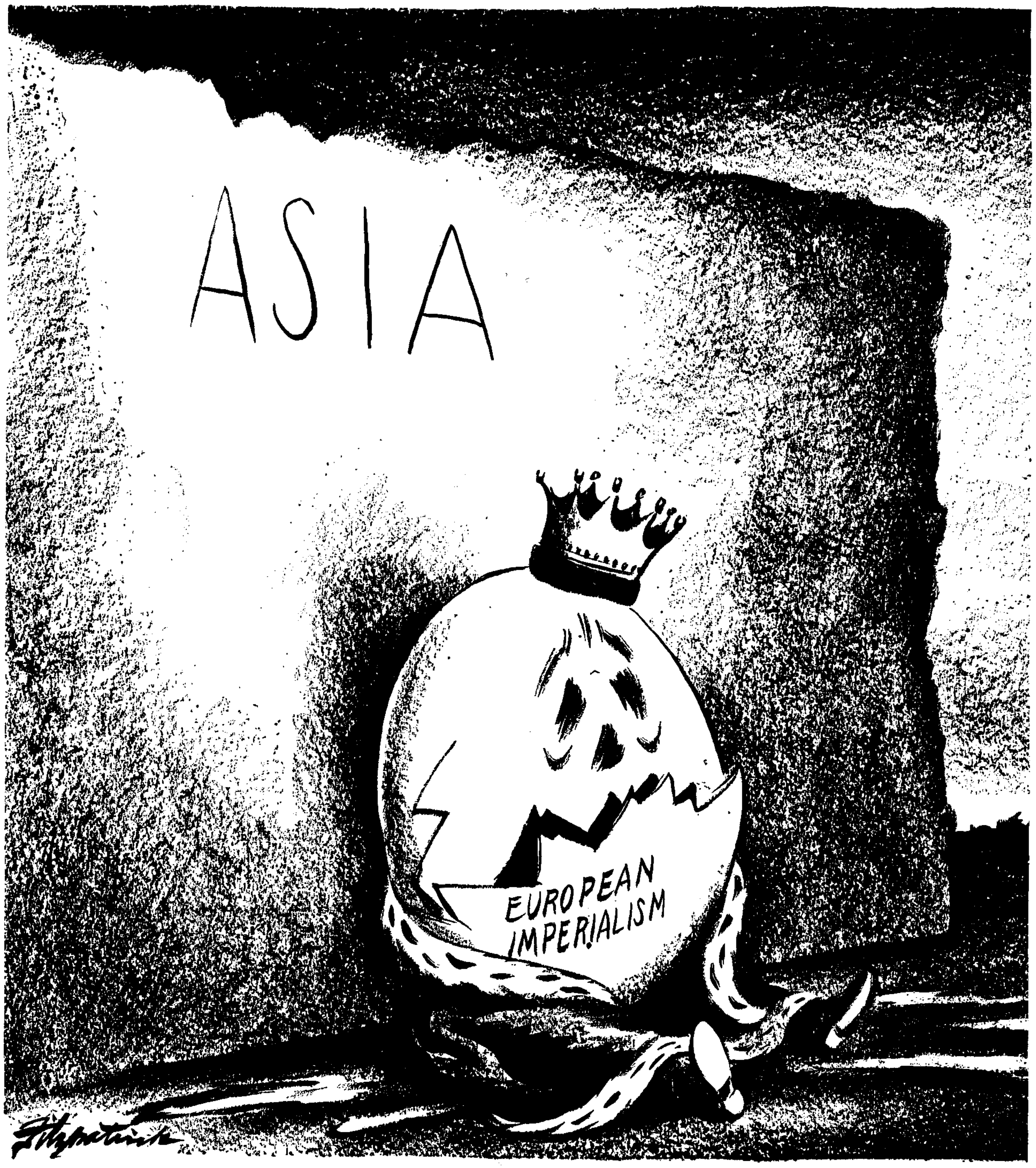

UPHEAVAL IN THE ORIENT

WARTIME predictions of great postwar unrest in the Far East began to come true soon after V-J Day. In the Dutch East Indies, a native leader named Soekarno, who had collaborated with the Japs during the Jap occupation, stirred up a nationalist movement to keep the Dutch from reclaiming possession. In French Indo-China, similar nationalist movements sprang up to keep the French from taking over again.

All this contrasts sharply with the wild joy of the Filipinos in welcoming back the Americans.

What's the answer? As Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo remarked, in a recent Collier's article, the answer in plain English is that these Orientals were exploited by the Dutch and French for generations before the war and don't want to go back to all that. The extent of their exploitation was highlighted by General Romulo's statement that, though the smart and highly literate Dutch had been in the Spice Islands for 300 years, literacy among the natives in that time had risen to only 7 per cent.

"Asia for the Asiatics" was a slogan invented by the Japs to suit their own purpose, which was to take over Asia and the East Indies for the Japanese. But the slogan goes on appealing strongly to hundreds of millions of Asiatics. If western nations having interests in the Orient don't adjust their policies to that fact, Romulo predicts a suicidal East-West race war sooner or later. As a long-time Filipino journalist and student of world affairs—particularly Oriental affairs—Romulo can be presumed to know what he is talking about.

One suggested solution, favored by Philippine President Sergio Osmeña and various other Far East thinkers, is the establishment, under cordial and helpful big-power auspices, of three Asiatic federations—Malayan, Chinese and Indian. The nations piloting these federations would be Britain, China, France, Holland, Russia and the United States. Independence would not be granted the natives at once; this is not a scheme to destroy the British, Dutch and French Far East empires.

It is a scheme to fit these Far East peoples for more and more self-government as time goes on. The general idea would be to treat them as we treated the Filipinos for 40 years—spread popular education, improve sanitation and medical services, increase native power and representation in colonial parliaments and raise wages above, for instance, the 50 cents a week earned by some Sumatra textile workers.

If the empire nations will thus swing along with evolutionary processes in the Orient, it seems likely that they can gradually lift mass buying power in the Far East, and thereby do more business, and more profitably, with the Orient than ever before. If they resist evolution, they may bring on revolution.

Maybe the United States can keep out of the proposed Oriental federation setup, as we imagine many Americans will want to do. Or maybe it can't.

We are at least entitled to urge that the nations having Far East empires take to treating the natives justly. After all, it was our men, weapons and commanders that won back those Far East territories from the Japs in largest part. We have a right to ask that we be not called on for more of the same kind of bloody, tragic and expensive rescue expeditions.

ART, RACE AND THE D.A.R.

EVERY once in a while, some of the estimable Daughters of the American Revolution take time out to pull a terrible boner.

Several years ago, it was the blackballing of Marian Anderson, noted Negro singer, from a concert in Constitution Hall, Washington. Currently, it is the Washington D.A.R. chapter's barring of Hazel Scott Powell, noted Negro night-club artiste and pianist, from giving a recital in that same hall.

There may have been some clever press-agent work in the Powell affair; we wouldn't know. But that is beside the point. The point is that such discrimination is cruel and unnecessary at any time, and has elements of actual danger at this time of postwar race tensions.

There is an even deeper objection than that; namely, that art, like science, is not national and not racial. It can be both practiced and enjoyed by people of all races and nationalities.

It may seem corny to drag the late (we hope) Adolf Hitler into this argument, but evidently one of Hitler's most valuable object lessons has not yet sunk into the heads of all of us. Let us consider the case of Hitler with reference to Dr. Lise Meitner. Dr. Meitner is a brilliant German scientist. She is also a Jewess. In Hitler's ideology, Jews could not be top-flight scientists or artists; only Aryans could. So Dr. Meitner got out of Germany in 1938; and presently her calculations on the atoms of barium turned up as one of the chief keys to the success of the Allies' atomic bomb.

MASTERPIECE BY MARSHALL

WE'LL join the general chorus of applause for General of the Army George C. Marshall's latest book: Biennial Report of the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, July 1, 1943, to June 30, 1945 (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1945, $1 paperbound, $2.50 clothbound). We think that this story of the Army's operations from the Sicily invasion through the victory over Japan is a book which should be read by every American who can read; and that the maps alone are worth the admission price.

Fully as significant as the Army story, however, are General Marshall's heartfelt observations on how close a thing the Allied victory in World War II was. Had the Axis had just a little more luck and the Allies just a little less, we would now either be defeated or still fighting a desperate war. Marshall's book contains the details.

What Marshall hopes, and what it seems to us all sensible Americans must hope, is that we shall not trust blissfully to our luck again. There is no earthly guarantee that our national luck will outlast another big war.

Can't we, then, overrule our pacifists and super-economy boys, and set up a system of universal military training, and keep an adequate Army, Navy and Air Force at least until it seems a good bet that the United Nations Organization has made further big wars unlikely? If we don't do that much to bolster our national luck and show it some gratitude, we'll be asking for disaster.

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